

# Collier's

NOVEMBER 25, 1944

TEN CENTS

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF  
COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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The Japs are **NO PUSHOVER**

By Robert P. 1  
UNDERSECRETAR

Nov. 25, 1944

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**THE PEN THAT'S ENGINEERED INSIDE, TOO!**

**Lifetime** \*  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**"TRIUMPH" MODEL**

**THE BOTTLE WITH THE  
LARGE BUILT-IN TOP WELL!**

Only Quick-drying, pen-protecting SKRIP comes in the bottle with the convenient Top Well! Keeps your fingers clean! Regular size, 25c—School size, 15c.

**Ask for Sheaffer's  
when you ask for leads**



Inside the cylindrical 14 karat gold Sheath Point of the *Lifetime*\* "TRIUMPH", Sheaffer's advanced engineering principles are readily evident. Housed in this stronger gold hood is the large diameter, precision fluid-feeding mechanism for safety and automatic flow control for all writing speeds under all atmospheric conditions.

"TRIUMPH" *Lifetime*\* pen, with clip, \$12.50; pencil, \$5. "TRIUMPH" TUCKAWAY model, without clip, for men or women, carries safely in all positions in purse or pocket—pen, \$12.50; pencil, \$4. Other sets with 14K gold trim, \$35 to \$125.

\*All *Lifetime* pens, identified by the White Dot, are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the first user except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c if you send it to the factory yourself; slightly more if you request the dealer to do it for you.

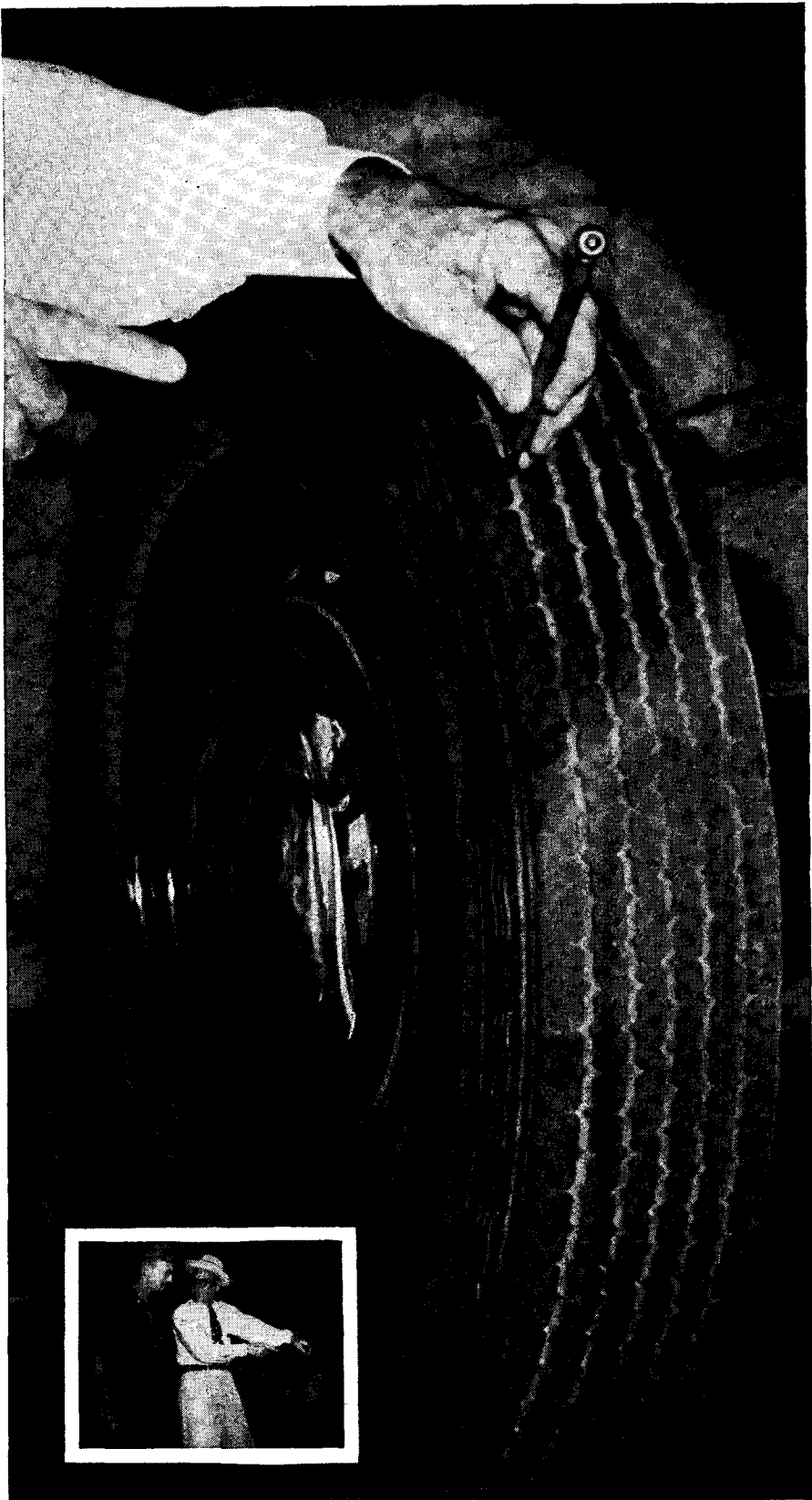
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

**SHEAFFER'S**

Copyright, 1944, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. \*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Listen to SHEAFFER'S WORLD PARADE—NBC Complete Network—Sundays, 3 to 3:30 P.M. E.W.T.; 2 to 2:30 P.M. C.W.T.; 1 to 1:30 P.M. M.W.T.; 12 to 12:30 P.M. P.W.T.





## They each tested half a tire

**80 million miles proved the first half;  
7 billion so far on the second**

THE GENTLEMAN in white (left-hand picture) is E. S. George, of Houston, Texas. The big picture is a close-up of the small one—to show how Mr. George's "half tire" stood a test.

Half tire, because it's one of the B. F. Goodrich half-synthetic tires made and sold before the war—the first containing synthetic rubber ever sold to American car owners—and three years ahead of all others. It's estimated that

those tires were driven over 80 million miles altogether.

Mr. George's job as superintendent of the Houston Natural Gas Company has taken him thousands of miles visiting war plants. His company bought four of the new tires in 1941, and asked him to test them. Today, Mr. George's records show 55,000 miles on the tire pictured, and he says "They are easily good for another 5,000."

Jumping from *half*-synthetic to *all*-synthetic left another "half" to be tested. Benjamin F. Graves of Geneva, Ohio (right-hand picture), bought one of the first *all*-synthetics. He drives 80 miles a day to and from his war job, and does other essential driving. He estimated the mileage on this tire between 28,000 and 30,000 miles when the picture was taken—says, "I should get at least 8,000 miles more before recapping."

So synthetic rubber is good—when tires are made the B. F. Goodrich way. These men are just two examples out of thousands. It's safe to say other motorists have now driven all-synthetic

B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns a total of more than 7 *billion* miles.

Any B. F. Goodrich dealer can tell you whether you are eligible for new tires and what to do about it. If you do buy, it's just as easy to get those that had a three-year head start on the rest. The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio.





# Picture OF THE MONTH

## "Meet Me in St. Louis"

Starring  
**JUDY GARLAND**  
with  
**MARGARET O'BRIEN**

Mary Astor • Lucille Bremer  
Tom Drake • Marjorie Main

Photographed in Technicolor

Screen Play by Irving Brecher and Fred F. Finklehoffe  
Based on the Book by ..... Sally Benson

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by ..... Vincente Minnelli  
Produced by ..... Arthur Freed



We're full of the milk of human kindness at this writing. We're gay, carefree! You can borrow money from us if you want to. In short, we're in good humor, and all because we've seen the most alluring musical motion picture since our movie-going began. Mark our words: M-G-M's "MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS" will strike you as about the best tuneful repast ever displayed for your delight.

Whoops! Back you go to the old World's Fair in St. Louis as the guests of the Smith family, of which our favorite members are played by Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien. The story they star in, the scenes they play, the songs they sing, the dances they dance are just right. What gay, nostalgic, wonderful entertainment that is, enriched in every scene by rainbow Technicolor!

Judy Garland seems to have been born for the part of Esther, a high school girl just awakening to love—for the boy next door. Esther is young, innocent, vivacious, and golden-voiced. You will have to decide for yourself whether you prefer Judy's provocative presentation of a young girl in love or Judy's singing. Perhaps you'll find, as we did, both talents perfectly fused in "Over The Bannister", "The Boy Next Door", or that bell-ringing success, "The Trolley Song". And these are only three of eight songs!

Judy (that is, Esther) has a sister—an impish, devilish, utterly lovable kid named "Tootie". In this part, Margaret O'Brien will become everyone's sweetheart—if she isn't everyone's sweetheart already.

Tom Drake, one of M-G-M's latest finds, plays the boy next door and heads a splendidly-chosen supporting cast including Mary Astor, Marjorie Main, Lucille Bremer, Joan Carroll, Henry H. Daniels, Jr., Leon Ames, and Harry Davenport.

The script was written by Irving Brecher and Fred F. Finklehoffe. Arthur Freed, who gave us "Girl Crazy", produced, and Vincente Minnelli directed. They all have cause for pride.

# Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY • Publisher

HENRY LA COSSITT • Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS • Managing Editor

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| FREDERICK R. NEELY | Aviation      |                     |               | ELIZABETH BOUTELLE | Fiction            |

KENNETH LITTAUER • Executive Editor

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • Art Director

## Any Week

NOW that our agents are relieved of the task of informing us in advance as to who was winning the election, we've assigned them to keeping us informed about Mr. William Moore's quest for his attractive wife. We have heard nothing. We hope Mr. Moore has had more success. Reporting her absence to the police, Mr. Moore said that Mrs. Moore shouldn't be hard to find inasmuch as she has a Red Cross nurse tattooed on each leg, also a snake chasing a butterfly, The Rock of Ages, and a number of sayings including "Good Luck Forever" on various portions of her anatomy. While we're hoping that the Moores have been reunited, we are wondering, too, whatever became of Madame Cleopatra LaGene who used to travel with The Collins Brothers' Colossal Carnivals. Madame LaGene was billed as the Human Gallery of the Immortals, being tattooed with portraits of all our Presidents up to Herbert Hoover and many such lesser notables as Julius Caesar, Charlemagne, Peter the Great and (just to show where her heart was) Karl Marx. She was also the mother of six children. A fine, intelligent woman she was, too, although a trifle startling at first.

MR. JOE FROISSART of Providence, Rhode Island, says, "Is it true that you have a softball team in your office, and what are your rates for a good infielder who is willing to play free in exchange for writing lessons?" And an applicant for a secretarial job writes: "I am very good at meeting people who come in to see you, having been gyped out of three crowns in national beauty contests and am willing to learn stenography in my spare time." And a guy who used to work here has just written, saying, "I have just been made a full second lieutenant."

FOR a long time we, in our old-fashioned way, have been saying that no good can come of having women in the Army. We are now vindicated by a letter from a Pfc. we know. From Corsica, where he was shot through his right leg, he tells us that "It all happened because for a while I couldn't get my mind off a Wac." He goes on: "Boy, that Wac was a honey. She was knocked down by a truck and taken to the hospital. I went to see her. There I see a Red Cross dame and, boy, is she a honey! Then I go on a mission with

(Continued on page 30)



FRANK BEAVEN

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# THIS WEEK

NOVEMBER 25, 1944

## SHORT STORIES

### GRACE AMUNDSON

**Parlay to Glory.** When a gambler's luck runs out the game's over, the Deacon thought. But he was wrong. Page 14

### EMILY HAHN

**Repatriate.** After long months in a Jap prison camp, you sort of get out of touch with reality. Page 28

### JACK MACMURRAGH

**A Man's Castle.** Man must pay for his pleasure, that's woman's law—but children don't pass judgment! Page 32

### CHARLES ROE

**Second Best.** Even if your brother is a louse, does that make it right to try to steal his girl? Page 61

## THE SHORT SHORT STORY

**The Home-Coming Heart,** by Robert Fontaine. Page 18

## SERIAL STORY

### MITCHELL WILSON

**None So Blind.** The second of four parts. Page 20

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**The Japs Are No Pushover.** We have only just begun the real fight, and the enemy is sworn to victory or death. Page 11

### ARTHUR DALEY

**The Wizard of Green Bay.** Nerveless Don Hutson of the Packers is known as football's greatest end. Page 15

### CAPT. JOHN PALM as told to KYLE CRICHTON

**A Texan in King Michael's Court.** While interned in Rumania, a wounded airman hobnobs with royalty. Page 16

### GEORGE CREEL

**What We Will Do with Germany.** The American plan for dealing with a collapsed Reich. Page 19

### HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW

**Art for Profit's Sake.** European artists now prefer Manhattan to Paris—with good reason! Page 22

### GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY and ISABEL LEIGHTON

**The Ship That Wouldn't Sink.** Conclusion. The crippled Marblehead wins her race with death and comes home at last! Page 24

### GURNEY WILLIAMS

**More White Meat, Please!** And now they've invented a turkey that's practically all white meat. Page 52

## FRELING FOSTER

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**WING TALK.** Page 8

## THE HEROES (King Christian)

**A Gallery of United Nations Patriots, No. 5.** Page 39

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**Finest Country in the World.**

**More Social Security, Please.**

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## COVER

ARTHUR SMITH



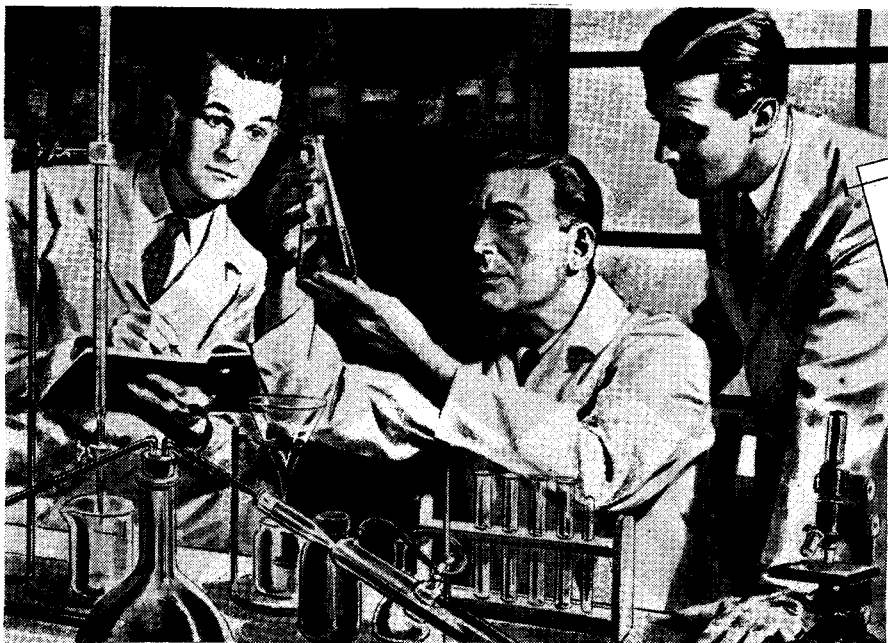
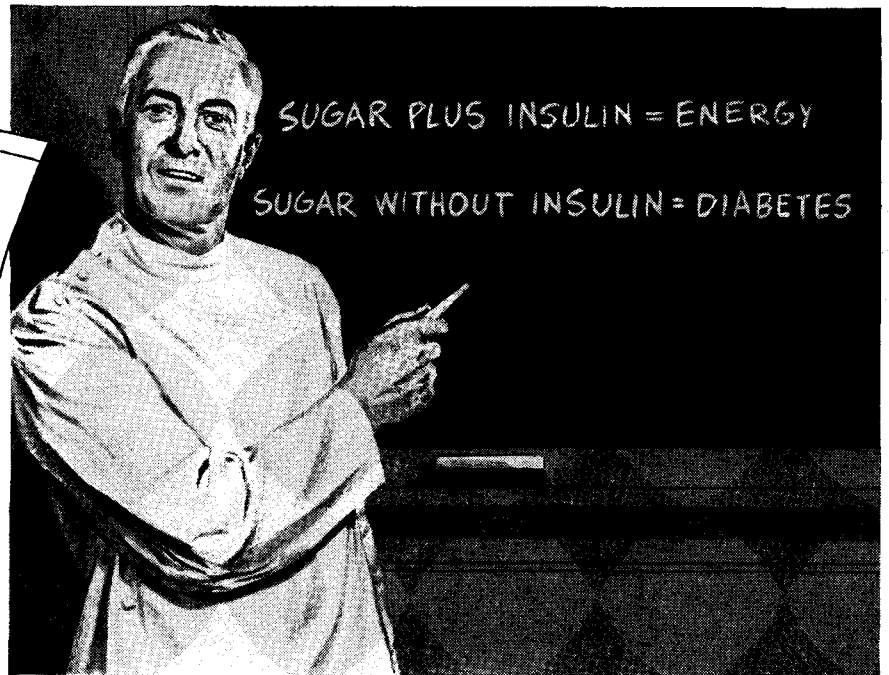
# The *a b c* of DIABETES

**What diabetes is.** Certain cells in your body—in a gland called the pancreas—produce a substance named *insulin*.

This enters your blood stream and enables your body to store sugar and convert it, as needed, into muscle energy.

Lacking insulin, sugar would simply accumulate in your body. You would become unquenchably thirsty for water to carry this excess sugar from your system—*unused, wasted*. You would be constantly hungry because of the calories lost. And even though you ate a great deal, you would probably lose weight steadily.

You would have diabetes.



**How diabetes is treated.** Thirty years ago, if you developed diabetes, your chances of living long would have been rather poor. But today, if you had it, your chances would be good for living as long as you would *without* diabetes.

And you'd probably owe most of these added years to a miraculous discovery made in 1921: that insulin can be extracted from the pancreas of certain animals, and that injections of it permit a diabetic to use the sugar and starches in his diet.

Many advances in insulin treatment have been made since its original discovery. Today most diabetics can live virtually normal lives, with proper diet and exercise and insulin—although not *all* diabetics require insulin.

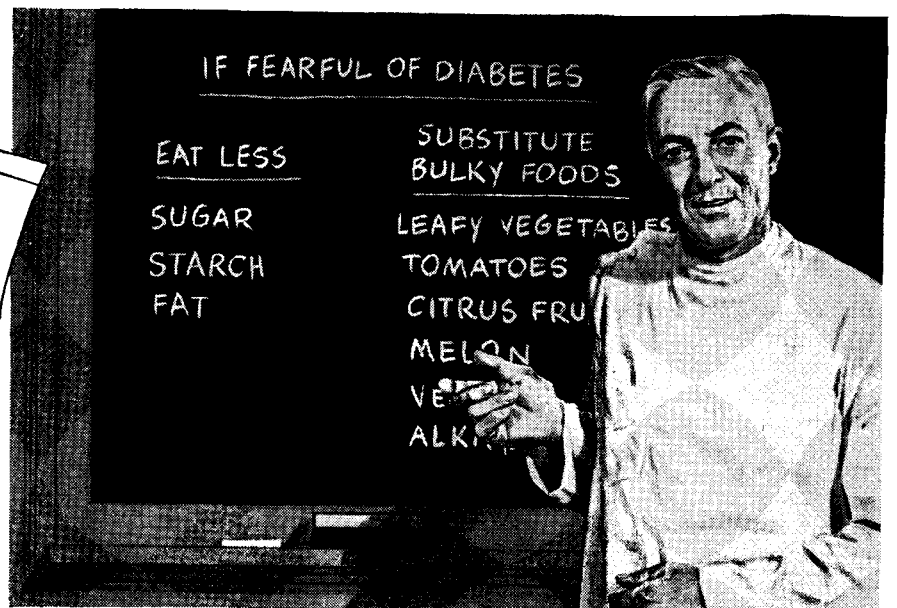
**How to guard against diabetes.** Medical science has not yet discovered why certain people develop diabetes. But research has revealed who are its most likely victims. They are:

**1. Middle-aged, overweight people**—You can't, of course, do anything about middle age. But you *can* guard against overweight by controlling the amount you eat—limiting the intake of sugar, starch, and fat—and by getting plenty of healthful exercise.

**2. People who have diabetes "in the family"**—Predisposition to diabetes is hereditary. Therefore, if anyone in your family has had diabetes, you should pay particular attention to diet and exercise. Above all, you should have periodic—at least annual—physical checkups *with urinalysis*.



Of course, this is only the a-b-c of diabetes. For a more detailed explanation, send for Metropolitan's free booklet—"Diabetes."



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(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 124-C, entitled, "Diabetes."

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**PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BUYS MY  
PICTURES BUT WON'T BUY  
MY BRISTLES!**



Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

#### PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush? You know the answer . . . it can't!

#### Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big plus is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! Under a special patented

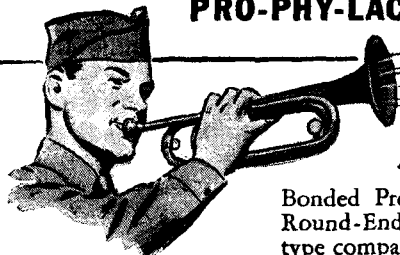
process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

#### And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": 1. The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. 3. A written guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

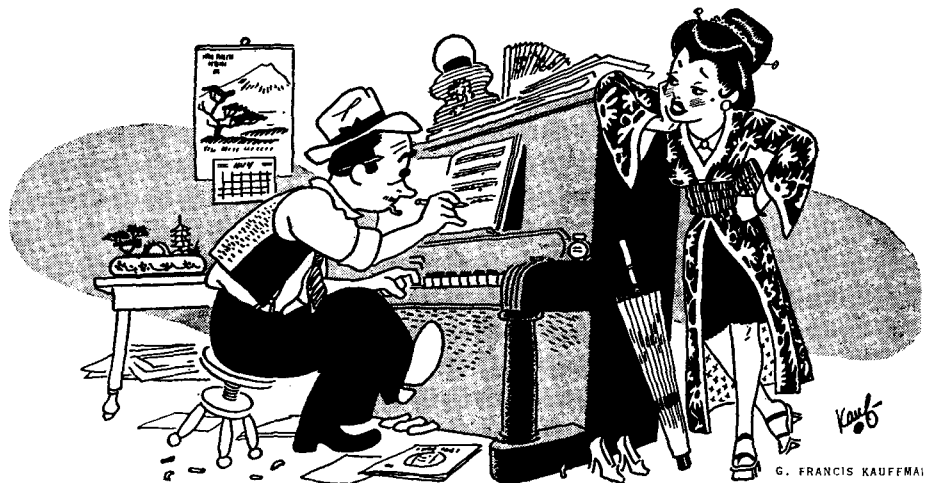
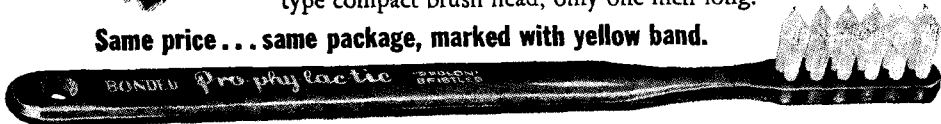
**PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.**



**Attention! Users of  
Smaller Brushes**

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.



*Keep up with the world*  
by Freling Foster

Between 1905 and Pearl Harbor, American composers outdid themselves in idealizing Japan as a quaint and romantic land, in scores of popular songs, about 50 of which became well-known, including Yokohama, Ti-O-San, Cherry Blossoms, Laughing Little Almond Eyes, and Japanese Sandman.

The Pantheon in Paris holds the unique record of having been secularized three times in less than a century. In 1791, one year after its completion as the church of Sainte Geneviève, it was converted into a memorial temple and remained as such until 1806. During the next 24 years, the building was used as a church and, between 1830 and 1851, was used again as a temple. Then, rededicated, it served as a church until 1885, when it was secularized for the third time and has since remained a temple of fame for the illustrious dead of France.

The world's oldest scheduled train is the Royal Scot, which has left London on its 392-mile trip to Edinburgh at 10 o'clock every morning for the past 96 years.—By Webster E. Corliss, San Francisco, Calif.

Porter's Plate, a large silver plate presented to the Duke of Portland in 1900 by his horse trainer, John Porter, is valued today at \$25,000, or more than twice as much as any other sporting trophy on record. Around its border are sunk 25 glass-covered wells, each of which contains tail hairs of a classic race horse of the past, such as St. Simon, Diamond Jubilee and Flying Fox.

In the magnetic observatory of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey at Sitka, Alaska, the temperature of the air is so controlled that it never varies more than three degrees Fahrenheit although the outside temperature varies as much as 92 degrees.

Besides the Versailles Treaty signed in June, 1919, eight others were required to end the first World War. The Allies signed the Saint-Germain Treaty with Austria in September, 1919, the Neuilly Treaty with Bulgaria in November, 1919, the Trianon with Hungary in June, 1920, and the Sévres with Turkey in August, 1920. Then the United States signed treaties with Austria, Germany and Hungary in August, 1921; and France, Great Britain and Italy signed the Lausanne Treaty with Turkey in July, 1923.

The most subtle of all demonstrations of derision staged by the people of Paris during the Nazi occupation was the frequent publication of a photograph of Pierre Laval on the front page of a certain newspaper—at the head of the fifth column.

The reciprocal regard existing between the people of Russia and their government was shown in 1936 during the framing of their new constitution. Its first draft was published in 10,000 newspapers and 60,000,000 pamphlets for study by the people. Then discussion of its 146 articles at 527,000 public meetings, attended by 36,500,000 citizens, resulted in 150,000 suggestions and amendments, all of which were considered and a number of them were adopted by the Supreme Soviet.

No state approaches Michigan in duplicating the names of lakes. For instance, 440 of these bodies of water are known by only five names. 56 being called Twin Lake, 59 Round Lake, 65 Bass Lake, 87 Long Lake and 173 Mud Lake.—By Helen McWethy, Springfield, Ill.

Incredible differences in weight and speed exist between the outdoor model plane powered by a miniature gas engine, and the indoor plane powered by a rubber loop and flown in an armory. The weight of a ten-pound outdoor model is equivalent to that of 1,625 indoor models; and the maximum speed of the outdoor plane is 112 mph or 32 times as fast as that of the indoor, which is only 3.5 mph, or slower than the normal walk of a human being.—By Andrew Bauer, Urbana, Ohio.

The longest distance flown nonstop today over a regular civilian air route is the 3,563-mile hop made by the planes of the Qantas Empire Airways across the Indian Ocean between Albany, Australia, and Colombo, Ceylon. The second longest distance is the 3,376 miles flown between New York City and Lisbon, Portugal.

The jet-propelled plane flies so smoothly that a vibrator is required on the instrument panel to keep the dial needles free of stickiness. . . . While most surgical operations require less than an hour to perform, brain operations usually take from four to eight hours, and sometimes last as long as 16 hours. . . . U.S. soldiers may now wear one horizontal gold stripe above the cuff of the left sleeve for every six months of overseas duty. . . . During the most critical period of the siege of Leningrad in 1941, more than 350,000 of its citizens were evacuated by air in two months alone.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address: Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Sunday night (at 10:30 E.W.T., 9:30 C.W.T., 8:30 M.W.T., 7:30 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network





## The South needs Ships . . . for tomorrow

We Americans like to think of ourselves as an economically self-sufficient nation. But trade figures—and wars—prove otherwise.

Take the South, for example. In normal peacetime years, 51% of its leading money crop—cotton—is shipped overseas. So is 33% of its tobacco, and a substantial portion of its fruits, textiles and industrial products. You can readily see what ships mean to this important section of our country.

And the same holds true for America as a whole. 31% of our national output of lubricants, 21% of our agricultural machinery is normally shipped abroad. On the other side of the ledger, we must import 100% of our tin and other vital metals, natural rubber, coffee. This gives you a hint of America's dependence on ships.

Yet, following World War I, we allowed our Merchant Marine to dwindle away to a poor fourth

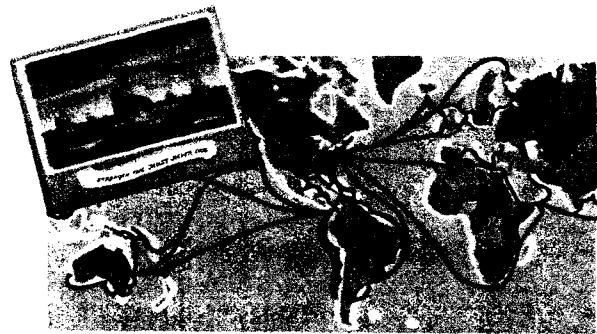
among world powers. As late as 1937, we had only enough ships to carry one-third of our peacetime trade—far too few to fight a global war.

That's what the Axis gambled on—a gamble they nearly made good. Only the foresight of the men who drafted our Merchant Marine Act of 1936 saved us from being caught flat-footed when war came. The ships built and being built under this act were the margin that kept us going until launchings approached, then went far ahead of sinkings . . . to turn the tide of war away from our shores.

Today, America is the world's greatest maritime power. Therein lies a powerful weapon to speed final Victory. But let us not forget that here, too, is strength we need to safeguard lasting peace . . . and a means to provide more postwar jobs for more Americans by expanding our foreign trade. This time, let's *keep* our Merchant Marine.

*Westinghouse is proud to be a partner in building America's new Merchant Marine. Westinghouse turbine drives power the new Victory ships. You'll find Westinghouse electrical and steam equipment on every type of ship on war duty.*

*Yes, as leading suppliers to the Marine Industry, we are directly interested in its future. But beyond this, we consider it the responsibility of every manufacturer, of every citizen, to see that America builds and keeps the finest, swiftest and most efficient Merchant Marine in the world.* J-90540



SEND FOR FREE COPY OF THIS FULL-COLOR EDUCATIONAL MAP

It charts the world-wide trade routes which our Merchant Marine must serve, locates natural resources by countries, includes interesting facts about our foreign trade. Write to Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Dept. 1-NB, P. O. Box 868, Pittsburgh 30, Pennsylvania.



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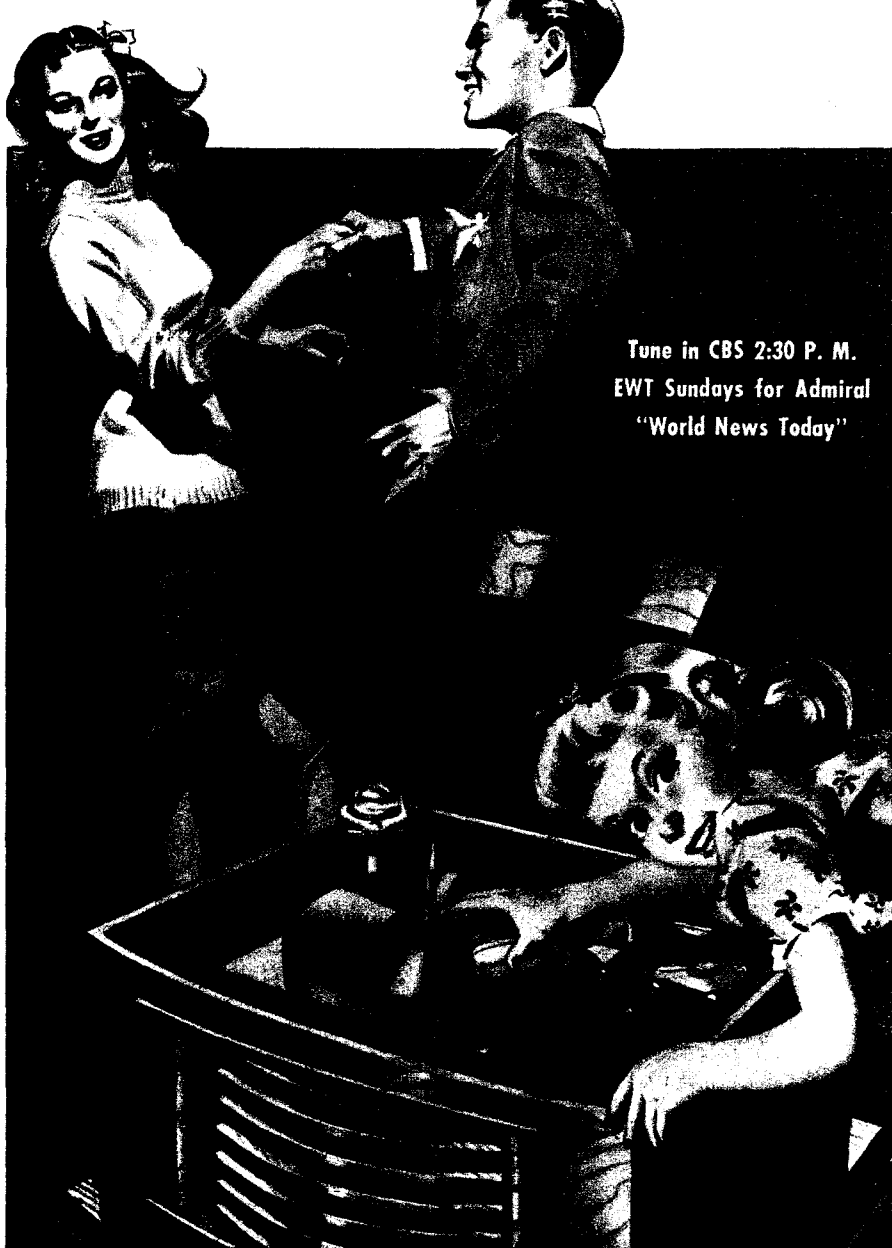
WESTINGHOUSE PRESENTS—JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, SUN. 2:30 EWT, NBC—TED MALONE, MON. WED. FRI. 10:15 P. M. EWT, BLUE NETWORK

*This time—let's keep our Merchant Marine*



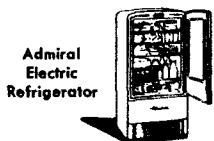
It's a postwar Promise ... from

# Admiral



Tune in CBS 2:30 P. M.  
EWT Sundays for Admiral  
"World News Today"

## A Radio-Phonograph with an Automatic Record Changer that's even "CHILD-PROOF"



It's a fact! The new Admiral automatic record changer will be foolproof. Even the kiddies' impish curiosity won't impair its automatic efficiency. An entirely new, electronic tone arm will give better reproduction and longer life to your records. Changing time between records will be shortened. Because of its few moving parts, its simplicity of operation will be amazing.

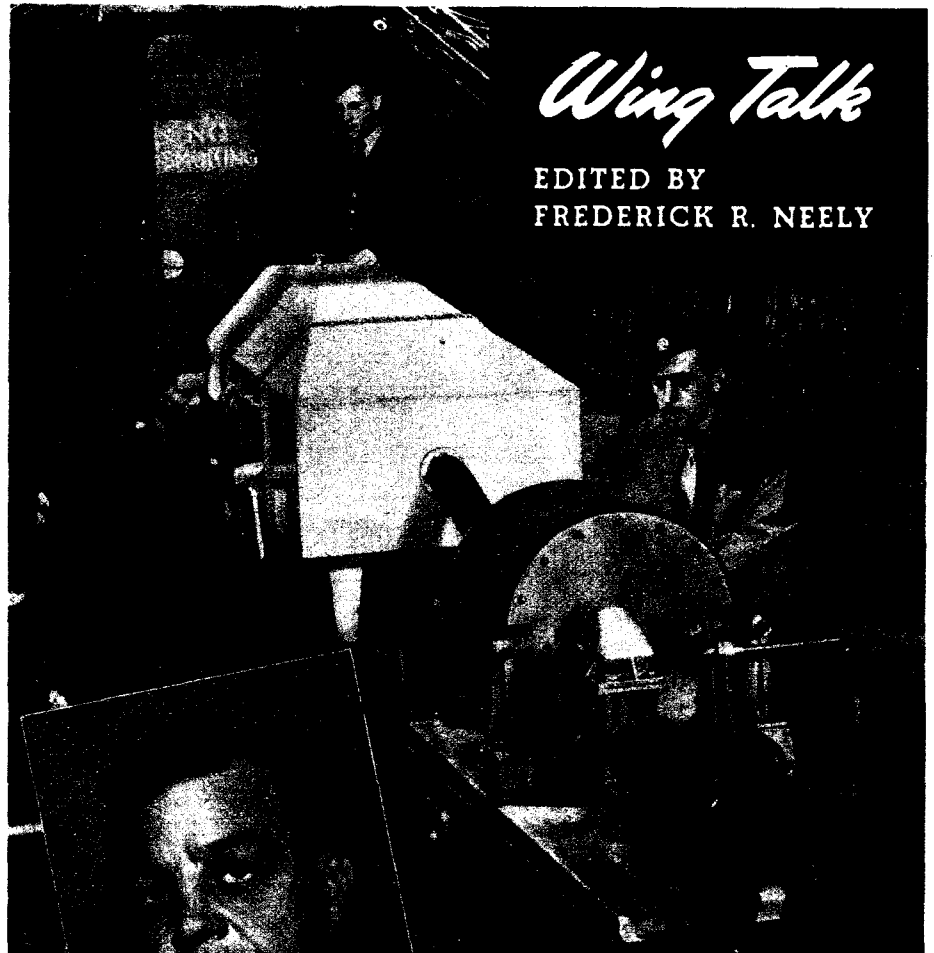
Admiral's postwar radio line will be complete. There'll be table and console models, portables, "Bantams", farm sets, F M, home recording and television. Yes, there'll be everything for better listening in your postwar Admiral Radio—"America's Smart Set."

**Admiral Corporation** CHICAGO 47, ILL.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF RADIO PHONOGRAPHS WITH AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGERS  
LEADERS IN RADIO ... COMMUNICATION EQUIPMENT ... RADAR ... FM ... TELEVISION

## Wing Talk

EDITED BY  
FREDERICK R. NEELY



In this iron lung, comprising parts from discarded jeeps and crashed airplanes, an Army officer polio victim was flown in a C-54 from Calcutta to Washington. Left: Division Surgeon Lt. Col. Edward A. Abbey, of the A.T.C.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES

FEUDS that once existed between Army and Navy pilots and flight surgeons have been wiped out forever by this war. At one time it was pretty bad. Old-time service pilots who, because of the fragile state of aircraft engineering and construction, fatalistically assumed that every flight was to be their last, looked with distrust upon the flight surgeon. According to them, he would, upon the slightest evidence of physical unfitness, slap a gold and silver wing pilot on the ground for thirty days, thereby depriving him of his 50 per cent flight pay, so essential for the sky-high insurance premiums.

Through the years, aviation medicine (which is more psychology, psychiatry and good old horse sense than dishing out pills and bandaging crash wounds) has made phenomenal progress, and pilots now not only lean on flight surgeons heavily for medical assistance but for mental and spiritual guidance, too. The motto of the flight surgeon is, "Keep 'em Flying," and he does it.

We have it from Lieutenant Alfred Wright, Jr., of Los Angeles, California, a Navy dive bomber pilot on Guadalcanal in the early terrifying days, that the flight surgeons found themselves many times at the crossroads of loyalty to their Hippocratic oath and to their flag. However, their country always won and pilots who should have been grounded from exhaustion were permitted to continue their attacks on an enemy set on dislodging us from a foothold we had won at a high price. By all standards of peacetime flight surgery, just about every Army and Navy pilot operating from Guadal in those days should have been in sick bay, but if they had, we probably would have been delayed many weeks in establishing ourselves in the Solomons.

But back to those feuds before the happy ending. I knew of many, but one stands out. Back in 1923, I flew around the Army's tiny airways system with Lieutenant Lucas Victor Beau, Jr., now brigadier general and holding an important post with the Air Technical Service Command at Wright Field.

In Detroit, "Vic" recalled, there was an old flight surgeon who once grounded him for thirty days when they were on duty together

at Hazelhurst Field, Mineola, Long Island, in 1918. So we got in touch with him and he paid us a call. The "old" flight surgeon turned out to be Doctor William A. Defnet, a strapping six footer with a personality that lighted up the room. Hardly had Vic and Defnet become reacquainted over a bottle than the doctor said:

"I suppose you want to know why I grounded you five years ago. I didn't tell you, because you wouldn't have believed me. I had been watching you closely, and you were anything but normal, carefree and relaxed. Whenever you'd go out for your test flight, I'd take a position out on the field near your landing approach. I saw you miss the water tower by inches, saw you pull up at the last moment on several occasions. You needed a rest. I didn't care whether you liked it or not. And after your month on the ground, from then on, your approaches and landings were perfect."

There is something about Lieutenant Colonel Edward A. Abbey, Division Surgeon for the India-China Division of the Air Transport Command, that reminds me of Doctor Defnet. He, too, is big and pleasant. When I saw him, Colonel Abbey, who was a practicing physician in New Haven, Connecticut, before joining up in 1942, and who hails originally from Latrobe, Pennsylvania, had just hopped over from India to Washington in the elapsed time of 63 hours and 20 minutes with an Army lieutenant polio victim in an improvised iron lung lashed down in the cabin of a Douglas C-54.

The patient, now progressing at Walter Reed Hospital, is Lieutenant Robert Wesselhoeft, Jr., of Westwood, Massachusetts. He had been carried out of the Tibetan mountains in a half dying condition and flown to a frontier base in a Piper Cub by a great guy named Major Fred G. Welsh, of West Englewood, New Jersey. The major had piloted with one hand, and with the other had pumped the artificial respirator attached to Lieutenant Wesselhoeft. Then he was flown over the Hump in one of Colonel Abbey's evacuation planes to Calcutta, where the iron lung was

(Continued on page 70)



# AND WE'LL BE HOME AGAIN...

Off there, somewhere,  
A whippoorwill will call . . .  
Back there, somewhere, the sun will drop  
like a penny into the pocket of night. And a  
breeze will freshen and cool, and the dark  
will be filled with quiet . . .

And we'll smoke together again . . .  
And Joe's hound will sigh and turn around  
and lie down in the soft dust, and we'll watch  
the lights come up in houses down below,  
and a door will slam and a dog bark, and a  
girl's voice call and then . . .

We'll be home again.  
Back home where not just us but everyone  
will understand how and why this war was  
fought and won . . .

Back home where all of us will know we  
bought and paid for peace with something  
more than bonds and tears and blood and  
long years of sacrifice . . .

Back home where everyone must know this

war will have no meaning . . . this victory  
will be hollow . . . this peace will not endure  
unless the power that won the war . . . the  
power that made our country great . . . the  
power of men and women working together  
to destroy can become the power to create!

Unless the power to rub cities out becomes  
the power to put new cities up.

Unless the power to take life becomes the  
power to give life. Unless the power to liber-  
ate men in foreign lands becomes the power  
to free ourselves . . . to give to every man a  
boundless opportunity to dream . . . to  
work . . . to grow . . . to make his life, to  
make his America what he wants it to be!

That's what this war is being fought for . . .  
That's what Victory will mean to us . . .  
That's what we'll come home for!

Here at Nash, when our war job is done, it will  
be our obligation to convert all the new strength,  
all the new power to produce, all the new ability

and skill and knowledge that have come to us  
so quickly under the driving necessity of war  
to production for peace.

That means Nash will build more automobiles  
than we have ever built before . . . even finer  
automobiles than the great Nash cars that are  
today proving their outstanding quality and  
economy. It means automobiles low in price  
. . . economical to own as well as to drive. It  
means style and comfort and ease of handling.  
It means all those things that will make an  
automobile a more important, a more useful,  
a more intimate part of what you want to do—  
when peace comes.

This is our program. This will be our part in  
the building of a greater, a happier nation.  
For we believe all of us owe to those who have  
fought to preserve it a strong, a vital, a grow-  
ing America where every man and every woman  
will have the freedom and the opportunity to  
make their dreams come true.

**NASH**  
of NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION



*Joe L. Lusk*



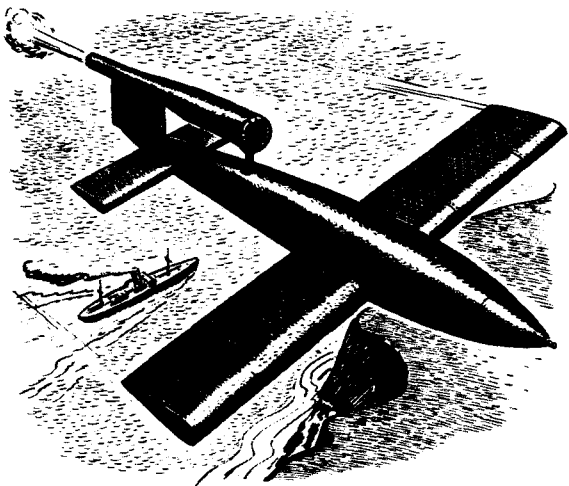
# General Electric answers your questions about JET PROPULSION

General Electric jet propulsion engines power the P-59A jet-propelled plane. You'll want to know these facts about one of the most unusual weapons to come out of the war.



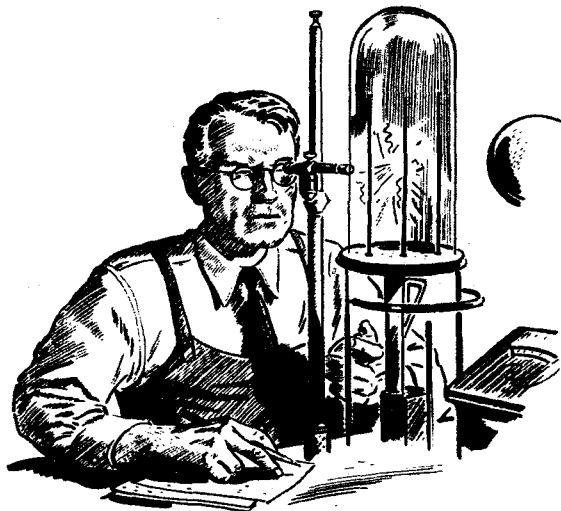
**Q: Is it like a rocket?**

A: No. A rocket carries not only its fuel, but also the oxygen needed to burn it. A jet-propelled plane carries fuel for its G-E engine, but takes oxygen from the air as it travels through it. A rocket could theoretically travel to the moon. But because a jet-propelled plane cannot operate without air, it could never go beyond the earth's atmosphere.



**Q: Is it like the German robot bomb?**

A: A little. The robot bomb uses a crude form of jet propulsion. But it hardly compares with a power plant that can drive a combat plane. The G-E jet propulsion engine is the power plant for very fast, very high flying jet-propelled fighter planes. Pilots find these new planes easy to handle.



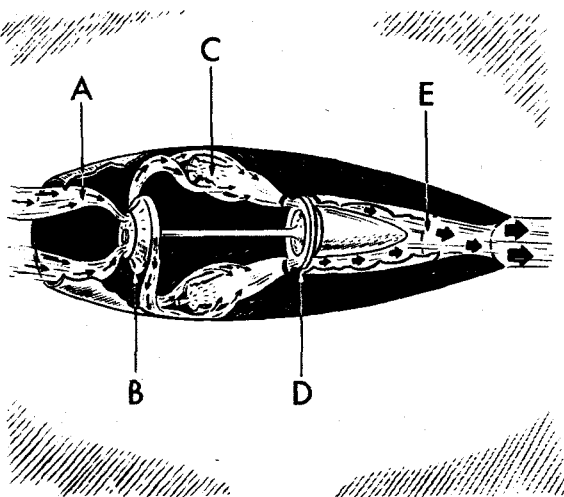
**Q: What was G. E.'s part?**

A: General Electric developed the jet propulsion engine from original designs by Group Captain Frank Whittle of the RAF. The Army Air Forces chose General Electric to design and build the new engine because of G.E.'s long experience with steam turbines and turbosuperchargers.



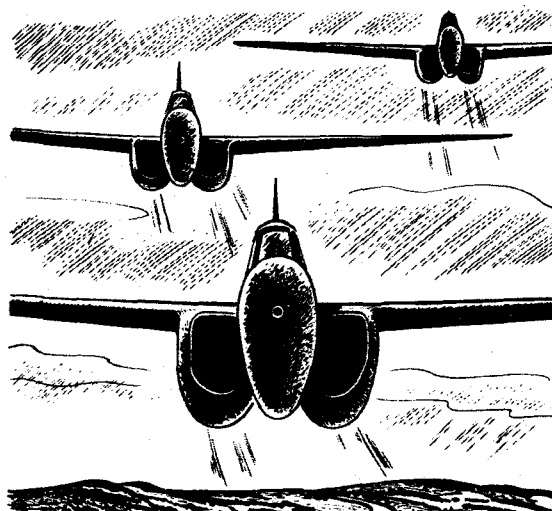
**Q: What makes the jet plane go?**

A: The same kind of force that makes a toy balloon scurry when it slips from your fingers. The kind of force that makes a gun kick against your shoulder; that makes a rotary lawn sprinkler turn. In fact, you can probably think of a dozen other forms of jet propulsion.



**Q: How does the engine work?**

A: Air flows from "A" through the compressor "B" into combustion chamber "C," where it is heated and expanded by burning fuel. Rushing toward the outlet, part of this hot gas turns turbine "D," which operates the compressor "B." From here the gas rushes through nozzle "E." The jet from this nozzle drives the plane forward.



**Q: What does the jet plane look like?**

A: At first glance it looks much like any other plane. But a closer look will show you that the propellers are missing and that there is no sign of conventional engines. Here is a sketch showing the P-59A, built for the Army Air Forces by Bell Aircraft. This plane is powered by two General Electric jet propulsion engines.



The General Electric jet propulsion engine is one of hundreds of products made by G.E. for the aviation industry. It is another example of how G-E science and engineering work to supply America's needs—in war and peace. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**  
952-616-211

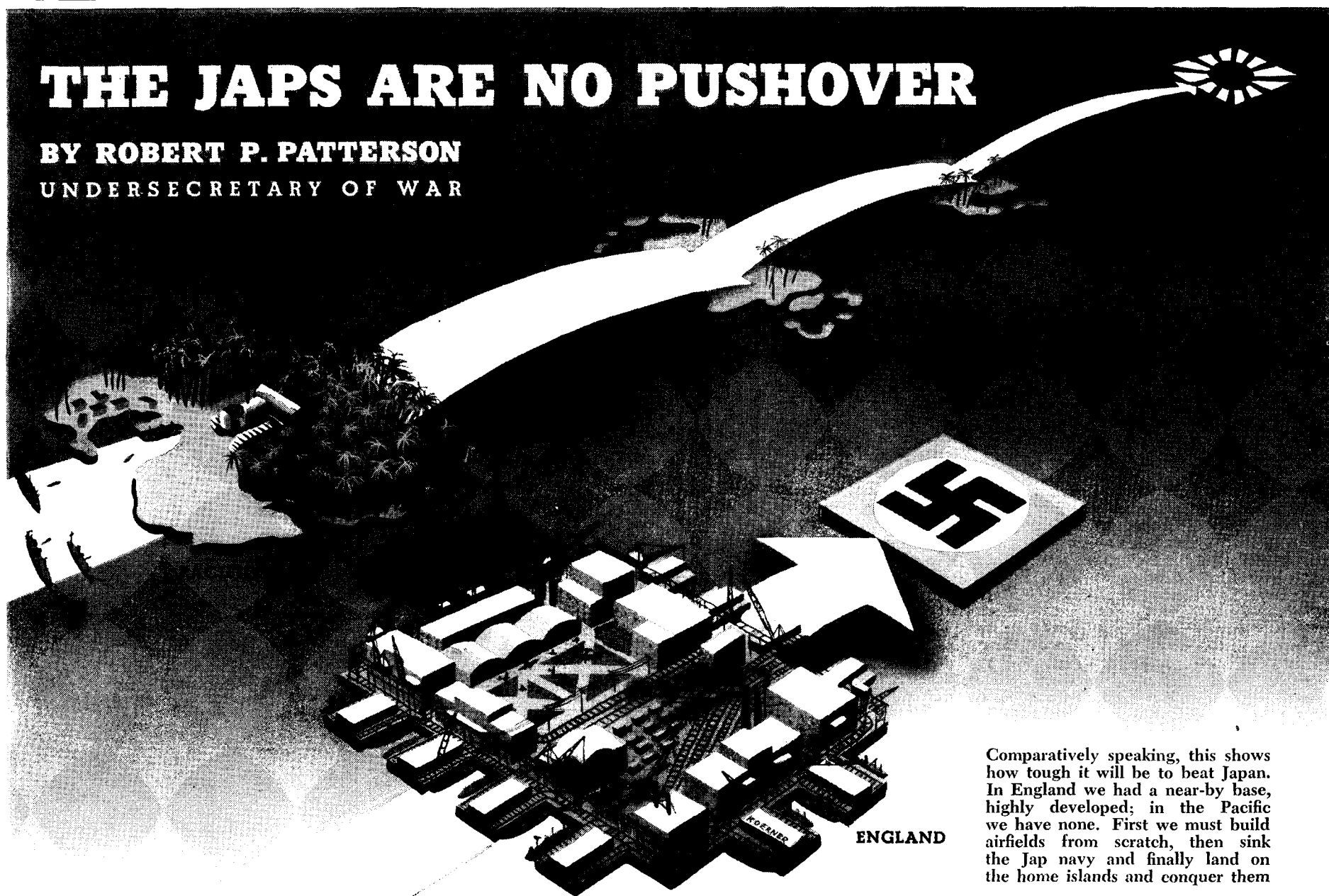
Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday 6.45 p.m. EWT, CBS.

FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS



# THE JAPS ARE NO PUSHOVER

BY ROBERT P. PATTERSON  
UNDERSECRETARY OF WAR



Comparatively speaking, this shows how tough it will be to beat Japan. In England we had a near-by base, highly developed; in the Pacific we have none. First we must build airfields from scratch, then sink the Jap navy and finally land on the home islands and conquer them

KOERNER

**We've whittled down the Japanese navy and air force, we've killed eleven Jap soldiers for every one of ours, but their army is still so big they've stopped drafting men, their war production is humming and, most important, they are 6,000 miles away. It'll be a rugged fight**

THERE are two papers on my desk. One is a newspaper clipping with the headline: "Quick victory over Japan seen after Germany falls." The other is a report by an Army officer just returned from the South Pacific. It tells the story of a five-man patrol that was inching its way through the jungle one afternoon not long ago.

A burst of machine-gun fire cut short the patrol's progress. One man was killed instantly. As the remaining members of the group threw themselves to the ground, they spotted the Jap sniper only a few yards distant, aiming a light machine gun over the rim of a foxhole. Before anyone could shoot him, he had killed a second American.

Several bullets from a BAR (Browning automatic rifle) buried themselves in the Jap's right shoulder. Unable to use his machine gun any longer, the man leaped from the foxhole and, firing a revolver with his left hand, seriously wounded a third American soldier. A second blast from the automatic rifle knocked him down, but he managed to fire again, wounding a fourth member of the patrol before he was finally flat on his back, wounded in both arms.

When the last American came up beside him, he lay helpless on the ground, but the fanatical fighting spirit still had not gone from his riddled body. In a final fling of scorn and hatred, he raised his head and spat at the American soldier. A bullet between the eyes sent him to his ancestors.

I tell this story because it is typical of the Japanese against whom our troops are pitted in the Pacific. While we are inflicting far heavier casualties than we suffer, their determination to fight it out is made evident in every combat.

I have been in the Pacific with our soldiers. I have seen the muck of the fetid jungles in which they are hunting down the enemy. I have studied the reports from Generals MacArthur and Stilwell and Kenney and Chennault. I have

seen the great distances across which we must transport men and equipment. I can sum them all up by saying that I have found nothing to support the notion that we can dispose of Japan in short order, once Germany is beaten.

Despite our successful landing in the Philippines and our brilliant naval victories, we are not building our future military plans on the proposition that Japan will be a pushover. Here are some of the reasons why:

(1) The Japanese army is bigger and stronger today than it was when the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor. Japan has four million soldiers like the one who fought our five-man patrol. She has a million more men of military age who have not been called to the colors, and another million 17 and 18 years of age who have been steeped since babyhood in hatred of America, and who have just been made subject to the draft.

(2) The Japanese industrial machine, backed by accumulated stock piles of strategic raw materials and millions

of slave laborers, is still formidable. In many types of weapons, the Japanese have facilities for stepping up production over the levels already attained, and we do not yet have the air bases from which to pound these facilities with round-the-clock saturation bombings of the type that crippled Germany's output of munitions, and paved the way for our advance in Europe.

(3) Geography continues to serve Japan as a powerful ally, curbing the effectiveness of our aerial superiority, complicating our supply problems and making enormously difficult the launching of a full-scale assault against the Island Empire itself.

Despite the blows we have inflicted in the two years since we gained the offensive in the South Pacific, Japan has not only maintained her military strength, but has increased her army substantially. Losses have been more than offset by the activation of new units and the reconstitution of old ones.

We already have demonstrated by our invasion of the Philippines that we have come a long way in developing the science of amphibious operations. Never before had a force of such magnitude been moved by water such distances for a landing in enemy-controlled territory. Our success on Leyte is a tribute not only to our Army and Navy, but also to the productive effort of the people at home. The fact that we have been able to carry out such operations 7,000 miles from our West Coast, at the very time that our supply requirements in Europe are reaching their peak, is indisputable evidence of our growing military strength. But in recognizing our own progress, let us not underestimate Japan's strength.

We must bear in mind that our forces still have not encountered the main body of this powerful army, which is being held in China, Formosa and the home islands. The Japs we have met so far have been outposts, standing guard outside the defenses of the inner zone. This zone has not yet been penetrated. We have come up against enough Japanese, however, to know that they are seasoned, courageous soldiers who fight with the fanatic's greed for death.

It is true that their fanaticism is a two-edged sword that kills more of their soldiers than it does of ours. The Jap soldier does not surrender. We have killed or incapacitated 750,000 Japs, but we have taken only 7,500 prisoners.

This certainly does not indicate any weakening of the Japanese morale. They are on the defensive and they know it, but they are told by their leaders that "The Land of the Gods" has never lost and never will lose a war. They still



The author is shown talking with General MacArthur during the New Guinea campaign in mid-1943



believe in their invincibility, and we must not expect their morale to break, even when their position seems to be hopeless.

There is only one way to destroy the Japanese army, and that is by shifting to the Pacific every element of our military force that can be effectively utilized there. That is exactly what we propose to do after the fighting ends in Europe. It is true we will not need every soldier who is now under arms, when we have only one enemy to face, but many more will have to be kept in the Army than can be let out if there is to be no faltering along the road to victory.

Those men who will not be needed for military duty after the defeat of Germany will be returned to civilian life in accordance with a fair and impartial priority system based on their service record and the number of children they have. This system was worked out on the basis of the soldier's own views of the factors that should be taken into account in determining who should leave the Army first.

The Japanese fleet, crippled by losses in the central and southwest Pacific and especially in the Philippines, is no longer the formidable force it was a few months ago, but it cannot be discounted as a menace to future operations. Japan still has a number of aircraft carriers and battleships, either undamaged or not damaged sufficiently to put them out of action indefinitely. As a result of their disastrous encounters in the Philippines, these undoubtedly will be held as long as possible for a desperate final stand in defense of the homeland.

It was popularly supposed that the fall of the Tojo cabinet last summer was evidence of a serious weakening of Japan's home front. The fact is, however, that in many respects the succeeding premier, General Koiso, actually broadened the base of the government and strengthened both the military and the political front.

Tojo had rendered himself and his army-dominated cabinet a vulnerable target for criticism as Japan suffered successive military reverses. Koiso, on the other hand, has made the cabinet more representative of the nation as a whole and has strengthened it by the inclusion of able leaders from various influential Japanese groups, although the same Kwantung army group which dominated the Tojo regime remains in control.

Lately the Japanese public has been getting a more realistic account of the war. They are being told frankly that they must be pre-

pared for heavy sacrifices. They have become convinced that they can fight the war to a stalemate. They hope to do this by inflicting as many casualties as possible on the Allied forces and by drawing the war out over as long a period as possible.

We know what the Japanese idea is. It is that the American public will become weary and impatient as the war drags on, and will finally agree to a compromise peace. Such a compromise would enable Japan to begin anew the process of preparing itself for world domination.

To defeat this Japanese strategy, we must guard against overoptimism, for that, more than anything else, would produce the results desired by the Japs, nor must we understate the problems we face in defeating them.

Some of us are inclined to dismiss the Japanese industrial machine as puny by American standards. In considering Japan's economic potential, we are prone to compare her productive capacity with our own on a ton-for-ton or a unit-for-unit basis. While this comparison is reassuring as regards the final outcome of the conflict, it does not reflect the relative strength of the Japanese economic position and leads to a dangerous underestimation of the effort required to defeat Japan.

### Jap War Industry Forges Ahead

The truth is that Japanese war production has increased substantially each year since Pearl Harbor. In the past five years, the Japanese have concentrated their energy on the expansion of their industrial facilities, with resulting increases in their ability to produce planes, tanks, armored cars and various types of ordnance.

This expanded industrial structure would be of little value if Japan were short of critical raw materials, but her position in this respect is favorable. During the past three years of exploitation of acquired territories, the Japs have been able to accumulate stock piles which, it is estimated, are sufficient to last her as much as two years.

Flame thrower is one of the weapons we developed to beat the Japs

Pile of dead Japs on Green Island shows how they fight to the last man

Another factor in Japan's industrial strength is her great pool of manpower. In addition to the 75,000,000 Japanese in the homeland, they are drawing upon the labor of 350,000,000 subject peoples, including Koreans, Formosans, Chinese, Filipinos, Malaysians, Javanese, Siamese and Burmese. Thus her manpower potential is practically inexhaustible.

By concentrating on war industries and cutting down civilian production to the most meager necessities, the Japanese have been able to expand their output of light metals, aircraft and weapons. Inefficient and non-essential factories have been closed down, and their equipment and labor transferred to better and more important plants.

At the present time, Japan is producing aircraft at a rate greater than the Allied destruction of her planes. Aircraft production

is believed to have increased by 25 per cent over the rate of 1,200 a month attained at the end of 1943, despite difficulties growing out of the necessity to redesign and convert facilities to new models.

Japan's production of steel is less than a tenth that of the United States, but since the expenditure and wastage of ammunition and weapons have been relatively small up to now, considerable stores of war materials have been accumulated, so that current production of steel goes a long way toward meeting Japanese military needs.

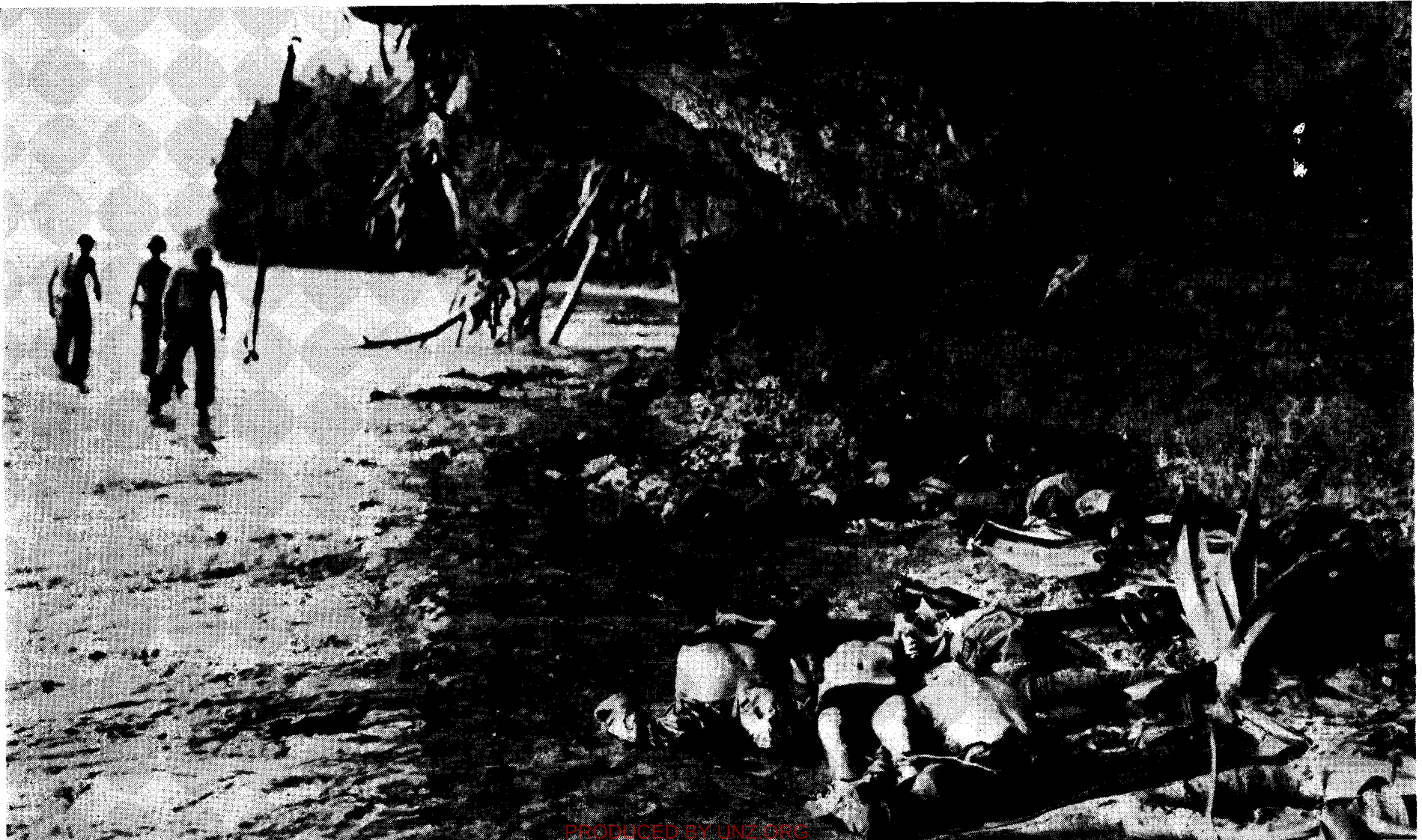
Our Navy and Air Forces are sinking Jap ships faster than they can be built, but as Japan is driven progressively into the inner zone of her defenses, her shipping lanes will become shorter, and her requirements will be reduced. For us, the opposite is the case.

Many people believe that the job of over-

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OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. MARINE CORPS





whelming Japan is simply one of transferring our powerful Air Forces from the European theater to the Pacific and then blasting Japan off the map. The problem, unfortunately, is not that simple. Planes cannot be moved without long and thorough preparation. First, land to be used as bases must be seized. This means large-scale amphibious operations preceded by air neutralization and supported by ground and naval units in force.

After landings are made and airfields secured, these must be rebuilt, expanded and defended. Port facilities must be provided on a formidable scale to permit the landing of supplies.

Limited shipping has been one of the factors that prevented us from having everything ready for a speedy transfer of large numbers of aircraft to the Pacific. Largely be-

cause of this, we have not yet accomplished the task of rolling back the Japanese outer defenses. This task has been consuming all the material we could spare from the European fronts. It has cost many lives, it has used an immense amount of shipping.

The supplies and the ground crews for our Air Forces, the gasoline and the housing and the cement for runways, and the bulldozers to build them cannot be transported by air. They must be carried across the Pacific by ship.

It can be seen how futile it would be to count on an immediate step-up in our air operations against Japan, once the war in Europe ends. We will move our planes from Europe to the Pacific with as much speed as American ingenuity can muster, but that movement will require long months.

The problem of transferring all our en-

ergies from the European theater to the Pacific immediately upon the collapse of Germany concerns every American. The flow of men and supplies to Europe will be stopped in a matter of hours. The immense machine, which has been moving forward in high gear, will suddenly have to be placed in reverse, without even coming to a halt.

During the year following the defeat of Germany, the Army alone expects to ship to the Pacific supplies equal to four times the total amount shipped overseas during the entire first World War. The distances from our West Coast ports to the far side of the Pacific are approximately double those from the East Coast ports to Europe. That means that twice the amount of shipping, escort vessels and convoys are necessary to support a force in the Far East as were needed to support a similar force in the European theater.

A bigger problem than shipping is the one of providing enough bases and harbor facilities on the other side of the Pacific. Building bases there presents as many problems as building New York City in the middle of the Gobi Desert. *You start with nothing.* Tons of steel, timber, wire, pipe, fuel, food, dredging equipment, tractors and countless hundreds of other items must be brought in across long stretches of water. A harbor must be created, and piers, warehouses, roads and other installations built.

One of the most costly factors in this process of construction is the necessity for constant "roll up" and abandonment of rear area bases as we obtain new bases closer to the heart of Japan. Scores of such harbors, air strips and storage areas remain to be built.

In the 5,300 miles between Hawaii and Manila, there were no developed harbors before the war. The 2,000-mile stretch between Australia and Manila contained no dock capable of handling a Liberty Ship. There was no railroad, no covered storage. There were no facilities for feeding, clothing and housing troops.

Torrential rains, a steaming jungle climate, and the prevalence of tropical diseases ag-

This tough, one-man dugout on Kwajalein illustrates Japanese craft in delaying the advance of United States forces by spending few to hold up many troops

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. COAST GUARD

gravate the difficulties. At Milne Bay, New Guinea, we spanned various creeks and small rivers with bridges to provide access between the docks and storage dumps. A particularly heavy rain continued uninterruptedly for three days and washed out every bridge. At Finschhafen, in New Guinea, a torrential rain lasted nearly a week and destroyed the entire road system we had so laboriously built. That gives a rough idea of what we are up against.

In our European operations we are faced with the problem of repairing the wreckage of facilities which had been in existence for many years prior to their demolition by the Nazis. Ports, railroads and highways have to be repaired and placed in operating condition again. This is a big job but it does not compare in difficulty with the task of building from scratch the ports, railroads and highways necessary to support our forces in their operations against Japan.

So far, I have dealt primarily with the barrier we face and with the strength of the Japanese. Now I want to point out some of our own strategic advantages: As a result of nearly three years of war, we have definitely stopped the enemy's advance everywhere except in China. We have inflicted crippling losses upon his naval forces and have struck severe blows against his air and shipping resources. We have killed or knocked out eleven Japs for every man we have lost. We have gained a secure line of communications to the battle area. We have brought into action our powerful B-29 bombers, which place us within bombing range of Japan's great industrial centers.

#### Exposing Japan to Direct Attack

More than this, we have neutralized about fifty major bases on the fringes of Japan's outer defense zone, and are now within striking distance of the inner zone itself. Another stride will place us in a position to choke off the Japanese north-south sea transport lanes. That will hurt them. Through our huge war production, we have also achieved an overwhelming superiority at sea and in the air, even while we were still engaged in fighting a major war in Europe. Best of all, we will not be fighting alone. Prime Minister Churchill has pledged the unlimited support of Britain's armed forces in the task of defeating Japan.

American ingenuity has developed many new weapons, especially adapted to conditions in the Pacific. Some of these weapons have not yet been put into use. Others, like the flame thrower and the tank-dozer, had their first battle tests against the Japs and are now in general use in the Pacific area. One of the weaknesses of the Japanese is the inferiority of their equipment and weapons. Their lack of inventiveness and engineering skill has given us a great edge.

There is not the least doubt that we can defeat Japan, but we will not do it by building our hopes on the expectation that the Japanese will toss in the sponge without a struggle to the bitter end. We cannot coast to victory. Even under the best circumstances, our losses will be severe.

If we could bring our armies face to face with all the Japanese armies on some Asiatic battlefield, we would, without a doubt, win decisively and bring the Pacific conflict to a speedy close. There is not the slightest question as to our superiority both in numbers and in efficiency. The same thing is true of our Air Forces and our Navy. Such a test of strength, however, will be avoided by the Japanese as long as possible. We will have to defeat them the hard way.

THE END

Payment for the above article goes to the Army Emergency Relief, at the request of the author.

At Cape Sansapor, New Guinea, the Army had to build a "dock" on an open beach. Same jobs must be done on countless other islands as they are occupied



The Deacon was a gambler and needed a kill. The corporal and his \$12,000 were made to order—until the Deacon saw it was a game that defied the laws of chance

his nature which could not be confused with piety. Actually his name was Elmo Lundgren, and he was a tall, black-haired Norwegian, with cavernous eyes, craggy eyebrows and sinews in his neck.

It was one of those cottony-warm May evenings, when anything which hasn't happened in ten thousand years could occur at any moment. It was a night of miracles and dreams and sweet sadnesses which the Deacon couldn't identify. He had known the feeling before, like the snatch of an old melody. A gambler got it before a kill; and since the Deacon was a gambler and needed a soft touch, it was gratifying to know there would be a killing at the tables tonight.

Temporarily, though, the Deacon was

lonely for Amy, his wife, back in New York. It caught him every now and then in a sick ebb. And then he remembered happily that in ten weeks he would close the Club Midas and head back East. More than that, he would close the doors for good on his life of gambling, which Amy hated worse than another woman.

From there on, it would be Amy and a small farm and the respectability which Amy had yearned after like a wistful setter all these years.

In the corridor outside his office, he heard the echo of a slight misunderstanding. Sooner or later every customer had illusions of being cheated.

Torben, who ran the chuck-a-luck table, finally thrust a steaming face inside the door. "Guy outside. Wants a private game with the house."

"No games with the house," said the Deacon, closing the window softly against the night.

"Two weeks we've been open," Torben pointed out. "They come here fat around the wallets, and always it's the same. No games with the house. You gotta realize some guys are individualists, Deacon."

The Deacon turned slowly. "You know damn' well I'm running the Midas for Elbie Morris," he said. "But it's my coin behind all individual games. And I say no games with the house."

"So okay," said Torben. "You've got a little egg of your own. Have they put it on the statutes that a guy can't stack a little money for himself on the side?"

"I've got a slush fund," the Deacon admitted, sitting down at his desk. "Twelve thousand. But it keeps. It's a personal thing."

"It's like turning in your civil liberties to pass up a game with the house. Dollars to doughnuts there's a woman's mind in it." Torben snorted in disgust and pulled the door shut again.

It was not so much Amy's mind as her heart reflected the Deacon. A compact little blonde like Amy, with a courageous chin, went on for years putting up with the fringes of life in the perpetual blue dusk of cocktail lounges, but all the time you could be sure her heart was riveted to a dream. With Amy, that dream was the farm and a decent life.

THE Deacon remembered the flicker of skepticism in Amy's eyes a few weeks ago in New York when he had told her they would hit the trail for the farm in the fall.

"I don't believe it," she said grimly, scraping the liver pan from dinner. "You've been saying the same thing for five years now. And every time you say it, you decide maybe we need more in the slush fund for a better barn. Or a little extra for two cows instead of one. I'll believe it when I'm on my way."

"Nevertheless," replied the Deacon, bearing up under moral injury, "this time it's real. I'll have the slush fund tripled by the time I come back from the Coast."

Amy turned around firmly. "Who's going where, Elmo Lundgren?"

"Now, Amy, don't fly off the handle. I'm just going to the Coast for a spell next week, and when I come back, we'll have \$35,000 instead of \$12,000. I'm taking my own crew out to run Elbie Morris' Club Midas for the season. All he's asking is fifty per cent above house expenses. That's decent of Elbie."

"What's the bite?" Amy asked tartly.

"Bite?" echoed the Deacon, raising his brows in childlike bewilderment. "Now what makes you think there's always a bite to everything, Amy?"

Amy propped one hand belligerently against the wall. "When a fifty per cent gold mine is deposited in your lap, there's a bite somewhere."

The Deacon cupped his hand around a cigar. "I've agreed to relieve the house of all individual games." It was all bravura with the Deacon, and he waited for the thunderclap of Amy's reaction. It didn't come.

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Amy propped one hand belligerently against the wall. "When a fifty per cent gold mine is deposited in your lap, there's a bite somewhere," she said to the Deacon

# PARLAY

## to Glory

BY GRACE AMUNDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES







# THE WIZARD OF GREEN BAY

BY ARTHUR DALEY

Here's the saga of the astounding Don Hutson, now in his tenth year with the Packers and probably the greatest end that ever played football. As a pass receiver par excellence, his equal has never stepped on a gridiron

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S  
BY PIERCE-BLACK STAR

**A**MONG the nineteen National Football League records held by Don Hutson is one slightly more incredible than all others. It is the mark for the shortest forward pass ever completed for a touchdown, the play covering the distance of—hold your hats on this one, mates—four inches. Even in trifles the man is colossal.

Colossal? Come to think of it, that's a feeble word to use in connection with Hutson.

In a football sense Hutson is something out of this world. The things he does have to be seen to be believed. And even then you can't believe them. Take a look at his records:

Lifetime  
Most passes caught—384  
Most touchdown passes caught—83  
Most yards gained catching passes—6,310  
Most points scored—641

Most touchdowns scored—86  
Most consecutive games scoring one or more points—35  
Shortest touchdown pass caught—4 inches.  
In One Season  
Most passes caught—74  
Most touchdown passes caught—17  
Most yards gained catching passes—1,211  
Most points scored—138  
Most touchdowns scored—17  
In One Game  
Most yards gained catching passes—237  
Miscellaneous  
Most years named most valuable player—2  
Most years leading pass receiver—6  
Most years leading scorer—4  
Most consecutive years leading scorer—4  
Most consecutive years leading pass receiver—3  
Most records held—19

Collier's for November 25, 1944

Wise coaches assign two men to guard Don Hutson. But the 190-pound six-footer, known in the trade as the Alabama Antelope, can still pluck the ball out of thin air

Before we go any further, let me give you an idea of the kind of plays this extraordinary performer is capable of producing. The Packers were playing the Cleveland Rams one season when Coach "Dutch" Clark, of the Rams, took Dante Magnani, his fastest man, aside.

"Don't let Hutson get on the outside of you," he ordered.

The Ponderous Pachyderms from Green Bay hammered into scoring territory. Then it happened: Hutson began to cut, shuffling along in his deceptive, lazy style in the direction of the goal posts. Magnani stayed with him—on the outside, too. Faster and faster the Alabama Antelope traveled, with Magnani escorting him as carefully as a fighter plane escorting a Flying Fortress. A few yards from the goal post Don was blazing over the turf, unable to shake clear.

At full speed, Hutson rushed past the post, hooked his left arm around it, wheeled in mid-air in the opposite direction—and caught a pass for a touchdown with his right arm!

## Ten Years a Champion

This football phantom has been plaguing the best minds in the National Football League for nine full years and he is now engaged in his tenth (and last, or so he claims) season. Coaches have pet theories for stopping the T formation, this star or that star. But no one ever has been able to stop Hutson.

When Jock Sutherland came into the league as the Brooklyn coach after several decades of directing top-flight collegiate combinations, he felt the same about Hutson as the man who never had seen a giraffe. Not having seen a giraffe, the man insisted that such an animal could not exist.

They don't come any smarter or more astute than Doctor Sutherland. He knew in his heart that a football defense which assigns two men to covering one man is unbalanced, unsound and downright ridiculous.

"Covering Hutson with two men?" asked the doubtful doctor. "That's sheer nonsense. No man can be that good."

So the Dodgers (now called the Tigers) faithfully assigned one man to the Alabama Antelope, and Hutson murdered them. Jock walked off the field, shaking his head. "Now I know," he kept repeating. "Now I know."

George Halas, owner-coach of the Chicago Bears, gave up on Hutson long ago. His system of handling Don is simplicity itself. "I just concede him two touchdowns a game," he said frankly, "and hope our boys can score more."

Although he is a 190-pound six-footer, Don gives the impression of frailty. He wears practically no padding and looks like a little boy when he gets out on the field with the hulking brutes who man the line.

But that is only his first deception. His second is his speed. When Don was an undergraduate at the University of Alabama he won a Conference 100-yard championship in 9.6 seconds or thereabouts. In other words he has speed which is not too far away from world-record time.

As he runs, he looks like the laziest white child ever produced by the State of Alabama. He shuffles along with less effort and far less concern than a commuter dashing for the 5:15. Finally he seems to attain his maximum rate of travel.

Usually at this point the deluded defender begins to shake hands with himself and mutter under his breath that Hutson isn't as fast as he was supposed to be. The ball comes, and the defender finds himself alone. Don has put on one of those miraculous bursts of extra speed and he's off by himself.

Added to the mental and physical burden of his guardians is the fact that Hutson is a master of the dead pan and an artist of the feint. Never does his expression change as he's about to catch a pass. His arms suddenly go up and he has the ball. And when he feints—mammy!

(Continued on page 27)



# A TEXAN IN KING MICHAEL'S COURT

**BY CAPTAIN JOHN PALM,  
AS TOLD TO KYLE CRICHTON**

He was just a guy from R.D. 1, El Paso, Texas, and he didn't know much about protocol, so when the king and queen visited him in the Rumanian hospital he put them at ease by offering cigarettes

**T**HE night I landed up in the private hospital of Doctor George Petrescu in Ploesti, it seemed that half the big shots of Rumania were crowding in to see me. The biggest of all was Marshal Ion Antonescu, the boss of Rumania, who was later ousted and is now a prisoner in Russia. Next morning I looked up and saw a tall young fellow at the foot of my bed, and that was King Michael. With him was a distinguished-looking lady who turned out to be his mother, Queen Helen. She later came to see me eight times.

Now, I'm not as important as that in my own right. I can't imagine any of those people coming over here and looking me up at R.D. 1, Box 234, El Paso, Texas. But that was the first big raid on the oil wells and refineries at Ploesti, and by some accident I got into this private hospital while the other fliers were prisoners in a camp somewhere out of town. The royal family were close friends of Doctor Petrescu and I was his only American and I got looked at plenty.

We had started out from Bengasi in North Africa that morning on the 2,400-mile run to Ploesti. That was the biggest oil supply the German armies had, and we were out to ruin it. I won't tell you about the long period of training for that flight but it is pretty well acknowledged that there was never anything like it before. Our orders were precise: We were to sail in a formation in which the six planes in the squadron nearly overlapped one another. When we got thirty seconds from our target we were to go up to one hundred feet. For the last hundreds of miles of that trip we often flew at zero altitude. That takes a bit of really hot flying in a four-motored B-24 Liberator.

## Crippled in the Attack

Well, we went up to a hundred feet when we got near the target, but by that time we were the only plane left out of the six. Just about when we were reaching the refinery we were going to bomb, they got us, too. They knocked out three of the motors, killed two men in the nose, wounded everybody on the ship and blew off my right leg.

I looked down and saw the leg, which was just hanging there with a few strands, but I didn't think much about it because I was too busy. We still had momentum, the refinery we were going to hit was right below me, so I pulled the emergency release and—boy, what I mean!—we really clobbered that place. All the time I was tramping down with my other leg on the pedals, fighting the ship like you'd fight a bucking horse. Then I saw a little field off to one side and headed

over there and bellied her down with an awful smack.

Our two right engines were blazing, and I expected us to go up with a bang any minute, but my copilot, Bill Love, of Los Angeles, cut off the mixture and that saved us. I hadn't thought anything about being scared but I must have been scared to death because I reached up with my left hand and yanked the Plexiglas window right out of the side of the ship. I couldn't do that with both hands now if I worked a week. I put my right leg up in my lap and dived through the window.

Then when I was out there, I actually tried to run. Don't ask me how I thought I could do it, but I tried. Of course I fell right back, and Bill Love dragged me into a cornfield near by.

Pretty soon some German soldiers came along the road and some of us started to let 'em know we were there so we could surrender, but Bill hissed, "Get down, you fools, and wait for the Rumanians." We waited some more, and the Rumanians did come and



PRLES ASSOCIATION, INC.

Col. Marshall R. Gray, of San Antonio, Texas, explains a jeep's mysteries to the king, who, like his mother, Queen Helen, likes Americans

HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.



In his father's shoe store, in El Paso, Capt. Palm chats with his father (left) and some friends. Before the war he worked here



we hollered "Doctor" and they understood that because their own word is much like it and they came over and stood around and looked at us. Right behind them came a gang of peasants, gathering quick the way people always do when there's a crash. We were pretty nervous at first, not knowing how they were going to like the guys who had just bombed them, but we soon saw they were going to be friendly.

About that time the Germans came back and showed signs of wanting to take us prisoner but the Rumanians stopped that pretty fast. One big Rumanian soldier got his rifle all fixed to let 'em have it if they got fresh, and for a while I thought there was going to be trouble, but the Germans finally thought better of it and left. All they did before they went was cop my wrist watch. I was holding my leg with both hands and the watch stuck up, so a German just reached down and snipped it off my wrist.

Well, the Rumanians tried to lift me up and almost killed me because my bum leg would fly up and hit me in the face, but we finally made them understand how to make a litter, and they got saplings and made something like it and carried me to a truck. They took me first to a hospital that turned out to be for women and children and then moved me again to Doctor Petrescu's hospital, where he cut off the leg—or what was left of it. Petrescu was a hell of a good old Joe, and I could tell right off he was an Allied sympathizer, and I knew I was going to be all right.

People literally swarmed into that hospital to see me. If you think that's funny, just imagine New York being bombed by the Germans and you'll get a better idea of it. We were thousands of miles from Ploesti and yet we bombed it. It was like a visit from Mars, I guess. I was in a semiprivate ward with five other fellows, all Rumanians, and most of them had been wounded that day by our bombs. I wouldn't have blamed them for being sore but they weren't sore at all, and the guys in the beds tried to shake hands with me. It was even worse because we had planted a lot of delayed-action stuff and it kept going off all night, but they didn't seem to hold it against me.

Marshal Antonescu spoke to me in English but he mu:ntn't have said anything very important because I can't remember it. There was such a hubbub going on that I was pretty confused, but all he seems to have said was, "So, you're an American, eh?" which it was pretty plain I was, what with the uniform and all.

Next morning I was sort of dozing from the drugs and being tired, and suddenly there was a lot of excitement, and I looked up and saw a young guy about three feet from my bed and I said to myself, "It's the king!" I don't remember what I did, but they told me later I put out my hand and he shook it, which was something I certainly wasn't supposed to do.

#### A Visit from the King and Queen

Then a lady came close and bent over and started talking to me, and I caught on pretty quick that she was Queen Helen, Michael's mother. There was a big bunch of people with them, who stayed back and looked respectful. This was the retinue, and I don't think the queen wanted them to hear what she was saying because she always came close to me and spoke in a low voice. The king was a big fellow about six feet two, who looked as if he might make a good tackle. He was shy and never said much unless you got him on guns and motorcars, but the queen was a great talker.

I was either fresh or doped up with those drugs because I started to put them at their ease by telling them I recognized the king from his pictures. I said I remembered the picture of the king in a tank and borrowing the tank and sneaking off with it, and they perked up at that and laughed very pleased-like.

"So they know us in America!" said the queen, pleased all over, and I said we certainly did. Then she leaned down and said, "We're not free to speak. But do you think the Americans understand our sympathies are all with you?"

I didn't know whether they were or not but I decided this was the time to be diplomatic, so I said, "Oh, yes; sure!" and there were a lot more smiles.

Then she saw a pack of cigarettes on the bed and her eyes lighted up and she said, "Oh, we don't get American cigarettes over here any more."

I took up the pack and handed it to her and said, "Go ahead; have one." And I found out later I wasn't supposed to do *that*, either.

They must have liked me, all right, though, because next day I was transferred to a private room, and things were pretty soft around there. Every two or three days, Princess Nellie Catargi, the first lady in waiting, would come in with books or clothes or nightshirts or wine from the royal cellar. Then when my leg got infected and I lost my appetite and things got pretty black for me, they sent me a special tonic the king used himself. Doctor Petrescu had a sign on my door saying "No Visitors," but that didn't keep anybody out. Most of the big shots spoke English, but, when they didn't, a nice guy named Jaap Koppes, an intern who was Dutch but had been born in Rumania, translated for me.

#### Magic in a School Ring

I really got in big because of a ring I wore. It seems that one of the most important decorations in Rumania called for a pension, a special cape and a ring. Now, I'd got my ring when I graduated from flying school, and when they asked if that was a decoration, I didn't know how to explain about it and finally said, yes, it was a decoration, which it is in a sort of way, and then they knew I was really a big shot.

They'd ask if I was married and I'd say yes, and then they'd ask if I had any children and I'd say, "None to speak of." They didn't get that, except a great friend of mine named Princess Karraga, who thought it was pretty funny. Then they'd ask where I came from, and I'd say Texas, and their faces would light up and they'd say, "Cowboy!" By this time there were four other American boys in the hospital, and one fellow from Massachusetts had a bad time. They'd ask him where he came from, and he'd say Lowell, and they'd look blank. Then he'd say that was near Boston and they'd look blank, and I'd say I was from Texas and they'd light up like a lamp.

Of course some of them would come in to pump me about military matters and that was always a cinch because you could spot those questions a block away. Antonescu's brother, Michael, tried it one day and I froze up and said, "My name, John Palm; my rank, first lieutenant; my serial number, 0-666805." Then I shut up like a clam and he went away.

The worst was Antonescu's wife, who really hated us. She came in one day and stood by my bed and said, "Beast-gangsters!" meaning all us Americans and she glared at me. Then she made it very emphatic that we should have been taken out in the woods and shot. Doctor Petrescu and Doctor Bodez saw her to her car, kissed her hand, and when the car was out of sight spat on the ground, wiped their mouths with the backs of their hands and came back in the hospital. That's what they thought of Antonescu and the Germans.

Antonescu came in one day and raised an awful rumpus about the way the hospital was being run and had everybody in a twang and brace. They didn't like him any better for that. I caught on to the fact that the queen put on a hospital tour every time we raided, but the only hospital she ever visited was the one I was in. Our second raid, on April 5, 1944, was tough on Ploesti. It ruined the railroad yards and killed a lot of refugees. There was another one two days later almost as effective.

The queen came in and with an absent air said, "It's strange these two raids were not as expert as yours." Of course what she was hinting was that probably we were being a

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The king and Queen Helen, his mother. They escaped the German bombs



Premier Antonescu (now a prisoner of the Russians) shakes hands with Hitler. His wife wanted the American prisoners taken out and shot







"There are never any beautiful girls in a fellow's home town, are there?" the woman remarked, and laughed. The corporal blushed and then joined her laughter

## THE HOME-COMING HEART

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

THE corporal nearly bumped his head getting on the bus. The top of the doorway knocked his service cap a little to one side. He grinned boyishly, his red face becoming even redder, accenting the solid whiteness of his teeth.

Several passengers grinned back at him. He brushed a wisp of blond, sun-bleached hair back under his cap and then felt automatically of his service ribbons.

The bus driver looked at his ticket and motioned him to the back of the bus where he found a seat beside a woman of about forty-five. She began to talk right away.

"Home on furlough, son?" she asked.

The soldier's face lit up. "Yes, ma'am," he said; "first one in over a year."

She looked pointedly at his service ribbons. "Was it bad?" she said quietly.

The corporal looked out the window at the houses which were becoming farther and farther apart as they left the city. A cow in the yard of a small house caught his eye.

"I beg pardon?" he said, returning his attention to the woman.

"I said was it bad? Across?"

"It was bad. Very rugged."

"Rugged?" The woman half smiled and raised thick, dark eyebrows.

The soldier grinned and wiped a calloused brown hand across his grinning face. "It's sort of slang. Rugged. It means tough-like."

"Oh." The woman was silent for a while. The soldier looked back over her shoulder at the cow. Some children on a porch waved to the bus and the soldier waved back. His face lit up and he muttered, "Golly!" in a sense of wonder.

The woman smiled and her full mouth formed into a tender, understanding line. "I guess," she said softly, "nobody understands how it feels to be a soldier coming home . . . unless maybe it's the ones he's coming home to."

She looked directly into the soldier's eyes. He noticed her eyes were moist and shining.

He felt his own smart a little. He looked away from her, wistfully. After a time, he chuckled.

"You know," he mused, "when I was a kid the one thing I had in mind was to *get away* from home. I read books of travel all the time: The South Seas, China, Alaska . . . all that kind of thing. Nothing was exciting at home. It was always the same thing at the same time . . . day in, day out."

"Yes," the woman sighed, "home is like that . . . sometimes. It has to be so everybody can be taken care of."

"Sure . . . but a boy doesn't want to be running down to the 5 & 10 for a spool of black thread and a yard of green ribbon. He wants to be a traveler . . . a fighter . . . a conqueror. . ."

The woman smiled a little sadly. "I had a boy like that," she said calmly, looking down at her hands. "No holding him. He ran away finally."

The soldier looked up shyly and sympathetically.

"I didn't have to run away. Mother and Dad sort of understood. Kind of unusual, I guess. I told them I wanted to go out and look at the world. A voice inside me kept saying, 'Look how wide it is! Look at all the things there are to do and see! Look at the oceans to sail and the mountains to climb . . . and the beautiful girls. . .'"

"There are never any beautiful girls in a fellow's home town, are there?" the woman remarked, and laughed.

The corporal blushed and then joined the woman's laughter. "They're there, all right," he said, "but you don't know how to look at them . . . you don't see them the way they are . . . maybe."

"I know."

"Anyway, Mother and Dad said go ahead. I remember clearly, Mother was crying a little. Dad said, 'It's his life and it's his world.'"

"M-mmm," the woman murmured, understandingly.

"Well, I didn't meet any beautiful princesses or anything. I clerked in a cigar store in New York. Oh, I used to come home now and then. Easter usually. Christmas and Thanksgiving Mother made me spend with Aunt Julia. She was alone; Mother, at least, had Dad. Mother hated the thought of anyone being alone on Christmas or Thanksgiving."

"I can understand that," the woman said. The boy blinked his eyes and looked out the window again.

The woman sighed gently. "My boy *never* came back," she said softly, after a while. "He ran away and joined the Army. He used to write and say how he longed to be home again . . . but he won't . . . be . . . now . . ."

"I'm sorry," the corporal said huskily. He scanned the woman's face and noted no trace of self-pity.

"He lived as he wanted to . . . and he died as he wanted to. . . . What else can you do?" She paused for a moment and her face lighted. "My husband will be home one of these days, though! He's in China now. It's a long way from home."

THE corporal looked straight ahead of him and spoke earnestly: "I know how they want to come home. You dig a foxhole or pitch a tent and you keep on trying to make it home. You get a monkey or a parrot for a pet, instead of your dog. You put a sign on a tree and the sign says: 'Main Street.' You ask everybody where he comes from . . . he might be from home . . . then you get to understand that home is the place where you live with the things and the people you love and need. You realize that home wasn't dull . . . it was you. You—"

He laughed shyly. "Sounds corny, doesn't it?"

The woman smiled. "The truth is always corny," she noted.

The bus stopped abruptly. The woman

looked out and then took down her bag from the rack.

"If you ever get to Adams here . . . come and have dinner with me. I'm a sort of lonesome old dodo but I set a mighty good table. Have to keep in trim for my husband. I'm in the phone book. Mrs. Trueman Williams on Elm Street."

"Thank you, Mrs. Williams," the soldier said softly. "Thank you very much."

When she was gone the soldier closed his eyes and dozed off. He opened them again when, sometime later, the driver called, "Wellington!"

The bus driver grinned at him as he got to the exit.

"Brother, I bet they'll have some Thanksgiving *re-past* ready for you!" the bus driver exclaimed.

The corporal grinned. "Happens I'm having Thanksgiving dinner out."

"Huh? I don't get it. You come home on furlough and you eat Thanksgiving dinner out?"

The soldier was thoughtful for a few seconds. He could see his mother when he told her casually about Mrs. Williams. He could almost hear his mother insisting: "Now look, son, you go right over to Adams and visit that poor woman for Thanksgiving dinner. Her, all alone like that!" It would be his mother who would suggest it first, he knew. He smiled tenderly at their common understanding.

"I got a date . . ." he began.

"Oh," the bus driver grinned.

"With the woman I was sitting with. A sort of date . . . she's well . . . lonesome." He stopped and chuckled lightly but the look in his eyes was solemn. "You think it's funny?" he went on gently.

The bus driver glanced at the colors of the corporal's service ribbons and the several gleaming engagement stars. Then he looked into the soldier's eyes.

"No," he said slowly, "I don't think it's funny . . . at all."



# WHAT WE WILL DO WITH GERMANY

BY GEORGE CREEL

The State and War Departments and the Foreign Economic Administration have definite plans on how Germany will be administered after its defeat. Here they are

IT IS not the thought or the will of the United States that a defeated Germany should be wiped off the map, and the Germans scattered to the four corners of earth. A Carthaginian peace has never received consideration in any responsible quarter. On the contrary, there is the abiding hope that a sick people, poisoned unto death by centuries of evil teaching, may be restored to health and returned to a place in the community of nations. Until conclusive proofs of such recovery are offered, however, it is the American insistence that stern restraints must be imposed. Anything else would invite a third World War.

The form and extent of these restraints have also been decided upon. Cordell Hull's State Department and Henry L. Stimson's War Department, aided and advised by Leo T. Crowley's Foreign Economic Administration, have reached explicit agreement after months of study and discussion. Methods are open to debate but *fundamentals* are fixed determinations, and will be urged on Great Britain and Russia at the next meeting of the Big Three.

First of all, it is held that a conquered Germany should be permanently demobilized, permanently disarmed and permanently demilitarized. The self-styled Master Race must be reduced to an impotence so complete that not even the most fanatical can nurse the hope of another adventure in world conquest and universal dominion.

The arrest and arraignment of all war

criminals, from the highest to the lowest, is a second demand. We will insist that their surrender be made an armistice condition, and Secretary Hull has already warned neutral nations that the historic right of asylum for political fugitives may not be made a cloak for the protection of men under indictment for atrocities.

A third decision is that the German people should be compelled to aid in the reconstruction and rehabilitation of a world that German fury has laid in ruins. Just as they sweated and sacrificed in preparing for war, gladly giving up butter for guns, so must they sweat and sacrifice to repair the devastation wrought by the inhumanities of that war.

Emotionalism played no part in these determinations. At every point, Secretary Hull and Secretary Stimson, together with their experts, were guided by what they themselves describe as "inescapabilities"—truths so evident that they could not be ignored or side-stepped. As explained by high officials, here in brief are the reasons that led to agreement on the three fundamentals.

With respect to military occupation and military rule, where was any sane alternative? Let the Germans "work out their own salvation"? Stand aside while they reorganize themselves "spiritually, politically and economically"? *What with?* There is no Reichstag, no opposition party, no labor movement, no "intellectuals" with a record of protest, and not even an underground. The civil service, the judiciary and the professions are rotten to the core. The manner of men that will come out of prisons and concentration camps remains to be seen, for Himmler has been at pains to butcher all with any quality of patriotic leadership.

Is faith to be placed in the refugees who have fled the fatherland, finding sanctuary in other countries? The State Department's study of these groups, both in the United States and England, shows plainly that while

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EISENSTADT-PIX

German soldiers practice sighting anti-aircraft guns as part of the complete training they got before the war. It won't happen this time

Luftwaffe pilots who were to terrorize all Europe were given their first training in gliders, as at this contest held in 1934. Not again, says U.S.







"Eve," said Scott helplessly, "I don't know why I came except that I always come back to you, I find"

# None so blind

BY MITCHELL WILSON

## The Story:

SCOTT BURNETT, Commanding Officer of a Coast Guard Station near Norfolk, Virginia, falls in love with PEGGY BUTLER, magnetic wife of blind TOD BUTLER. TOD, an ex-artist of overbearing physical power, exerts a morbid dominance over PEGGY. SCOTT's mental confusion is intensified when he sees TOD's eyes follow the movement of a lighted match. Haunted by his certainty that the man is not blind, SCOTT questions EVE GEDDES, with whom he had almost fallen in love before meeting PEGGY, and Doctor O'NEILL, the local physician, but learns only that TOD is totally blind. When he sees PEGGY again, she promises to meet him in a deserted cottage, but when he probes the question of TOD's loss of sight, she tells him that *she* was the cause of TOD's blindness.

## II

PEGGY'S words jerked Scott's head around so that he sat, staring straight at her, his expression at once unbelieving and dismayed.

"Yes," she went on with the vehemence of self-immolation. "I did it. It was an accident, but that's not important because the fact remains that he's blind. The reason for an act often doesn't mean a thing when it comes up against the results."

The chains of responsibility which bound her to Tod, Scott realized, were infinite in length; although she was free to leave him at any time, the greater the distance that separated them, the greater the weight of the burden, and eventually, out of weariness, she would have to return to her husband.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

"There isn't a single answer," Peggy replied. "It wasn't a case of logical reasoning or even of any very clear motivation. For the two years we were together, the causes built up slowly. We had crippled each other emotionally long before that final incident. It must have started almost as soon as we met, and we didn't realize it until at last we were at each other's throats." She turned to look at him directly, and as he stared down at her lovely civilized face it was incredible to him that her considered voice could speak of the life of savages. "He brought violence out of me," she said slowly, "just as he brought out the talent to paint."

Scott made no move or comment. She was silent for a moment, then continued, speaking quietly and distinctly.

"I was twenty-one when I met him," she said, "and Tod was at the height of his success. I was an art student, learning nothing very much, and he offered to take me on as his pupil. He had never done that for anyone before. Because of his reputation with women, I was a little afraid, but he was extremely attractive at the time, and then there was the fact that I wanted so badly to be accepted as a painter. You must understand that drive," she insisted. "You must realize that an artist drives for achievement with the same desperate intensity that most men use only in trying to save their lives. He had a brownstone house where he lived and worked, and I moved in. He was in love with me, I could see that, but in those first few weeks, he pretended that I didn't even



exist. He had other women visit him, almost as though he were trying to prove that I meant nothing to him. His strategy was effective because I was very young, and played right into his hands by becoming jealous; instead of waiting for him to come to me, I made every effort to make him notice me. I followed him all over, I begged him to forget the other women he was seeing. Eventually, of course, we became lovers."

Scott could hear her words, he realized what she was telling him, yet he felt nothing. The Peggy she was talking about was someone he had never known.

"The real trouble," Peggy went on, "came from our work . . . our painting. As inexperienced as I was, I still had a style of my own, and Tod hated it simply because it was not a slavish imitation of his. His domination of me had to be complete. He was far more jealous of my painting than he would have been if I had fallen in love with another man. All our quarrels stemmed from that, even after we were married and whenever he wanted to punish me for my artistic independence, he would pick up some woman and go off with her for as much as a week. Once, after I had finished a picture of which I was especially proud, he slashed it with a knife. He apologized at once, but it proved to me the intensity of his resentment."

"But why in heaven's name did you stay with him?" Scott demanded. "There was every reason to leave then."

"There was and there wasn't," she said. "Besides the fact that I had no money and no place to go, I still had the feeling that all this was part of the bargain I had made with him when he agreed to take me on as a pupil. During this time I hadn't sold anything; he refused to allow me to show my work because he said it would make him a laughing-stock. When I finally did make up my mind to leave him and told him so, he took me by the arm and swore that I couldn't move one canvas from his studio, because legally they were his. My arm ached so that I thought I'd faint from the pain. I was terrified of him and yet I decided at that instant that whether he was lying or not about his right to my work, I would get those few paintings out. It was a matter of life and death to me."

SHE was silent for a moment, and in the darkness Scott could make out only the outline of her head. It was impossible to see the expression of remembrance.

"He had been drinking very heavily in those last days," she said. "Far more than usual. Some nights he'd be in a stupor. I promised myself that the next time it happened, I'd get my pictures and go. I waited and planned for it like an animal. I had become as obsessed with escape as he was in thwarting me. Finally, when my chance came, he caught me. He had come into the studio, staggering drunk, still carrying a half-empty bottle. He tried to hit me with it, and it fell to my feet. When he came at me again, I reached for the broken bottle without knowing exactly what I was doing and struck him in the face.

"He was in bed for days, his eyesight gone, his mind sick with the realization of what blindness would mean to him as an artist. No one could comfort him, not even his closest friend, Bob Schlessinger, his agent. Of course, I knew it was impossible for me to leave then. Tod insisted that all of his unfinished work be destroyed along with some other paintings he had never shown because he was still experimenting with a new technique. He was so frantically insistent that I had to obey him. We had decided to leave the city and come down here for a while, and as I was packing my own canvases Schlessinger came upstairs and saw my work for the first time. You can imagine how I felt when he became enthusiastic about half a dozen of them. There was a sense of tremendous triumph, and yet, at the same time, a feeling of complete futility. But I let him take them away with him, and on the day that we left New York, he called to say that he had sold three to various museums. When I told Tod, he said nothing—absolutely nothing. It had no meaning for him, whatsoever. . . ."

She leaned her head back against the dark, leather upholstery of the front seat, closing

her eyes wearily. She had spoken slowly and quietly, but her gestures made Scott feel that she was pausing for breath, that it had been difficult for her to breathe, and that the small effort required for speaking had been in itself exhausting. He wished to find some word to say to her, to be able to comfort her with at least some small abstraction, but nothing came to his bewildered mind; his search was interrupted when she began talking once again, her eyes still closed, her hands twisting aimlessly on her lap.

But Scott was no longer capable of listening to her, word by word. Her sentences flowed toward him, their meaning translating themselves into a story which seemed to have no immediate specialized relationship to either of them, a story—incredible and unreal and very far away.

"O'Neill stopped in to see us the second day after we had moved into the cottage," she was saying. "Evidently he had known Tod from previous summers, and as soon as he learned what had happened he took over the case. . . ."

THE story took shape, moving between them smoothly as she spoke. It seemed that Peggy liked O'Neill because of his intelligent perception, and Tod liked him because he wasn't sentimental. O'Neill understood his patient thoroughly, and the resurgence in Tod's spirits was immediate. But O'Neill finally had to tell Tod he was incurably blind. From that time on, Tod changed physically. His hair became gray and then sparse. Within a few months there was little left. The lines in his face deepened, so that his nose seemed longer and heavier. He became almost monosyllabic, but with a quiet slyness that was new to his character.

When O'Neill suggested that he try composing stories as occupational therapy, Tod agreed. The characters involved were children and animals, but Peggy could see hatred and bitterness implicit in each plot he developed. She pretended to ignore their meaning, and sent some to New York for a publisher to read. Superficially they were amusing and so they were accepted. Only Tod and Peggy knew their actual meaning.

She resumed her painting, resigned to the fact that she would never be free again as long as he was alive; although Tod raised no objections, he offered no encouragement, and he would listen to her descriptions of her attempts with a bland expression that hid his intentions. His attitude seemed to imply that anything she did was unimportant; he only seemed to care that she remain imprisoned with him.

When Peggy had started talking to Scott,

she had pulled the car off the road and cut out her lights. They sat in darkness facing the invisible sea while she spoke for almost an hour without any interruption from him. When she had finished, she asked for a cigarette and it was only when the light of the match flared, allowing him to see a portion of her face, that he remembered all this had happened to a real person—that all this was now part of his own life.

"You're both condemned by his blindness," Scott said slowly. "But if he could see again, you'd be free. He couldn't stop you from leaving then, could he?"

She sat very still, her clean profile in silhouette against the night. In the silence, he wondered if she had heard what he had said, and then he noticed that the faint whites of her eyes suddenly seemed much larger. Finally she turned her head to him very slowly.

"No," she said, and she seemed to be forcing composure into her voice. "He wouldn't want to stop me then."

"He couldn't do anything about your paintings," Scott went on. "You've already proven that you were right, and now you're accepted as an artist. There wouldn't be any way for him to block you from doing exactly what you pleased, would there?"

"No!" Her voice was higher than before and more urgent. He had an uneasy feeling that she knew exactly what he was going to say, that she was awaiting it with fascinated impatience.

"All right then, why don't you leave him?" Scott asked, as if his question were of no importance.

He heard her shocked intake of breath. "What do you mean?" she whispered.

"I mean that Tod can see," Scott said. "I don't care what anyone says. I know that he isn't blind because I've caught him using his eyes. O'Neill swears that it's impossible, but that doesn't convince me. And if I know he can see, you must know it too!"

Only the outline of her head was visible. Her hat was off and her loosened hair was a soft shadow stirred by the breeze. As she sat facing him, her right arm rested on the back of the seat, her fingers very white against the darker cushion. He waited for her answer in a silence crowded with possibilities, and watched her fingers curl slowly in withdrawal from him and what he had just said.

"O'Neill's right! Tod's blindness is incurable," she said, her voice breaking from control, as she spoke. "You've been imagining things!"

She was in a profound state of terror and he could not understand her reaction. He had expected incredulity, anxiety, relief . . . any one of them would have made sense to

him, but this sudden display of fear seemed reasonless. He had offered her a solution to her problems and, instead of expressing any gratitude, she had thrown his suggestion back at him. He was about to speak to her again, but she turned suddenly to the steering wheel, started the motor and, backing the car onto the road, headed once more for the station. It was obvious that she considered the discussion closed, but Scott couldn't let the anomaly go so easily; it was an unanswered question that demanded an explanation.

"But I tell you, Peggy, I saw him," he said.

"Exactly what did you see?" Peggy demanded. Her terror seemed to have slipped from her, and the tone of her words implied a rough gesture of impatience that coldly pushed him away from her. He watched her profile slip in and out of shadow as they sped past alternating patches of white sand and clumps of dark scrub oak, thinking that at this moment it had the cool, naked fixity of a head engraved on a medallion.

"He had his glasses off when I moved a lighted match and I distinctly saw his eyes follow the flame," Scott said. "O'Neill says that he can't distinguish between light and dark, but I tell you that it was the unconscious act of a man who has his full sight."

"And what else did you see?" she asked, her tone still cold, her head motionless.

"That's enough, isn't it?" And yet it was not enough, he knew. Having finally told the story aloud, having heard his own voice state the facts that had convinced him, it was suddenly apparent how thin the incident sounded when only the surface phenomena were stated. His conviction had been brought on by everything else, the atmosphere of the room, his heightened sensibilities, all the intangibles that can never be truly described.

"Of course, that isn't enough," Peggy replied, but she was gentler now. "The fact remains that he is totally blind. Nobody could want his sight to return any more than I do, but there it is. . . . Anything that happens has to be explained in terms of his blindness and not the other way around. Tod probably heard you strike the match and followed the noise, that's all."

"But it couldn't be that. I had struck the match some time before. This was after my cigarette was lighted. All I did was to move my arm. There wasn't any noise whatsoever."

"Perhaps not to you, Scott, but Tod can hear extremely faint sounds. What you saw was just an accident!" She turned to him with a slight smile and rested a hand on his leg. The intimate gesture won him more than her spoken plea. "Please don't talk about anything as serious as this as a joke. You know what it means to me."

"I wasn't joking, Peggy," he replied. "It's been on my mind for days."

"Well then just forget about it," she said wearily. "There simply aren't any easy answers to this."

HE NOTICED that they had reached the station. When she stopped the car to let him out, there was no opportunity to do anything more than say politely, "Good night." Neither one of them referred to the appointment they had made to meet at the deserted cottage, but it had put a goal into his life, it was something that gave the future an immediacy.

He watched the red taillight die into the darkness, remembering suddenly that he had never asked her why she had been seized with fear when he told her that he didn't believe Tod was blind. She had silenced him and then driven off before there was a chance of bringing it up. The unspoken and unanswered question blazed in his mind, and anger began to flare through him. He felt exactly as he had when she had run after him out of her house the night he had discovered Tod's secret. Just as he had been sure she had bought him off then, so he was sure now that she had sidetracked him.

Scott marched into the station and went directly to his office where he looked up the register of naval personnel stationed in the Fourth Naval District. He ruffled through the pages in an impatient fury that collapsed about his ears with a stinging rebuke. The name was there: Commander A. L. Higgins.

Then that, too, had been a coincidence. (Continued on page 35)



Scott tried to rein in before Tod reached the spikes but his arms refused to respond

Collier's for November 25, 1944





Fernand Lèger stands in front of his "Divers" at the Museum of Modern Art

# Art for Profits Sake

BY HARRY HENDERSON  
AND SAM SHAW

There's a boom on in art; and the leaders of the modern French school, who came here for security, are staying for inspiration

Moïse Kisling, a follower of Modigliani, works on a study of Majorie Milliard, well-known New York model. Kisling paints large luscious nudes and flower still-lives as well as many portraits. One studio corner is covered with obituary notices resulting from the Nazi report of his death. "I do not know why they did it," he says. "Maybe they want to sell the paintings they stole from my Paris home"

IT HAS always been the fond impression of many Americans that artists are an impecunious and romantic lot, who never have a dime and probably would refuse an opportunity to make one. But, brother, things have changed. The art world today is cooking with cash and New York's 57th Street galleries have just gone through the biggest art-buying boom this country has known. The Parke-Bernet galleries, largest of Manhattan's auction houses, slammed up a grand total of six million dollars, more than half of which went for paintings. The John R. Thompson collection, which included several old masters, went for \$262,780, but the biggest jump in prices was in the modern and contemporary field. Six auction sales in this category brought in \$453,572, the most important being the famous modern French collection of Frank Crowninshield which hit the bell at \$131,365. Another \$2,500,000 is estimated as having been spent in other galleries.

An Art News survey of only seventeen galleries found that they had sold 221 paintings for over \$2,000—521 between \$1,000 and \$2,000; 867 between \$500 and \$1,000; and 2,102 under \$500. In the art world, it is no longer vulgar to mention money; it's business.

With things going this way on 57th Street, the leading artists can't help becoming the leading businessmen. With the exception of Picasso and the aging Henri Matisse, virtually all the important leaders of modern French art are here and are very successful. Most of them came here before the war and many are planning to stay on for the rest of their lives. International celebrities in Paris for years, they are getting higher prices for their work than ever before, and more is being sold. They are, most critics concede, going to influence American art profoundly in the future.

A small painting by any one of them will sell for \$500, drawings for \$150 and up. A small portrait by Moïse Kisling costs \$1,000. While a tiny work by an old master may run into five figures, contemporary art seems to be sold on the square-foot basis. Consequently, the larger the painting, the better the price. And the artists are smart enough businessmen to work mainly in the \$1,000-and-up canvas sizes—over three by four feet. For anything larger than just a head, Kisling, the only portraitist among them, gets fabulous prices by American artists' standards. It is not out of the ordinary for him to receive \$6,000 for a large seated figure; he calls the price "comfortable."

Aside from the natural stimulus any artist finds in demand for his work, what other stimuli they find here are difficult to ascertain. J. B. Neumann, well-known 57th Street art dealer who knew these artists abroad, pointed out that most American artists are anxious to get to Paris, while the Parisians are anxious to stay here. "The French artists are looking for security and are finding it here," he said. "The

American artists are still looking for inspiration rather than security."

However, big, bustling Fernand Lèger, who visited America six times before the war to perform such well-paying tasks as decorating the apartment of Nelson Rockefeller, puts it this way: "America is a great stimulus. It excites me. I think of nothing but work, work, work. It all excites me—the buildings, the people, the traffic, the tempo of life, the landscape. What it is I do not know. But I produce much more. What I do in Paris maybe ten times, I do twenty here."

Lèger's prestige outranks all his contemporaries, and his work is eagerly bought up. Nevertheless, he is a headache to dealers, one of them told us, because he is not particularly interested in establishing a set market price. You can pay a few hundred for a Lèger, or you can pay \$3,000. It seems to depend on whether he needs money at the moment.

Kurt Seligmann, a surrealist, has another explanation of the increased production. A short, lively pipe-smoking man, Seligmann says, "I think talking has a great deal to do with it. In Paris we used to 'talk' pictures more than we painted them. Here we do not talk so much and we paint more."

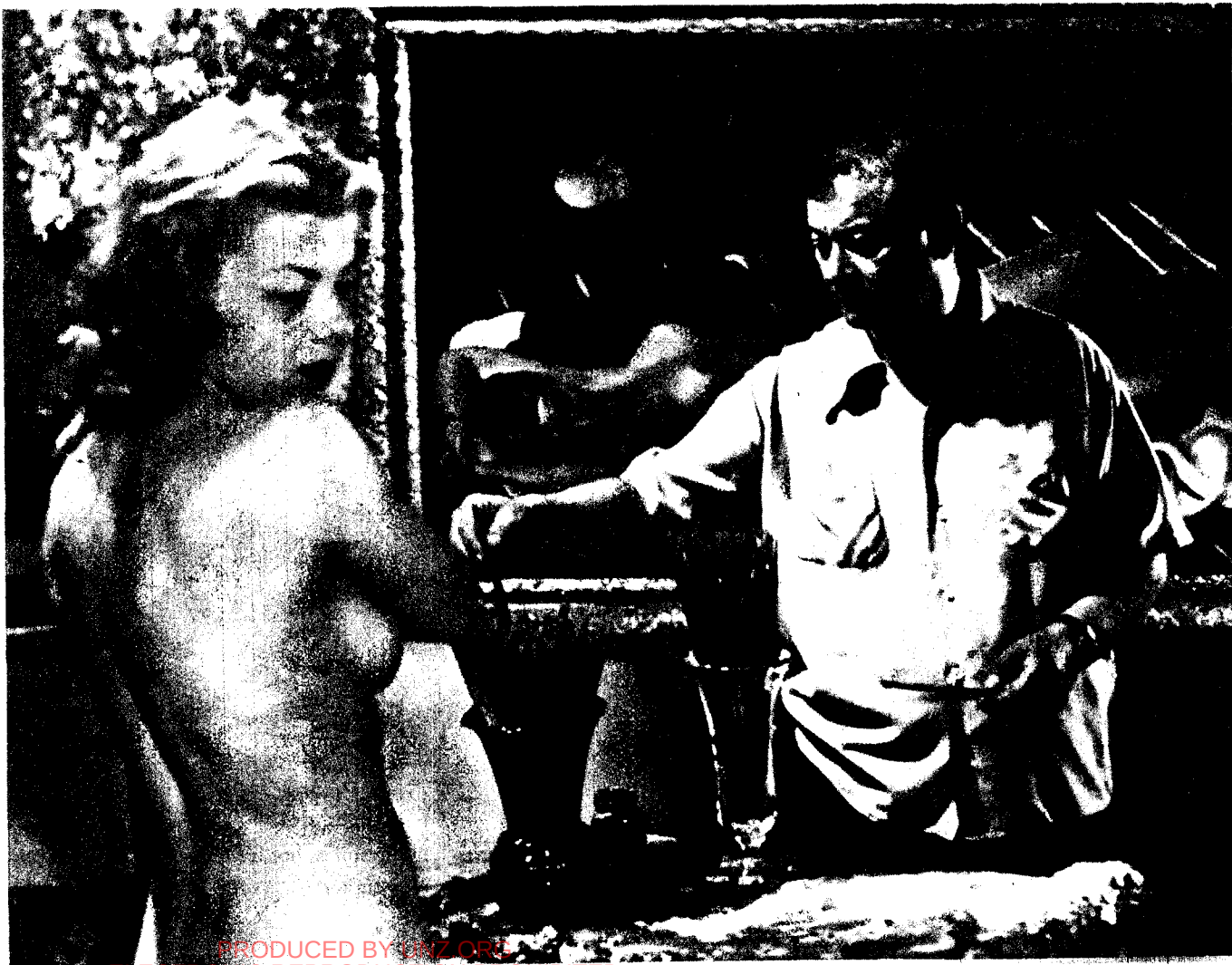
Jacques Lipchitz, whose shyness belies the fact that he is one of the world's greatest sculptors, has his Madison Square studio filled with the plaster forms of a gigantic work for the Brazilian Ministry of Education. It is a powerful statue portraying Man Overcoming Nature and will be, he thinks, his most important work. "Everything is vigorous, powerful, optimistic," he says. "At night I watch that skyscraper, and only halfway up, the lights go on for the cleaning women. The rest is empty—not used. Half the building is not used. In Europe that would not have been built. But America is optimistic. You have the strength, the power, the materials, the people, you do not care if it is not needed. It is wonderful."

Though there are over twenty of these Parisian artists here, no one should think that they have set up their own little Montparnasse in New York. They live just as far away from one another as they possibly can, scattered all over Manhattan from Greenwich Village to Central Park and the East Side. Hélion lives in Virginia, and Max Ernst as far out on Long Island as he can get.

They seldom see one another, with the exception of the Tanguys and Massons, who are neighbors in Connecticut. As for the bistros, it is true that they miss Café Dôme, their favorite hangout in Paris, but they have found no spot in New York to take its place.

Burly, jovial Moïse Kisling, whose two sons were trained here for service with the Fighting French Air Force, plans to remain here after the war. "I am very happy here," he says; "and why should I go back? Many of my friends in France, like Derain, turned out to (Continued on page 30)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS







Amedee Ozenfant, already in America, which shook up Paris twenty years ago. The wall mural was painted for the French Republic, but after Munich he kept it abroad because he foresaw the fall. It will now go back to France.



Surrealist Kurt Seligmann seats his models on a stool with four plaster human legs. The somber picture of armored skeletons behind the models is typical of his European work, but since coming here in 1939 his work is like the canvas on right. An admirer of Eskimo art, he once shipped a 60-foot totem pole to Paris.



Hard-working, modest Jacques Lipchitz, whose sculpture is exciting and provocative, never rests. His big difficulty has been to find models to help him cast his gigantic statue for Brazil's Ministry of Education.



Marc Chagall sketches on the shore of an Adirondack lake. His summer studio is over a hotel's saloon and its blaring juke box. Chagall uses all the English at his command to describe it as "Fantastique—good!"



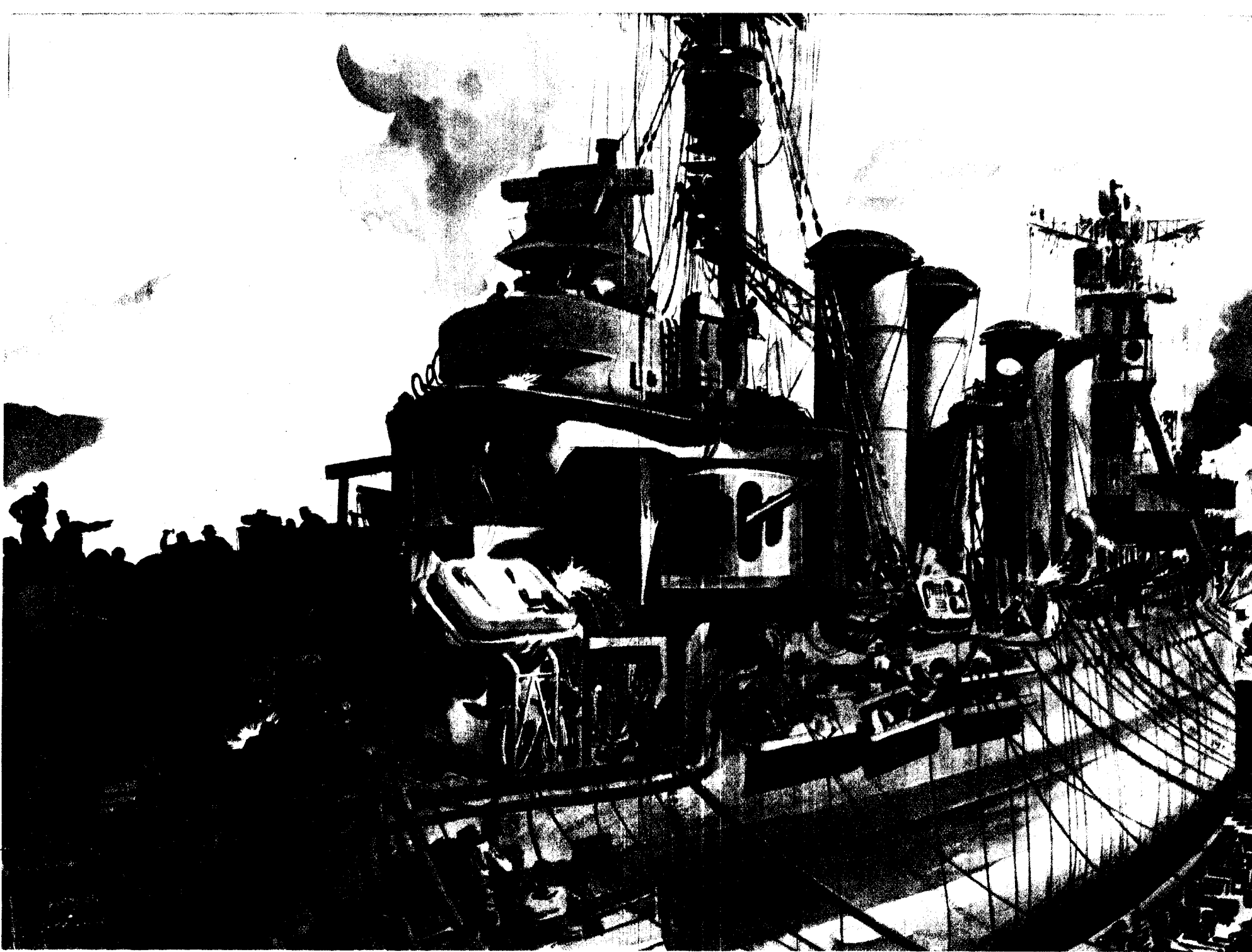
André Masson does many studies in pastels. He says: "Years ago Henri Matisse told me the light here was wonderful. It is true... magnificent!"



Papa Masson demonstrates a puzzle to his sons Diego and Luis (standing) on lake shore near their home in Connecticut. The boys like America—and slang.

Mealttime at the studio of Bernard Lamotte (center), whose work is often reproduced in advertisements, usually means several celebrities, such as bearded sculptor Jo Davidson, Jules Glaenzer and Charlie Chaplin (right). Six of Lamotte's landscapes hang in Marlene Dietrich's living room in Hollywood.





At Simonstown, Africa, the Marblehead was finally brought into drydock. Captain Robinson and the crew breathed their first sigh of relief

# THE SHIP THAT WOULDN'T SINK

by **GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY and ISABEL LEIGHTON**

## The Story:

THE cruiser MARBLEHEAD was one of a tiny band of American warships in the Pacific when the war opened. The men aboard her, CAPT. ROBINSON, BULL ASCHENBRENNER, and COMMANDERS GOGGINS and VAN BERGEN, knew that the odds were terrific. But they fought their cruiser quietly and efficiently until she was bombed, north of Java. Then everything happened. Her fantail was hanging in shreds and her rudder jammed hard right. A near-miss buckled her plates under the bows. Her decks were cluttered with wreckage. No one aboard would have bet a nickel that she'd stay afloat five minutes. She was down by the head and steering by engines only when CAPTAIN ROBINSON ordered her taken through Lombok Strait.

## Conclusion

BY THE time the Marblehead neared the northern entrance of Lombok Strait, sound-powered phones had been strung between the bridge and the engine rooms. Through these phones the officer on the bridge could give steering orders to the engine rooms.

Her foredecks were almost awash, but her

people were gaining practice in steering by engines alone. Now she was yawing only from forty-five to sixty degrees off course.

Then, as she was almost inside the mouth of the strait, a crosscurrent caught her, made her sheer so that a series of waves slammed into her almost broadside and set her turning. The only recourse was to let her circle completely. To try to back her down was out of the question. After the circle was complete, Captain (now Rear Admiral) Robinson once more headed her into the strait. The late afternoon faded into night.

Even though the ship was sometimes crosswise in the strait, the struggle to keep her afloat and a few of her most vital functions in operation never slackened. Men in the bucket brigades worked without pause. Dale Johnson and Martin Moran undertook a huge and seemingly impossible job. Johnson had discovered a steam line forward which, with some repairs, might carry enough steam to drive a pump. He knew, moreover, that there was a huge pump in the engine rooms which was, at the moment, serving no vital purpose. He got permission from Mr. Camp to undertake the Herculean job of raising this three-and-a-half-ton piece of machinery to the main deck and to try to move it along

the broken, oil-covered passageways to a position up forward where it could work against the flooding.

There were only the stars, the vague, shadowy shore lines outlined on each side, the subdued wink of lights from the accompanying destroyers to warn the Marblehead when she was careening into danger. In the pilothouse, Commander (now Captain) Van Bergen, who was giving the steering orders to the engine room, had much the feeling of trying to negotiate a rapids in a canoe, using a billiard cue for a paddle.

Suddenly something huge and ominously dark loomed up ahead in the strait. Very soon it was upon them—a blinding tropical squall that brought all visibility to absolute zero. The Marblehead was lost in the rushing currents of Lombok Strait. Except for the totally unreliable compass, which now swung crazily beneath the screened light that rimmed its binnacle, there was no earthly way to tell whether the ship was headed for the shore, for the reefs, or whether she would plow into the depth-bomb-laden stern of one of the destroyers. A messenger approached the captain and said, "Dr. Ryan wishes to report, sir, that two more of our men have died."

"Very well," the captain said and walked

to the other side of the bridge and looked out into the encompassing blackness. And at this moment, although the men on the Marblehead's bridge had no way of knowing it, a sharp crosscurrent, running in from the right, was taking hold of her stern and beginning, inexorably, to turn her battered stem straight in toward the near-by shore.

Then the squall passed, just as suddenly as it had enveloped them. The light of the stars revealed the vaguely silhouetted shore toward which she was heading. The captain said, "Bring her right to 130 degrees."

After she'd begun to swing back on course, Van Bergen called over the phones: "All engines ahead standard. . . . We know we're asking a lot. We need a lot. You're doing a great job down there."

A messenger brought a lookout's report to the bridge. Very quietly he said, "Another black squall ahead, sir."

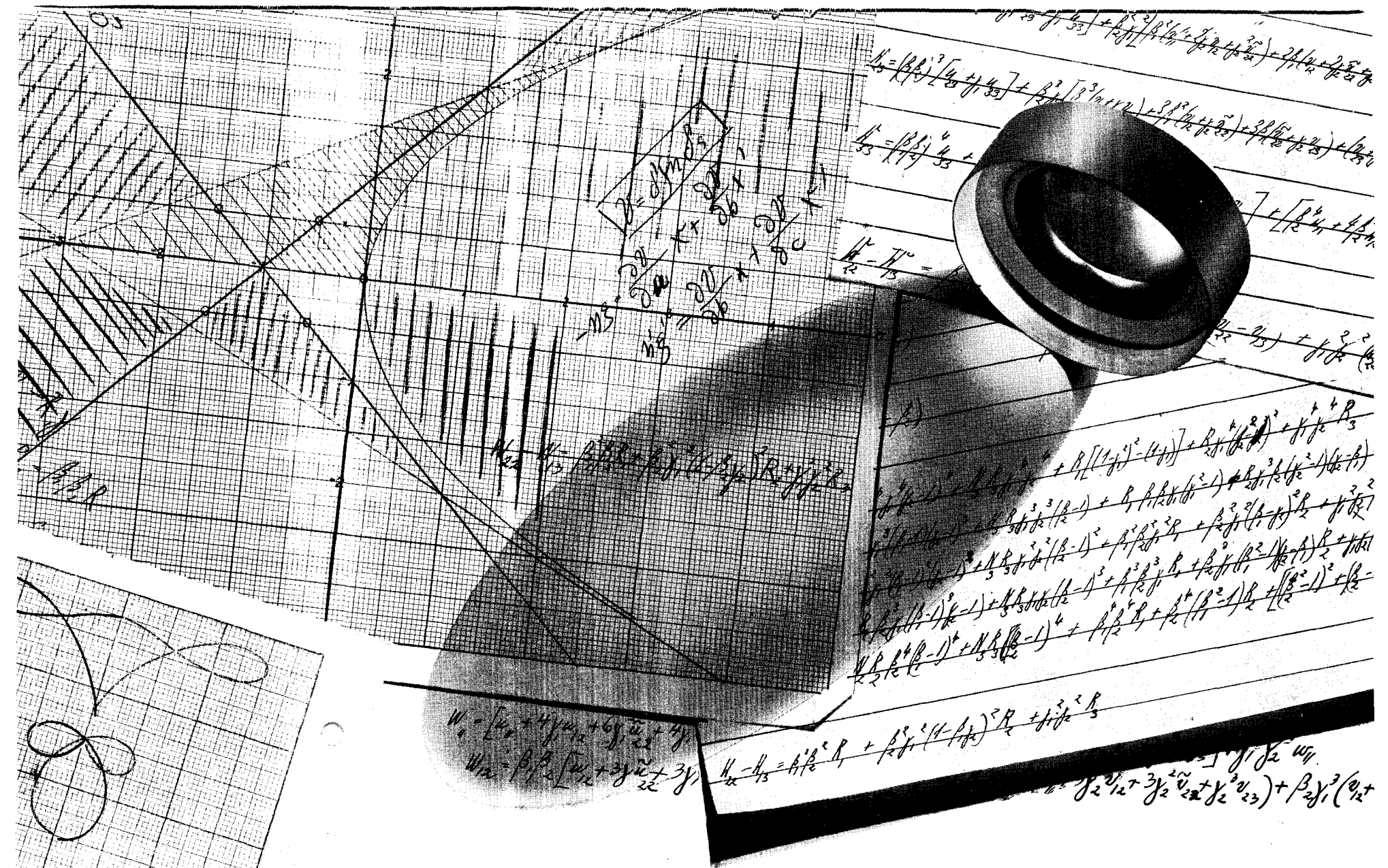
"Very well," the captain said.

The Marblehead was approaching the narrowest part of the strait. The seas began to grow abruptly higher. Again they were engulfed by a driving rain. Through pitch-black darkness the Marblehead plowed on.

After five minutes that seemed interminable to Captain Robinson as he went from

(Continued on page 65)





## Mathematical problems day after day, for as long as 3 years

# Kodak

**precision begins on paper—  
with hundreds of pages  
of calculations to design one Kodak lens**

LIKE the musician who “hears” a tune when he sees a sheet of music—Kodak scientists “visualize” a camera lens in terms of numbers and symbols...

Computing the curvatures of a Kodak lens—even an inexpensive one—involves a long series of problems in “Optics.” Calculating the optics of a fine compound lens may begin with research in mathematics which only top-flight mathematicians would be qualified to tackle.

As an example of the mathematical labor necessary, it took three years of figuring—exact, in results, to a fraction of a “light wave”—to compute a recent Kodak Ektar f/1.5 lens.

“Paper work” doesn’t actually build anything. To theory must be added materials—and to materials, manufacturing and testing methods.

At Kodak, all these are distinctive. Everything which goes into a fine camera lens is designed and made. That includes not only entire optical assemblies... but, for many lens elements, the optical glass itself.

In 1941, Kodak scientists developed a method of making glass without sand... as revolutionary as learning to make steel without iron. Cooked in \$4,800 platinum pots, this new rare-element glass has a much higher refractive index without marked increase in dispersion. It is stable—not affected by atmospheric conditions.

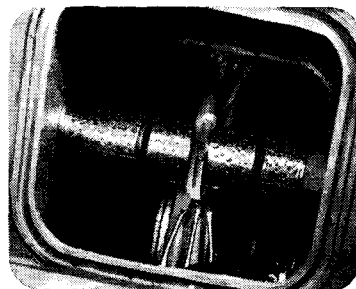
These developments in optical science at Kodak are in practical daily use—not confined to the “ivory tower” of a laboratory. Kodak’s “postwar” lenses are in most aerial cameras, and in many of those used in ground operations. They are serving business, industry, and the government in the

microfilming lenses of Recordak... with hundreds of revolutionary uses, including V-Mail.

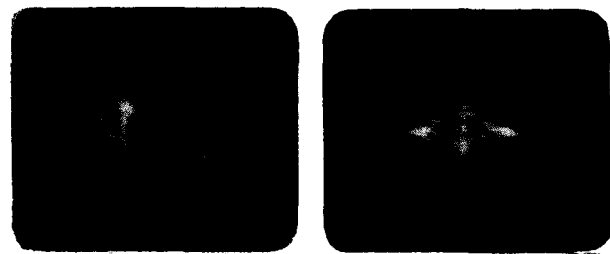
You are benefiting now. The full benefits... in terms of the better pictures you yourself will make... are delayed only by the “unfinished business” of war.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

REMEMBER THE BATTLESHIP NEVADA?... how, back from her grave at Pearl Harbor, she took her revenge off the Normandy Coast?... how, blanketed in smoke from her blazing guns, men stayed at their stations for 79 hours without relief?... how, in six consecutive days of action, they blasted a door in Hitler’s Atlantic Wall?... A stern example to us at home. BUY MORE WAR BONDS.



Here’s Kodak’s lens centering machine at work, grinding the elements of a lens to the same exact dimensions around the common optical axis. Semi-automatic, this machine eliminates the human errors.



**STARS BAD AND GOOD**—At left a “bad” star, at right a “good” star, as seen in the lens bench microscope. In a lens which passes muster the star must be symmetrical as to shape and color, and not exceed a maximum size. These star images were photographed at 11° off axis.

**Serving human progress through photography**

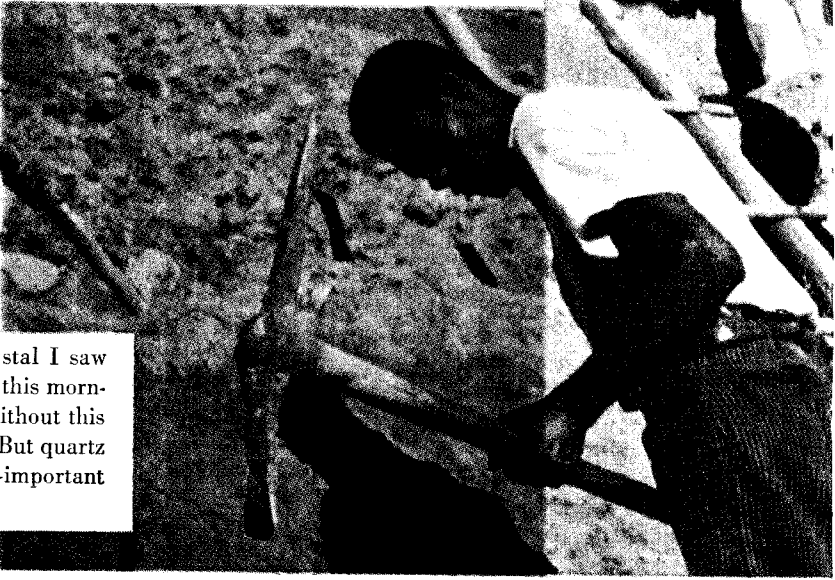




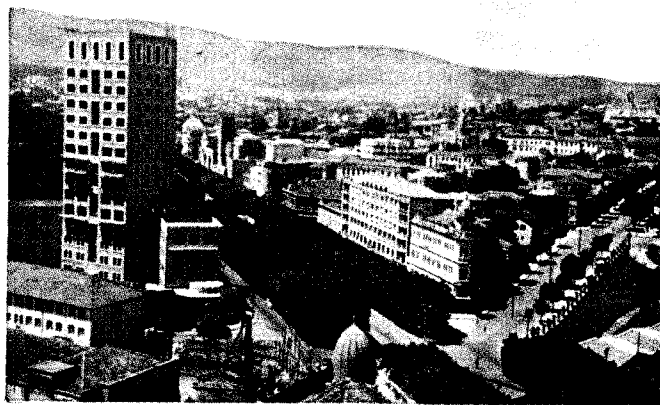
Come war's end you'll find  
it easy to explore the

# TREASURES OF MINAS GERAIS

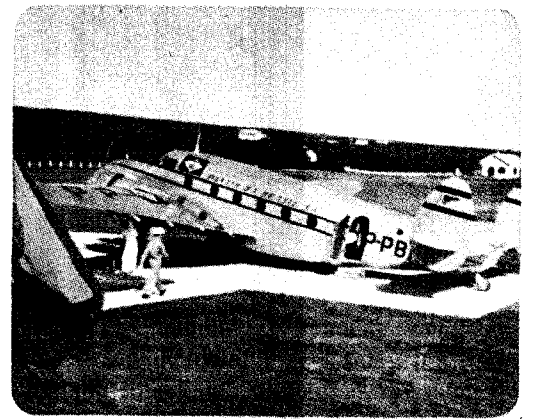
1 "More precious than diamonds—that's the quartz crystal I saw them taking from golden terraces here in Minas Gerais this morning," writes a Canadian Club Whisky fan from Brazil. "Without this quartz our fliers wouldn't have their matchless bombsight. But quartz is just one thing—this Brazilian state also produces war-important diamonds, iron, zirconium, chromium, tungsten ...



2 "Why, they showed me gold ore so rich it pays to bring it up from 8,000-foot depths—one of the world's deepest gold mines. And still plenty of gold in the nearby streams!



3 "But one of Minas Gerais' greatest treasures is her capital, Belo Horizonte . . . perhaps the most modern city on earth ...built from scratch since 1893...planned to the minutest detail.



4 "Yesterday Minas was a world away, but no longer. 3 1/4 days after I stepped aboard a Pan American Clipper at Miami, I was being welcomed at Belo Horizonte ...



5 "And what a welcome! A party at the beautiful yacht club at nearby Lake Pampulha . . . with toasts in Canadian Club! The unmistakable flavor of this whisky has made it popular here as at home."

Once the war is over, you will find it easy to visit Latin America. There you will find Canadian Club again. This whisky is *light* as Scotch,

*rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon —yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. • That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

## "Canadian Club"

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof





# The Wizard of Green Bay

Continued from page 15

Jimmy Conzelman used to coach the Chicago Cardinals and he confesses that long nights of pondering the problem left him with only one certain solution for stopping Hutson: Lure him to the side lines and crown him over the noggin with a baseball bat.

"It's the only sure-fire way," Jimmy remarks dolefully. "He gets an innocent boy alone on the field and starts to feint. He's the only man I ever saw who can feint in three directions at once."

On top of it all, Hutson is the most relaxed athlete ever to step on a gridiron. And that helps. It adds to the aura of laziness which tricks the defenders into thinking they have this stick of dynamite under control. He never is. He loafs with such elegant ease when he's going out as a decoy that enemy backs begin to consider every lackadaisical movement down the field as another decoying job—until Don grabs a pass and is bound for a touchdown.

Mention of decoy work emphasizes another part of the Hutson technique. He does practically as much damage when he isn't catching passes as when he is. Generically speaking, football is a game with eleven men on each side. That gives each defender a chance to cover his opposite number. But Hutson requires two guardians, which means that one Packer is always left unattended.

So the other Green Bay operatives profit vastly by the very presence of Hutson on the same field. On a straight power play, Don doesn't have to nudge into some huge tackle in a block. He just starts down the gridiron. The backer-up, who should be attending to the assault from a pile-driving fullback, deserts his post and accompanies him. Then a halfback picks him up, and maybe even the safety man will join in. Thus he can eliminate two or three men with no more toil than taking a casual saunter down the gridiron.

## Practice Makes Perfect

Perhaps the best way to indicate the background which goes with him is to tune in on Don himself. "For every pass I've caught in a game," he says, a trifle grimly, "I've caught a thousand in practice."

The whole business started almost two decades ago at Pine Bluff, Arkansas. The boy across the street from Hutson was about to go to a camp in the Ozarks with the high-school football team, and Don tried out for the squad just to make the trip. By an extraordinary coincidence the school had an artful passer who made Hutson look good enough to get a scholarship to Alabama.

There he met up with a gent who was to have considerable influence on his future, Dixie Howell. The pair of them made the team as sophomores, Howell doing the pitching and Hutson the catching. They took that relationship into the Rose Bowl in their senior year. It is worth mentioning that Howell threw seven forward passes, Riley Smith one, and seven of the eight were completed, two for touchdowns.

The Packers snared Hutson between seasons, and the Great Man, the Genius, the Wonder Worker, was corralled by Curly Lambeau, chief keeper of the Ponderous Pachyderms from Green Bay.

The Packers always seemed to have a marvelous passing combination. When Hutson arrived on the scene, the main Green Bay battery was Arnie Herber, who could hit a dime at fifty yards, and Johnny Blood, who could catch the ball and give five cents change at the same distance.

That opening game was against the Bears, the feared Monsters of the Midway, who were (and are) the archrivals of the Packers. George Halas didn't know enough about Hutson then to assign two men to cover him. In the delusion that Don was a normal human being, he turned the job over to Beattie Feathers, then about the best back in the National Football League.

On the first play after the kick-off, the Packers swung into their usual Notre Dame formation. Down the field darted Blood. Down the field, lazily, went Hutson. Feathers picked him up. Don ignored him. He was just a spectator about to watch the unpredictable Johnny go gallivanting toward the goal line.

Herber had the ball and he danced around, faking. Blood cut down the side lines and promptly picked up a convoy of Bear coverers. After a couple of moments playing the part of a spectator to Blood, Hutson stopped entirely. Feathers thought this would be an excellent chance to take a gander of the proceedings himself. His eyes strayed for only a split second and he glanced back at Hutson. It was too late. Don was no longer there. He was cavorting briskly down the field and his arms were reaching out to engulf an artful Herber pass for a touchdown. It merely covered in all 86 yards. The final score was 7-0. You can picture what an important debut in pro ball this was for Mr. Hutson!

In 1936, the Packers had to beat the Redskins in order to win the Western division title. Going into the closing minutes of the fray the 'Skins had a 3-0 lead, but Green Bay was threatening as it rumbled down to the 25-yard line. The Packers whipped into a spread formation with Johnny Blood far out on the right flank, Hutson on the left, and Herber standing back to pass.



Blood was calling signals and if there was one thing that mercurial young man enjoyed more than anything else, it was to call his own signal. So he called for a Herber-Blood "touchdown special." However, pandemonium was reigning in the stands at that precise moment, and the numbers were drowned out in the roar of the crowd.

The ball snapped into Herber's hands, and that worthy, not having heard the signals perfectly, didn't know just what to do with the pigskin. Blood was tearing down the field and causing so much commotion that the confused Redskin defense was attracted in his direction.

Meanwhile consider the case of our hero, Don Hutson. He was tired and had taken a terrific physical beating. He had meandered a few steps and relaxed, watching the goings-on with idle curiosity. He smiled inwardly as he saw Herber dancing frantically around, dodging tacklers and searching for a receiver. At last he found one.

His roving eye lighted on the innocent bystander, Hutson. With a flick of his wrist, Herber wafted the ball over to Don, and the Alabama Antelope was off to the races. Not a hand was put on him as he supplied the points for a 7-3 victory.

After Herber began to fade from the Green Bay scene, the Packers corralled Cecil Isbell from Purdue, and Isbell did some extremely artful tossing for the next five sea-

sons. In other words, Don always had great passers to work with. Or was it that they had a spectacular receiver to make them great?

It was Isbell who combined with Hutson to achieve that eye-catching record Don holds of the shortest gain for a touchdown on a completed pass. The Ponderous Pachyderms were playing the Cleveland Rams in 1942 when Green Bay was held on the four-inch line. Of course the ball could have been handed to some big bruiser to carry across. But why bother? It was Isbell to Hutson for a play no one ever expected, and the job was accomplished with a minimum of effort.

Perhaps the oddest part of the relationship between these two men is that they were not even on speaking terms the last season they played together. They had been close friends—if any person can be said to get close to the reserved and self-contained Hutson—when they first became teammates. What caused the rift no one knows and possibly it is not particularly important.

Don came up the hard way. It was on January 31, 1913, in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, that Hutson began what we call life and which he prefers to call a series of most fortunate accidents. His father, a native of Kansas, was a railroad conductor. His family came from solid English pioneer stock which settled in the plains country about the middle 1870s. Don's mother says that once he started to go to school he never was known to sit down to a meal or leave his home without wearing tie and coat.

Right from the start there was something completely different about him. His initial claim to fame was a collection of pet rattlesnakes, the finest in the state of Arkansas. Even as a boy he was thus to give his first manifestation of his utter disdain for mediocrity.

In all of his early life there were only two persons or things which ever were known to break through his shell and goad him into enthusiasm. They were his younger and twin brothers, Bob and Ray. Ray is now flying transports over the Hump from India to China but Bob was killed in a paratroop landing in New Guinea just a week before the Packer-Bear game a year ago. And a few days later, Don's father died from the shock and the grief.

The Alabama Antelope was in an emotional jumble. Just as he was on the verge of going completely haywire, his mother straightened him out over the long distance phone. She insisted that he stay for the game and fly down that night for the funeral. What do you think this extraordinarily nerveless individual did? He caught one touchdown pass and kicked three extra points in the engineering of a 21-21 tie.

An odd person, this Hutson. Although he can be charming when he desires, he rarely does. They say that opposites attract. If so, the Hutson marriage will serve as a fitting example until a better one comes along.

## A Marriage of Extremes

Mrs. Hutson, the former Julia Richards, was a socially prominent lass from Fayette when she met Don while both were at the University of Alabama, she a freshman and he a sophomore. She is an extremely pretty blonde who is overloaded with that Southern belle personality. Dynamic, vivacious and nervous (of the "let's hurry" type) she is wed to the most phlegmatic gent in all of Green Bay.

When he opened up a 20-alley bowling emporium there—with a lucrative cocktail lounge attached—and set up permanent residence with his wife and three daughters, it ordinarily would be expected that Don would adopt the Rotarian glad-hand technique. He didn't. If he feels like greeting a customer, he does. If he doesn't, he ignores him. And still his business thrives.

This bowling alley affiliation, however, taught Don one lesson. He discovered that he had the lion by the tail and didn't dare let go. Three times he announced his retirement from football (to the great relief of his wife

who hates it) and three times he had to recant (to her dismay) because his Green Bay bowling patrons would have thought his abandonment of the gridiron absolutely traitorous and hence his private gate receipts might have dwindled away. But at any rate he's set for life when his gridiron days are over.

A prime favorite with Green Bay's country-club set, Don has a natural reserve which acts as a shield to prevent him from being followed by adoring kids. Rather he walks alone with his ever-present pipe in his mouth—pipes have replaced rattlesnakes as his hobby—and he has sufficient solace in his own companionship. His fellow players find it hard to warm up to him, too. In an aloof sort of way he was what might be described as "one of the boys" when he was just a \$175-a-game athlete but once he achieved greatness he drew apart until he is what the lads in the trade call "a loner," a man who travels alone.

## Specialist Par Excellence

For one thing he realizes that he is the greatest individual performer left in the sport. Being a pass-catching specialist, he can't see any sense in running through plays in practice which don't involve him, a habit the others resent considerably at times. Yet their disapproval doesn't bother him.

In fact the imperturbable Don has evinced emotional displays only twice. One came with the double shock of the deaths of his father and brother within a week. The other came a couple of years ago in a Green Bay cafeteria.

Don passed down the line, resplendently clad in white, and bearing on his arm his oldest daughter, Julie, also in white. Trailing the pair of them was Mrs. Hutson, herself looking like something which had just stepped out of a page of Vogue.

Bystanders were gazing in open-mouthed admiration when Don upset a glass of grape juice over the three of them. One white suit and two white dresses were spattered and stained by the purple liquid. And Hutson was completely flustered.

However, Mrs. Hutson was pleased no end by the disaster.

"It was such a relief to learn that he was human," she said afterward, "I'd be glad to sacrifice my entire wardrobe to see him that way."

For ten long seasons, the smartest minds in football have tried devising ways and means of checking this supreme artist at catching passes. No one has done it yet. He became a star in this most grueling of all sports despite the fact that on the defense he played what the wits are wont to describe as "draw-back." He hadn't the heft to exchange blocks with the big boys. Finally Coach Curly Lambeau hit on the wonderful idea of making Quarterback Larry Craig the defensive end and installing Hutson as safety man where his great speed and sure-fire tackling make him a one-man patrol corps.

His principal assets, however, are strictly of the offensive variety. In addition to being a pass catcher he also kicks extra points and boots field goals with remarkable skill. But essentially Don is a specialist, a receiver beyond compare. Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Bill Tilden, Bobby Jones and the other sports immortals have had rivals to threaten them. The cool and nerveless Hutson has no one within shouting distance of him and, what's more, he may never have. The chances are that he is the most extraordinary athlete football has yet produced.

He has the perfect mental equipment to go hand in hand with his remarkable physical talents, too. One time when he was talking to Jimmy Conzelman, he stated very matter-of-factly, "I've never been nervous in sports."

Listening in on the conversation was Mrs. Hutson. In true wifely fashion she interrupted. "He's never been nervous anywhere else, either," she said. "The day we were married, he was so calm you'd think he'd merely stepped into the church to get out of the rain."

Only Father Time has a chance of halting Don Hutson. And even he's going to have a tough job catching up with him.

THE END



# Repatriate

BY EMILY HAHN

When he stepped off the gangplank he thought he was free—only to learn that no man is ever free of his past

JOHNNY had been peaceful enough, leaning on the rail, his arms crossed in front of him, until he saw Warren. Then he muttered under his breath and started to move away. But where was he to go? There was no escape from Warren. There would never be any escape. He had been a part of Johnny's life for seven long months in the Shanghai concentration camp, where they slept next to each other in their cots in the big barnlike dormitory. It had seemed the natural thing to do because they knew each other so well already—working in the same firm, back in the far-off days before Pearl Harbor, and traveling in the same crowd, and all that. Mary, Johnny's wife, long ago had liked Warren and had often invited him to their dinner parties.

Warren would notice him if he moved off now, trying to avoid him; he would wonder. They were old, good friends, and there was nothing to do about it, and Johnny was sick to death of him. He would come up in a moment, Johnny knew, and flop his long body on the rail next to him and say, "Hiya, pal?"

Warren came over, leaned on the rail shamblingly, and said, "Hiya, pal?"

Johnny simply grunted.

"Been up on the boat deck with Roy," said Warren, "under the lifeboat. Hotter than hell up there. Hot all over the damn' ship."

Now, said Johnny to himself, he will talk about deck chairs.

"It's too bad we didn't get in early on those

deck chairs," said Warren regretfully. "You'd think on a ship this size there'd be enough places for deck chairs for all of us, so I didn't try to get in on it, first day out. I mean, the Gripsholm, after all . . ."

He will now, thought Johnny unerringly, tell me how many people are aboard.

"But you've got to remember," continued Warren, "that we're carrying almost fifteen hundred people on a cruise ship built for twelve hundred. That makes a difference."

"Yeah, that makes a difference, all right." It was high time, Johnny had decided, to make some sort of polite noise.

The sun was hot, fixed motionless against an empty sky. Another old pal came up and leaned on the rail, on Johnny's other side. The ship was so crowded that you could never find a really lone, quiet spot to grouch in. They were everywhere—the dear good friends who had been through adversity and the war together, civilian internees, repatriates, pathetic wraiths of the spoiled, proud, plump folk they had once been.

Every day they grew less pathetic, however, now that they were being petted and fed, and they knew they were going home. They hadn't grown exactly plump as yet, but they were getting cocky.

Johnny, pushing his way through the masses on deck or treading the long corridors and greeting someone he knew well at every other step, would tell himself that they had been better company when they were beaten down, at the beginning of the voyage while everyone was still trembling under the Japanese lash.

He suffered only from nerves, he knew, but it felt more like actual sickness. He hated all those old companions. He would have been completely happy never to see any of them, ever again. They reminded him too vividly

(Continued on page 74)



ILLUSTRATED BY  
HERBERT MORTON STOOPS



The ship was so crowded he couldn't seem to find a quiet spot on deck. . . . It would be easier, perhaps, to talk after he had a drink. . . . "Is it true about the atrocities?" the girl asked. "Did you see any?"





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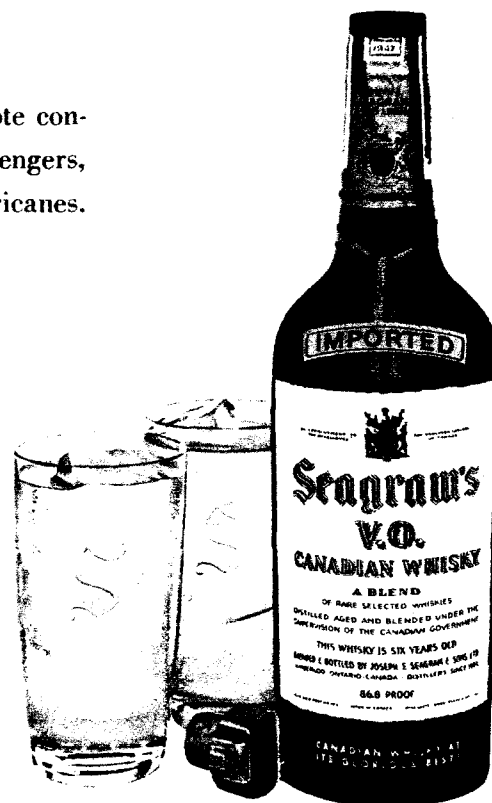
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**R**EMEMBER, six years ago, when *The Good Earth* was a top-flight movie... when the Union and Confederate soldiers were holding their last reunion...when France and Germany signed a peace treaty? Seagram's was planning then for your pleasure today...selecting the finest and lightest of Canadian Whiskies...storing them away to grow mellow and finer, year after year. Today, let the lightness of those whiskies add to your pleasure in Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN!

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# Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

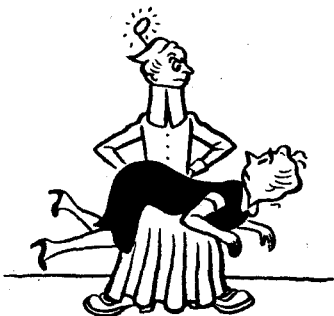
CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND...OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES





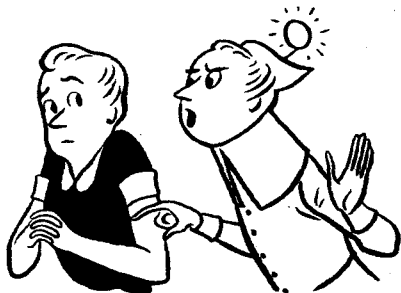
"YOU CAN'T DO THIS!"

**War Conscience:** Can't huh? Well paste this in your hat, Bright Eyes. I'm your Wartime Conscience and I can do *anything*. And this little meeting is on account of all that precious waste paper you burned last week.



**Woman:** Ouch! Please . . . that hurt!

**War Conscience:** Hurt! Why you little parlor patriot, when I think of how much the U. S. needs waste paper to make shipping containers for blood plasma, K rations, millions of things. And then you go and burn . . . Why I ought to . . .



**Woman:** Ow! Please! I know I should have saved it for salvage, but I—Ow! . . . just get

so tired when I—Ow! . . . can't sleep after my coffee at night that I—Ow!

**War Conscience:** Sis, you can drop dead from tiredness. But if you don't turn in every last paper box, bag, newspaper, or carton for salvage, Auntie's going to make dropping dead look like a pleasure! And haven't you ever heard of Sanka Coffee?

**Woman:** Sanka?



**War Conscience:** Baby, if it's coffee keeps you awake nights, drink Sanka and *sleep*! It's 97% caffeine-free. It not only lets you sleep, it practically snores for you! And flavor! Madam, Sanka's the coffee that makes breakfast as good as a banquet! Get some!

**Woman:** Well thank you. I—

**War Conscience:** Skip it, dearie. Just remember: You can drink Sanka Coffee. You can sleep. But, baby, if you burn up any more precious waste paper, you'll do 'em both standing up. *Get it?*

**SANKA COFFEE**  
97% CAFFEIN-FREE . . . DRINK IT AND SLEEP  
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**New Kate Smith Hour**  
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time and station.

## Art for Profit's Sake

Continued from page 22

be Fascists. I do not want to see them again. My model, she became the mistress of General von Stuepnagel, the former Nazi governor of Paris. No, I shall not go back."

Marc Chagall, a curly-haired man with a pixie smile, does emotional fantasies which bring between \$1,000 and \$3,000 depending on their size. Chagall and Seligmann both confessed that they do not show their work to the farmers near their summer studios, mainly because it would require too much explaining.

Bernard Lamotte, whose studio is above the night club La Vie Parisienne, came here long before the war, and there is a continuous flow of movie and stage celebrities through his studio. Much of his work, chiefly landscapes, is done on commission for various American companies which reproduce them in their advertisements. Six of his paintings hang in Marlene Dietrich's living room.

Another artist who will stay here after the war is lean, white-haired Amedee Ozenfant who spoke to the French underground every day this summer via OWI. A co-founder of Le Corbusier, the firm which developed modern furniture and architecture like that of Rockefeller Center, he finds America not as American as the movies show it to be. He was disappointed to find it is not all streamlined and modern à la Hollywood. The leading art theorist among the artists, he has rebuilt a Gramercy Square home into a studio and school where he teaches drawing, painting and theory.

Not all these French artists are French-

men. Lèger, Héliou, Ozenfant, Masson, Tanguy and Lamotte are French. But Kisling is Polish, Seligmann Swiss, Ernst German, Lipchitz Lithuanian, and the Russians include Zadkine, Chagall, Katz, Berman and Tchelitchev. They are called French because nearly all of them paint in what is known as the "modern Paris school" manner. Which means that, excepting Kisling and Lamotte who tend toward the realistic and photographic, they are abstractionists, both of form and the unconscious.

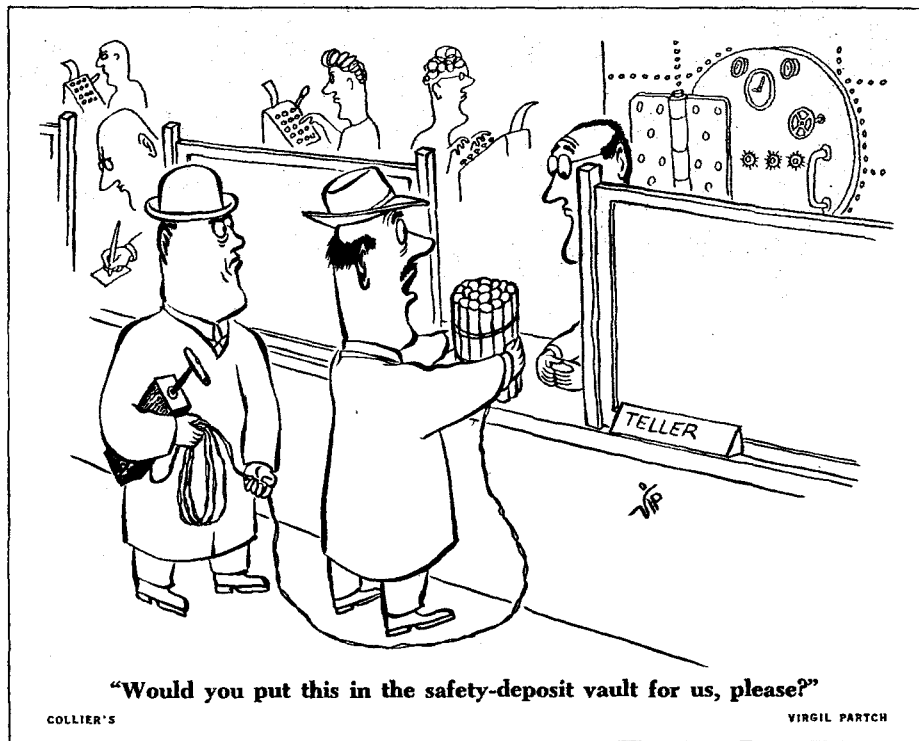
André Masson, who has been actively anti-Fascist since the Spanish Civil War, found he could not paint after France fell. With his wife and sons he escaped to America just ahead of the Gestapo, who were after him for having drawn anti-Nazi cartoons. Since coming here his ability to work has returned and, he says, improved.

He is faced with a problem which both amuses and worries him. His two young sons, Diego and Luis, understand French but refuse to speak anything but English—which they do with an emphasis on slang. Since Papa Masson does not understand English, they are fond of saying things to him in that tongue which would land them in the woodshed were their comments in French.

"It is a situation," says pretty Mrs. Masson, who does understand what the boys are saying.

As the American artist Earl Kerkam recently observed, "Art is not as bad as it is painted."

THE END



## Any Week

Continued from page 4

two honeys on my mind. The next thing I know, the flak gets me in the leg. I am taken to the hospital where this Wac is. She won't speak to me on account of the Red Cross dame, and the Red Cross honey is on her way to England with a broken leg. I just ain't got my mind on my work."

WE WERE having a beer in our favorite Third Avenue barrelhouse, minding our own business, when somehow we got into a Presidential campaign recapitulation brawl. There were a lot of Republicans present. One of them said that his reason for disliking Mr. Roosevelt was that everyone coming into contact with him was forthwith ruined as a national asset. "Look at John L. Lewis," he roared. "When John Lewis first set up the C.I.O. he was making a real contribution to American life. A good man. But then he tied

in with Roosevelt and now look at him. Today Mr. Lewis is a—a—a—" A near-by Democrat interrupted him. "Never mind," he said. "I've heard Mr. Roosevelt blamed for a lot of things, but this is the first time I ever heard him accused of impairing the morals of a miner."

A GENTLEMAN in Arkansas says he received a letter dated July 19, 1942, from Mr. Max Wilkinson, who was in those early days an editor on the staff of this magazine. "I have just got around to answering Mr. Wilkinson's letter and am told that he is gone," the Arkansas gentleman says. "What I mean is that he said that with a little experience I would be the best short-story writer in America. What I want to know is how did Mr. Wilkinson know this and how do I go about it, getting the experience he means." . . . W. D.



# TO FIGHT THERE AND BACK

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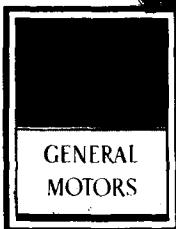
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Holding Mary Ellen's hand he looked at Belle. "Did you use this come-hither-go-thither stuff on your husband?" he asked

# A MAN'S Castle

BY JACK MACMURRAGH  
ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

He was a gamblin', drinkin' Irishman, and he didn't have much use for kids—until he saw how they can strengthen a man's hand when he runs into the usual woman trouble

REMEMBER, Mary Ellen," the neighbor ladies said. "He's a gamblin' man."

"It pays good money," Mary Ellen said. "All right, Mary Ellen," they said. "But just remember he's a drinkin' man, too."

Mary Ellen was a fair girl with soft hair and smooth skin and the sharpness of youth in her eyes. Now she smiled. "Upon occasion," she said, "my own father indulges." Which was betraying no secret.

All this was at a meeting of the Altar Society's Flower Committee in the privacy of the Delehanty dining room where the blinds were pulled against the sun, and the breeze came wandering, cool and casual, through the front door to meet the seeping heat from the kitchen. The good ladies had a quilt of Mrs. Delehanty's thrown over the round dining-room table, for they were busy-handed and busy-minded women by nature, and they

liked to let their hands move with their tongues.

"To my mind," said Mrs. Delehanty with the frankness of a woman with her corset loosened, "he's too close to his mother—like a lot of the Irish."

They knew what she meant, for they were all good solid-headed women. All but Belle Nadeau, a tall girl with dark and easy eyes and a pleasuring voice, who, though a widow and a mother, was hardly older than Mary Ellen.

"Why," said Belle Nadeau, "that should be a virtue. Everyone says he's wonderful to his mother. And some say he only gambles because of the money in it for doctor and hospital bills."

"It's a virtue can be carried to excess," Mrs. Delehanty said. "Mothers have made more bullheaded men than all the painted hussies in Crystal Falls."

"For shame!" someone said. "With the poor woman dyin'!"

"And a long and expensive time about it," Mrs. Delehanty said.

"A gamblin' man and a drinkin' man," said Mrs. Schuyler who was chairwoman and one with great respect for her own words, "will bring discredit to his children, if he has 'em."

"Poof!" Mary Ellen said, and she tossed her head. "Where's the profit in children?"

In a little silence, the women looked at her. In that same silence, the voices of Belle Nadeau's two children came drifting in from the back yard where they played with Mary Ellen's little four-year-old brother, Paddy.

The good ladies were not shocked, you understand, for (among themselves) women were as unshockable then as now. But in those days when gentility and refinement were highly regarded here in Crystal Falls in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, some things were just not so baldly stated. Not by maidens, at least.

They might have nipped a bit at Mary Ellen, but they became aware of a mild rustling in the kitchen, and they said, "Goodness, is it that late? Mr. Delehanty's home."

Tom Delehanty was not a man to barge, puppyish and playful, into a gathering of his wife's friends. But his wife called, "Tom!" and so, bidden to it, he came to the doorway, holding in his two hands the washbasin he'd been filling from the range reservoir, a little man and fat, with a puckered-up, far-away look to his eyes. "Well!" he said loudly. "Well! Who you been rippin' up the back this afternoon?"

"Tom!" Mrs. Delehanty said.

"Well, hell, dear," Delehanty said, and his joviality slid downward like sweat on a greased mustache. "I was just bein' pleasant."

Mrs. Schuyler said, "We were discussin' that gamblin' man, Madigan."

"Well," Delehanty said, "James is handy with cards, but I dunno's he's exactly what I'd call a gamblin' man. . . ."

Mrs. Schuyler hoisted her bosom in her parliamentary manner. "Mr. Delehanty," she said, "would you want to see your daughter married to such a man?"

"Well," Delehanty said. "Well . . . there's two sides to that. . . ."

"Tom!" Mrs. Delehanty said.

"Well, dear," Delehanty said, backing out. "She asked me . . ."

His wife said no more, but when the women had gone, Mary Ellen went to the back door. "Pa," she said, "what've you got against James?"

Delehanty was humped over the washing bench on the back porch, sleeves turned back, neckband turned in. "Well, I'll tell you," he said. "He holds himself too much to himself."

"He's hard," Mary Ellen said. "That's what I like about him. What d'you mean by saying . . ."

"Mary Ellen," Delehanty said plaintively, "the only time I get any peace and quiet around here is when I got my eyes shut, washin' up. An' now you've got to come hollerin' . . ."

"Oh, all right," Mary Ellen said. But she smiled at her mother when she turned back into the kitchen. "Pa's working up to a Saturday night," she said. "He's talking about peace and quiet."

Tom Delehanty was cashier and book-keeper for the Louis Horowitz Iron Company, and he had a habit of carrying his account books around in his head and worrying about them, and about his bills, and about other things that his wife might bring up. He'd keep getting more absent-minded and crabby in a subdued and apologetic way over a period of time; and then some Saturday night he'd go down and buy a bottle of whisky.

"One's about due," Mrs. Delehanty said, now. She stood at the range, the kerosene can half tilted in her hand. "There's some beautiful feather boas at Lustfield's store," she said reflectively.

"That isn't much," Mary Ellen said.

"We'll think of more," Mrs. Delehanty said, "before that Sunday morning when he's good and sick and penitent."

NOW in those days many a solid marriage was founded on a once-a-week courtship pursued on a Saturday night or a Sunday. And once a week, or thereabouts, James Madigan used to come, by livery rig or train, to Crystal Falls from Iron River over on the other side of the county where he lived with his mother. But always he came in the middle of the week, since Saturday night and Sunday are the proper times for poker as well as for courtship.

Only once did he show up on a Saturday, and on that evening Mary Ellen and her mother were sitting on the front porch, waiting.

Madigan crossed under the arc light at the corner, moved solid and heavy among the kids crawling like bugs in the glow of light, and came up the plank walk, a candy box white and square under his arm.

When Mary Ellen saw him, she went to the edge of the porch where the light of the front door framed her. "Why, James," she called.

From the shadows, Mrs. Delehanty said, "Why, Mr. Madigan! Do come in. I was just going inside."

He came up on the porch and sat down, very quiet and easy, a heavy-set man with enormous shoulders and a head set square upon them.

"James," Mary Ellen said. "It's Saturday night, James. Aren't you playing poker to-night?"

"No," he said. "Not tonight."

"What happened?" Mary Ellen said. "Were the games shut down?"

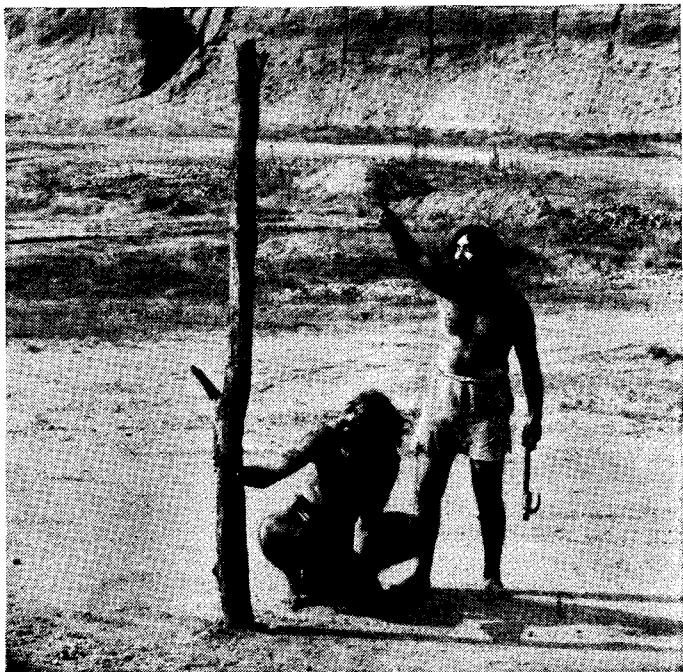
"No," Madigan said. "They're going."

"But, James," Mary Ellen said, "that's queer. There must be some reason."

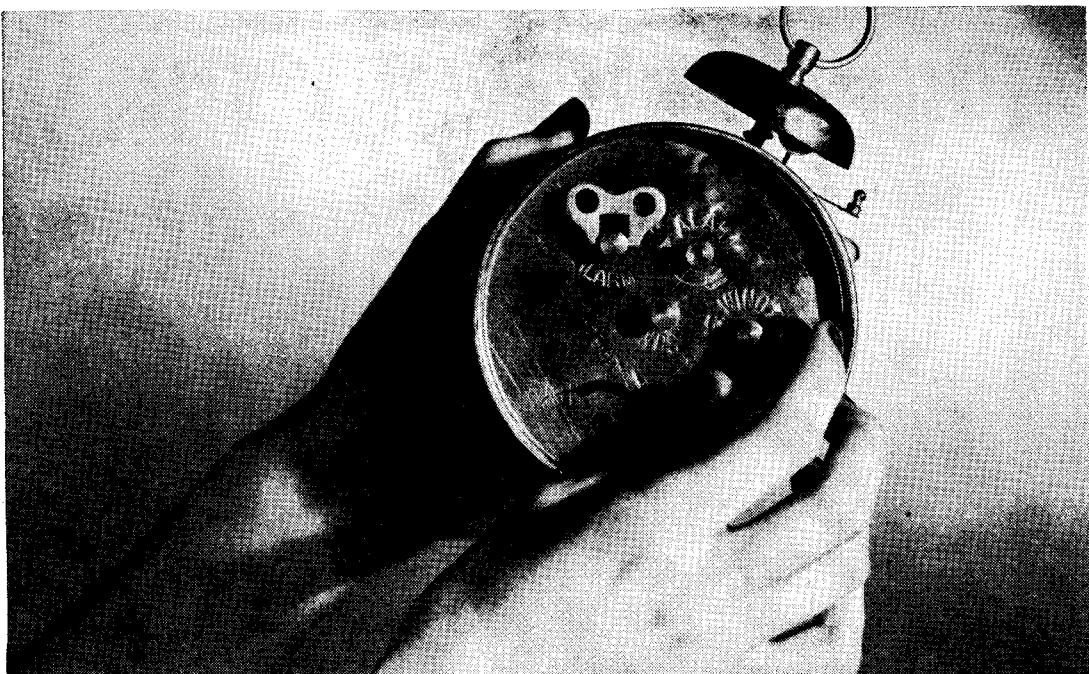
"Yes," Madigan said. "There's a reason." They waited for the reason, looking at him

(Continued on page 48)





**Centuries Ago**—Man's first timepiece was a tree or a stick set in the ground. On sunny days, the Stone Age citizen could roughly tell the time of day by the length of the shadow cast.



**Years Ago**—The first spring-driven clocks—really watches, called "Nuremberg Eggs"—seem to have been made in the 16th century. After the mainspring, there were no new basic developments in clock-making for 400 years. And spring clocks had to be *kept* wound.

# Electric Time Is Modern Time

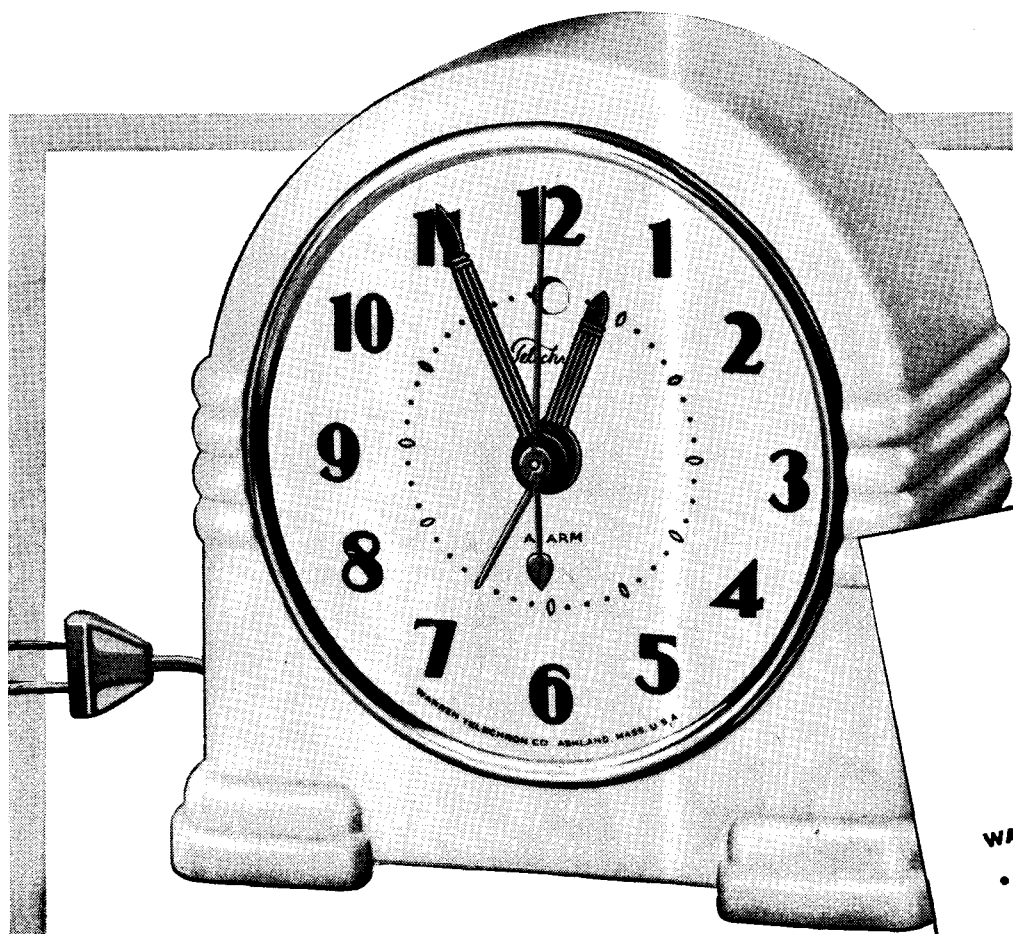
**U**NLESS your time is electric, it isn't modern.

For Telechron—the first synchronous electric clock made in America—brought timekeeping up to date. This modern clock, run by household electricity, needs *no winding, oiling, cleaning or regulating* to tell dependable time.

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# None so blind

Continued from page 21

Tod hadn't made up a name taken from an ink bottle just to trap him. There was no reason why the movement of the man's head couldn't be the same. Objectively there was no reason, and yet the motion had been so real that he couldn't forget it. No amount of rationalization would help.

"Damn it!" he said as he shoved the directory back in place.

But, he asked himself, why should he doubt Peggy? If she said that Tod was blind, then it must be so. He went to bed, obstinately refusing to think about it any more, or to wonder why she should have been so terrified at the bare suggestion that Tod was really able to see. But even as he slept he knew that he was holding something away from him at arm's length, something that could not be looked at.

THE next day passed by with tantalizing slowness. For some time past, spring had been flowing in, each day a little warmer, each day softening the bite of the breeze. The sun floated enormously high above the flat shore so that from noon until late afternoon the men felt the weight of their uniforms, and their eyes became bloodshot from the still glare of the white beach.

Scott drugged himself with petty detail in an attempt to dull his impatience for the approaching meeting with Peggy at the deserted cottage. He was ashamed that he could allow himself to become so enveloped by his desire for her that his life had turned into a series of taut, barren stretches between the intervals of their meetings. To compensate for any possible defection, he goaded himself to unnecessary inspections of the mounts, the stables, the galley, the radio equipment, and he dreaded each telephone call and radio broadcast fearing that they might bring up something to make the meeting impossible. He dragged himself through the gleaming day and nervous night where sleep was as thin and brittle as a crust of sand, with one aim only—to be able to meet Peggy.

As the time approached, the minutes lagged even more slowly, and it was a relief, finally, to mount his horse and make a start. He rode up the beach a mile and a half and then turned to his left into the dunes. In the distance, he was able to take a bearing on the Butlers' cottage. He turned forty-five degrees north and rode straight ahead. Here the long sparse grass was dusty with fine sand, and patches of stunted scrub oak grew in monstrous distorted shapes.

A flight of yellow-legged sandpipers fluttered nervously into the air before him only to land twenty yards beyond, and then fly off again when he came near. It suddenly occurred to him that he might have lost his way, and a slow panic took hold of him. Then suddenly, at the crest of one of the dunes, he saw the brown weather-beaten cottage, so absurdly conventional after all his imaginings that he smiled involuntarily. The shutters were closed and the place had the appearance of tight aloofness. There was no sign of Peggy. He rode directly up to the front door and dismounted. No one answered his knock, so he kicked at the door mat: the key lay underneath. He was the first one there.

He led the horse around to the north side of the house where there would be shade for the rest of the afternoon, and tied him to a shutter bolt after loosening the girth. A few minutes passed and, since Peggy still hadn't come into sight, he unlocked the door himself and went inside.

The air was hot in the living room, and filled with the bloodless odors of the woodwork, the furniture and the dusty carpets. Small chinks of sunshine came through the shutters, painting shafts of light on the floor so that dust motes could be seen drifting through them. Scott made out a large wicker sofa, several chairs and tables all dressed with slip covers and set at precise conventional angles. He picked up a magazine and peered at it in the gloom. It was from September of the previous year, and the back was broken to a page of recipes. The house

was silent about him; dark and unknown. He wondered where he would sit when Peggy came . . . what would be her first word of greeting as they met.

He was depressed by the gloom and, at the same time, it fed his excitement. The entire afternoon lay ahead; for the first time they would be free to talk and move about like normal people, to speak in normal tones without feeling the need to glance over their shoulders. This dark, prosaic house was an interval in a lifetime that ran parallel to their own, one in which they might have lived if other accidents had shaped their lives.

Peggy came in while his back was turned. The catch on the door grated slightly, and he whirled about with his heart beating a suddenly released excitement. She hesitated in the doorway, searching the room's darkness.

"Peggy!" He called her name and it echoed flatly in the still room as though no voice had spoken aloud there for a long time.

The frown on her forehead relaxed, and she closed the door behind her so that the room was in darkness again. Her dress looked pale and thin as she crossed the floor, the loose folds clinging to her moving body, suggesting the outline of her thighs and breasts for brief moments. She didn't come to Scott but stopped near the sofa. A match grated, and the yellow light moved up to her cigarette, flaring as she lighted it so that her

seemed cool and remote. He wondered if this was what he had been looking forward to so eagerly: this sparse, strained conversation. The time was going fast.

"Did you have any trouble finding the place?" she asked after a moment.

"No," Scott answered. "None at all." Should I have gone to her as soon as she came in, he wondered. Why must there always be these long pauses, these awkward preliminaries? What did they lack?

"You know . . ." They both spoke at once, then stopped, waiting for the other to go on.

"Go ahead, Peggy," he said eagerly.

"No, it's all right. You were about to say . . . ?"

"I've forgotten now," Scott confessed.

"DO YOU want a smoke?" Peggy asked.

"Yes, thanks." He got up quickly, thankful for the excuse to approach her. They made a ritual of the selection of the cigarette, of the lighting and the first puff as if it held some vital importance for them. He stood near her, realizing that the obvious thing was to sit down beside her, but waiting for some sign of invitation. She hadn't yet said that she was glad to see him. He resented the small hurt with a resentment he knew to be senseless, but nevertheless he demanded an acknowledgment. Peggy looked up at him, coolly, gravely, and to punish her he

couldn't think straight? It must be written all over his face, and yet she had spent two days in torture.

"Peggy." He rose and moved his hand toward her. "Peggy, would you marry me if Tod could see?"

"Oh!" It was a happy laugh of relief. "What a question!"

"But you haven't said yes. That's all I want: just a plain, simple yes!"

"Then it's yes! And if he doesn't ever regain his sight and our love lasts that long . . ." She stopped for a moment. "We are in love, aren't we, Scott? I love you," she said steadily. "Do you love me?"

"Peggy!" There was no simple answer to her question that could contain his vehemence.

"And if our love lasts that long," she repeated her conditions, "when he dies."

A cold pricking went over his scalp. "When he's dead?" he asked slowly. "But, Peggy . . ."

She had run across the room to him, pressing him to her with her quick hands on his head, then on his shoulders as though there were no way in which she could get close enough to him. He felt her tense, curved body through the dress, and the constraint between them seemed never to have been.

When they were ready to leave the cottage some time later, Peggy insisted that he go first and told him that she would leave a quarter of an hour later. In that way the chances of anyone seeing them together would be small. At the door, they kissed with the grave passion of married lovers.

"Peggy, tell me," he said quietly. "You didn't mean what you said before, did you? At least you don't any more."

She looked up at him with a puzzled smile. "Mean what?"

"About leaving Tod." He felt that he had to hear her admit that her early decision still held; it would complete the day for him; it would mark his total possession of her. "You don't want to stay with him. I can feel it."

She drew away from him very slowly as her smile died.

"Of course I still mean it." There was an intangible air of withdrawal about her that chilled him. "I thought that I had explained all that to you."

"You did," Scott admitted unhappily. "But I thought that . . ."

He shrugged off the rest of the sentence because what he wanted to say needed an accompanying warmth in the listener to prevent it from sounding fatuous, and he was reluctant to risk finding that such a warmth did not exist. Her sudden reserve dismayed him, and he found that he recalled her gestures, the lovely ways of her body, and her intensity as though this had all happened long ago and the essence had been forgotten. He felt that the afternoon's perfection had eluded him, had just slipped from his grasp. . . .

THEY met in the dark, airless cottage about once a week, and since the people who owned the place were not going to open it this year, they had no worries on that score. The spring warmed into early June and summer. It had been a hot, rainless season and every day the sky was endlessly blue as the day before.

Scott became increasingly restless. All week long, he would look forward to the appointed day, hoping that this next meeting would give him the ultimate satisfaction of knowing that he had broken down the withdrawal and reserve in which Peggy almost invariably took refuge. He couldn't think of any one day that hadn't been marred by this feeling of incompleteness; there always seemed to be something that demonstrated a restraint on her part. It created an impenetrable barrier between them, and yet, as it continued over a period of time, it grew maddening and only served to increase his desire for her. He became convinced that if he could only find the cause, if he could force her to state openly the reason for these sudden attitudes of reserve, their relationship would be happier.

Although he could find no way to make her do this, he finally decided that it was her unspoken fear of Tod that was bringing about this constraint between them. There were days when she would arrive at the cot-



"All right, Alfred, if you think the one on the outside looks a little more intellectual you can have her"

face was very small and young. The match snapped out, and she was lost once more to the gray dusk.

"You're early, Scott," she said quietly.

"I was in a rush, I suppose." He made it an accusation, annoyed that she had not kissed him immediately; she should be in his arms now, but the room and the aimless conversation lay between them.

"I couldn't get here any sooner." Peggy turned around with a swift movement that made her cigarette a curving red line. "How do you like it here?"

"Very nice, but it doesn't make a lot of difference one way or another. I came to see you."

SHE considered the remark as she took a bit of tobacco from her tongue with the tip of her finger. "Do you think it's stuffy in here?"

"It's all right," he said impatiently. "What difference does it make?"

He saw the quick glance she gave him and then her smile.

"Sit down someplace, Scott. There's no need to stand."

He seated himself heavily in one of the armchairs, and watched her on the sofa. She

went back across the room to the armchair.

"Are you angry about something?" she asked.

"No," he replied. "Why should I be?"

Peggy shrugged. "You seem so cold."

"I seem cold?"

"Yes. And the other night when I left you, you were abrupt too. When I drove away, I wondered if you would come today."

"But that's so silly!" he said in astonishment. "I said I'd be here." An idea suddenly came to him. "You mean that since you left me you've been wondering if I still cared?"

She nodded slowly and then said as though she were ashamed, "I almost called you a dozen times in the last two days just to hear your voice. I had reached a point of desperation. Sometimes I thought that if I were to call I'd just be giving you the opportunity to tell me that you couldn't make it. At others I thought you'd just laugh at me, and so I didn't call for both reasons." She stopped suddenly, embarrassment on her face.

When he thought of her in her own house, working in the same room with Tod and wondering with fear whether he'd come or not, something twisted in his chest. Didn't she know that he was so mad for her that he



## EXCITING AS THE RACE IN "BEN HUR"!

THERE was an expectant hush. Then, out of the darkness of this June night in 1908, flashed a scene of breath-taking action.

A "spectacular" sign had been erected on the old Wonderland Building, to give Detroit its first glimpse of the Model "T" Ford.

"Watch the Fords go by!" the message read. And in the light and color of 2000 twinkling electric bulbs, a Ford touring car appeared to race along the Grosse Pointe shoreline. The wheels turned, scuffing up clouds of dust. The scenery shifted constantly. The veils of the women passengers streamed in the breeze.

The crowd in the square began to cheer. "It's as exciting as the race in 'Ben Hur,'" said an onlooker. The newspapers thought so, too.

"Hour after hour," wrote one reporter, "the auto hurried, defied speed and natural laws alike, every instant seemingly on the verge of tipping into space down in the street below."

From that far-off day to this, people all over America have continued to "watch the Fords go by". They have watched the total mount to 1 million in 1915—to 15 million in 1927—and on up to 30 million.

They have seen these Ford cars and trucks

shrink distances and help increase the productivity of the nation. They have seen them wipe out the traditional barriers between city and country, between mountain and plain, and help spread more uniformly the advantages of American culture and opportunity.

One day, there will be new Ford, Mercury and Lincoln cars. Like their predecessors, they will benefit by the energetic skills and resourceful engineering which are a Ford trademark. They will be exceptionally comfortable cars, reliable and economical . . . priced within reach of the greatest number. *But beyond that, their styling will be so advanced that it will be a perfect match for their quality leadership.*

**FORD MOTOR COMPANY**





tage so restless and withdrawn that she couldn't even sit still.

"What's the trouble, Peggy?" he would ask. "Nothing, darling. Nothing at all."

But he would catch her peering out of the tiny cracks in the shutters as though she expected to see someone standing on the dunes outside, someone watching them and waiting with great patience.

"Does Tod know you're here?"

"No," she'd say, abruptly leaving the window. "He thinks that I've gone into town. It's all right."

"Have you had any trouble with him lately?"

"No," and she would shake her head. It was always like that; whenever he asked her about Tod, her replies were quick and empty, and since the night of the church supper she had never again discussed her life with her husband. She had not even mentioned his name; it was always Scott who made the reference.

**D**URING this time he thought that he felt much like a man who is climbing an enormous slope must feel, a man pulling wearily up a long hill which leads to some high plateau, but which, whenever he reached a point that had appeared from below to be his goal, led always on to a still steeper incline. At each stage of his relationship with Peggy, from their first meeting on, he found

ture, hating it because it left him defenseless.

"It's not what Tod wants, it's what I feel I must do," she said. "And I have to stay with him as long as he lives."

"But look what this does to us!" he insisted. "I feel as though I'm never really touching you. No matter what I do, no matter how hard I try, there's a part of you that I can't even reach. Don't you feel that?"

She was very still at last, as though she had been caught.

"Yes," she said so quietly that he barely heard her. "I know what you mean. I'm aware of it as much as you are, and it hurts because I want to break through to you. I want to desperately." She shook her head in weariness. "I can't. I've tried and I can't."

"It's your fear of Tod, isn't it?"

Peggy nodded and turned away from him. "Yes," she said. "I'm afraid of him whenever I can't see him. I always want to look over my shoulder to be sure he's not behind me. Every minute that I'm here, I'm terrified. When you talk to me, I keep listening above your voice for footsteps outside."

"If you insist on staying with him, would you be happier if you didn't see me?"

"No!" She turned back with a swift movement of desperation and clung to him. "No. As bad as it is this way, it's better than if I didn't see you at all."

Scott did not see Tod during this period because he never went to their home, meet-

well girl. It's always 'it might as well be Eve as anybody.'"

It was the first time he had ever heard her complain and he wondered uneasily if the remark were directed at him.

"Not in my books, Eve," Scott said. "It's just the way things work out."

"I didn't mean you," she said bluntly. For a moment, she seemed to regret the remark, fearing that he might misunderstand, and as though to make up for it, asked, after a moment's hesitation, "Are you busy on Saturday? They're trying out a play in Norfolk and I have two tickets. Of course, there's nothing personal in all this," she added quickly. "Just think of me as the local U.S.O."

Scott wouldn't be able to see Peggy on Saturday, and he was glad for the opportunity to get away from the beach for a day. He was surprised to find that he was even happier to re-establish his friendship with Eve; the fact of seeing her again made him realize that unconsciously he must have missed her, and he spoke now with an unaccustomed sense of freedom.

"You just made a date, Eve," he said. "Let's get there in time to have a very impersonal dinner before the play."

The train ride was ordinarily a long and dull one but they spent it playing an absurd word game at which Eve always cheated. She cared nothing about winning, it was just that she enjoyed trapping him into blind obedience to the rules of the game while she flouted them whenever she pleased. It took him a little while to discover it but the mischievous light in her eyes was unmistakable. He wondered if he had originally overestimated her interest in him.

"You go to the devil," Scott said. "If you want to play, then play."

She swore passionately that she'd reform, that it would never happen again; he was right, she had behaved abominably. But when he gave in, she did it all over again.

"I can't help it," Eve confessed, laughing at him. "You take the whole silly business so seriously that I have to do it. This time, I solemnly swear not to do it!"

But at the very first opportunity, she did.

**W**HEN they reached Norfolk, they took a taxi through streets crowded with uniforms to a hotel restaurant where there was music, and Scott danced for the first time since he had been in the service. As soon as he took Eve in his arms, he found himself comparing her to Peggy. Eve was taller and more slender, and they danced easily together, so easily that Scott was surprised when, knocked forward by one of the couples on the crowded dance floor, Eve stumbled over his foot. It seemed incredible that either of them could take a wrong step.

"Some people say I dance beautifully," she said blandly. He had expected nervous apologies, but her self-assurance was far more pleasant.

"You do!" he hastened to say.

"There are even those who say I'm the best dancer they ever met."

"I guess you are," Scott said slowly.

"There is even one group who claim that I'm the best dancer in the world." Her voice was very even and challenging. "I dare you to agree with that!"

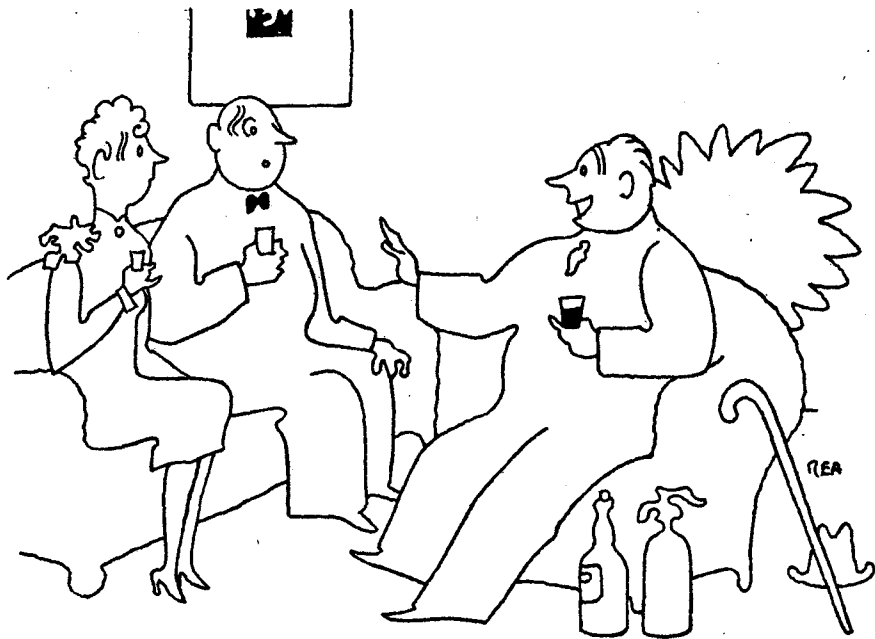
"Well, now look!"

She broke into the laughter she had contained all along. "Oh, Scott, you're so easy! You just ask to be led."

On the train back, they were almost alone in the coach. They settled back as comfortably as they could on the green plush seat, relaxing in the pleasant silence that follows a holiday mood. The sensation of contentment was a new experience to Scott; it had been long since he had enjoyed it, and he reveled in the luxury of having no immediate anxieties. They seemed like very old friends now, and there was a sense of such perfect understanding between them that Scott felt suddenly that he could talk easily to her.

"Some time ago," he said as a preface, "I forget exactly when . . . we were talking about the Butlers and you hinted at something you disliked in Peggy. What did you mean?"

Eve's small smile vanished, and she turned



"Now don't you good people worry about trying to keep me amused. I'll just concentrate on your Scotch"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

some imperfection that could be solved only on the next level of intimacy, and when that had been reached, he found it postponed once again.

This was not the way he wanted her. He knew that it was meant only as a stopgap until somehow the question of Tod could be solved, but wherever he might look he could find no answer to that question. She had said: "When he dies . . ." but the man might outlive them both. It could go on this way for twenty years. Suppose Scott had to return to active duty. That would be the end, for he knew that they would never come together again after a prolonged separation; tense as it was, the tie was too loose. There was no social compulsion which could act as a machine to reunite them.

No, this had all the marks of a temporary arrangement, and if Peggy realized it as clearly as he did without trying to change the circumstances, it meant that she had a reason for wanting it this way.

"That's not so, Scott," she protested when he accused her of it. "It's just that there's no other way. When the time comes to make a decision, we'll make it."

"But you're martyring yourself," he insisted. "Tod doesn't want your affection; he'd laugh at you if you offered it."

She pulled away from his arms and turned her head aside. Whenever she did that, he felt a rush of fear that she would never come back to him, and he dreaded the ges-

ing Peggy only at the dark cottage or in town when they came across each other casually in the busy little street. Dr. O'Neill was the only other person outside of the station whom Scott saw regularly or with whom he felt at ease, and although he had dropped in at Eve's place in the village once or twice, he never stayed for long. There were times when he regretted that he had allowed their friendship to lapse, but there had seemed no other way out of what might have been an embarrassing situation. Although Eve had never once asked him for any explanation, nor shown the least resentment at his dropping her, he felt sure that she must sense his restlessness and preoccupation, and he was always fearful that she might sometime press him with questions.

He stopped in there one hot morning late in June to hunt up a novel he had meant to get for some time, and found her reading a letter.

"It's from Bill," she explained. "He's in Australia, and very pleased with what he's doing. I gypped myself when I said that I'd take over for him. I could be doing something much more important than this. I could even be in uniform, but a promise is a promise, I'm afraid."

"There have to be some civilians in this war," Scott said. "And you might as well be one of them."

"That's just about my speed," Eve said after a moment. "I'm the original might-as-



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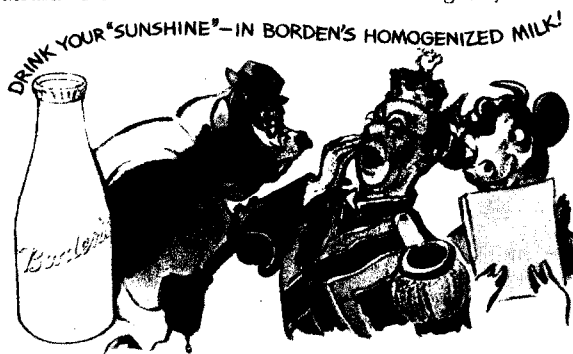
*"But Ed Wynn has lots that you haven't got!" insisted Elsie*

"THAT, MY GOOD WOMAN, is entirely a matter of opinion," snarled Elmer, the bull. "I still insist there is no need to clutter up the house with this joke book that walks like a man."

"You can't talk that way about Ed Wynn," gasped Elsie. "He's the star of the new Borden radio show, *Happy Island*. We're reading his part for the next show now, Ed is King Bubbles!"

"He may be a bubble to you," smirked Elmer, "but to me, he's a big bag of Wynn."

"Pun my word, isn't that just bully!" broke in Ed Wynn. "I no sooner enter the house than that fugitive from a hamburger stand tries to *cow* me. But I'm not afraid—I once knew a bull who was so tough, cyclones



asked permission to pass him! So, just settle down, Elsie, and tell us about *Borden's Homogenized Milk* having cream and added Vitamin D in every sip, and I'll forgive you for marrying Elmer. (That should stop him from trying to *horn* in!)"

"In about two minutes," rumbled Elmer, "I'm going to spread this amusing fellow all over your chaise lounge."

"Now, Elmer . . ." cautioned Elsie, "if you're going

to spread anything, be sensible—spread the rich, rare flavor of *Borden's* golden-crusted, creamy-centered



\**Liederkranz* over a cracker. The first nibble tells you why *Liederkranz* is the one American cheese that's famous the world over. *Liederkranz* is only one of more than a score of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*, and . . ."

"Hold on, there, did you say score?" asked Ed Wynn.



"I always thought a score had something to do with a baseball game."

"It does, silly," chuckled Elsie. "That's where the

saying 'know the score,' came from. And that reminds me: People who know the score on vitamins simply swear by *Borden's Hemo*. That's the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em, you know. Valuable vitamins and minerals in a delicious chocolaty food drink."

"I'm glad you mentioned drink," grumbled Elmer, "for that is exactly what your infernal chatter is driving me to . . . *drink!*"

"I do wish you would cool down, Elmer," worried Elsie. "Here, why don't you try a nice cool dish of *Borden's Ice Cream and Milk Sherbet*? They taste



good enough to cool down the hottest temper and they're great foods as well."

"Speaking of food, if I can get a word in edgewise," sighed Ed Wynn, "I don't suppose you would be interested in my mother's favorite saying about food. She always used to say there was no food like an old food. (Don't I say the silliest things!)"

"There's a lot in what your mother says," observed Elsie. "For generations women have made wonderful



foods with *Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk* . . . grand old-fashioned desserts, sauces, cake icings! And when you use *Eagle Brand*, you save sugar! It's already sweetened, you see!"

"I'm beginning to," giggled Ed Wynn. "Every time we say a word, you *see* a chance for a sales talk. You're really very good."

"So people tell me," blushed Elsie, "but really I can't claim any credit. I'm the *Borden Cow*, you know, and almost everyone will tell you that: *If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!*"



ELSIE SAYS: Bull or no bull, it's a great show. Ed Wynn, Elmer, Beulah, and yours truly, Elsie, in *Happy Island*, BLUE Network Friday Evenings. See your local paper for time and station.

\*T.M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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to look out of the window at the moonlit countryside.

"I didn't hint at anything," she said, her voice cool.

"Perhaps you didn't hint, but there was a significant pause someplace which gave me the impression that you didn't like her."

"I don't." Her head still didn't turn.

"Why not?" he asked. A trace of impatience made him frown. "I'd like to know what you meant."

"I don't have anything definite against her," Eve said slowly. "As a matter of fact I used to like her. But just before my brother went into the Army . . . well, he became friendly with her, and it made him extremely unhappy."

"Your brother?" he asked curiously. It had never occurred to him that Peggy had really known any of the people in the village before his arrival. He had thought of her as being so aloof and constrained that he had been the first to discover her. Unreasoningly, he found himself begrudging her friends who hadn't been his friends first.

"What happened?" he asked.

"I don't know what happened," Eve said, after a moment. Her voice was low, but Scott thought that he heard quiet anger in its tone. "All I know is that he was more miserable than anyone I've ever seen. We had always been very close until then, and there was nothing he would permit me to do for him. When he got his notice for the Army, he acted as though he'd received a reprieve."

"He was in love with her?"

Again she paused before she answered: "Most likely. He wouldn't say."

"You can't blame her if someone falls in love with her," he argued. But the full force of the argument was not for Eve; it was for himself. Yet why should he be angry with Peggy, he wondered, simply because another man saw in her what he had seen? "Do you think she led him on?"

"I told you that I don't know. But for six weeks or so, he was in some kind of agony, so awful that he couldn't talk about it. If she were a pleasant person it wouldn't have happened just that way. You can't tell me that a person who is disappointed in love has to be that miserable. Unhappy, yes, but not what Bill was going through. That's what I have against Peggy Butler!"

They ended their outing in hard, antagonistic silence. Eve was angry with Scott for defending Peggy, and Scott was furious because he found himself beset with all the immediate tortures of jealousy. His resentment was diffuse: against Eve for telling him, against himself for being willing to believe the worst, against Peggy for allowing the boy to fall in love with her.

THE first thing he said to Peggy, the next time he saw her, was, "What was all this between you and Bill Geddes?" He had arrived at the cottage before her, and was so impatient for reassurance from her that he offered no preliminary greeting, no softening endearment.

She closed the door behind her, and came into the room without any guilty pause.

"What was between me and Bill Geddes?" she inquired casually.

Scott watched her with cold anger. She had a way of punishing him when he asked questions she didn't care to answer. Peggy could withdraw herself from him merely by keeping her voice toneless and without warmth; she could mock him with a slight, averted smile.

"That's what I want to know, Peggy. Was he in love with you?"

"Yes," she said. She sat in one of the armchairs that allowed no room for him, settling her skirt carefully as she did so.

"Is that all? Just yes?" he demanded.

"Scott, darling, don't be stupid. I wasn't in love with him, if that's what's on your mind."

"Of course it's on my mind. There must have been something to make the boy walk around in misery for six weeks."

"Was there? Who told you all this?"

"Does it make any difference?"

She smiled. "You mean that you can ask me anything you please but I can't ask you. Is that it?"

"No . . ."

"Then who told you? Was it his sister?"

"Well . . ."

"Scott, use your head," she said impatiently. "On the face of it, the story is crazy. If I had been in love with him would he have been unhappy? Why should he have been miserable if he had what he wanted? Isn't it clear that he was rejected? That I had to do it as plainly as I could after he became too insistent? That's what Eve resents."

He had to admit the surface logic of it, even though he was unconvinced and could not rid himself of the feeling that there was far more to the matter than Peggy had admitted. There seemed to be no end to the sense of bafflement and despair that his relationship with Peggy seemed to create, and several times he caught himself wishing that he had never got involved in this impossible web of conflict between the Butlers. There were so many things that he wanted to know, and the person to whom he felt the closest seemed bound to keep him in an agonizing state of confusion and unsatisfied longing. If he only could have felt that some solution, or even only some small clue to the strange enigma might come into sight, he felt sure that he would be able to go forward again with his trust and love for Peggy intact. But it seemed that this would never come about—and because he was beset on every side by a wealth of unspoken words, and feelings, his perpetual sense of confusion and dissatisfaction began to coagulate into an unwarranted clot of resentment.

AND then suddenly one day in the middle of June an incident occurred that tore open one aspect of the bewildering situation and left him face to face with a reality that was shattering.

It was a hot day and the breeze along the shore blew in sluggish puffs. The tide was very low and just about to turn so that the dazzling beach was twice as wide as usual.

Scott had been riding for some time, cursing the silent, glaring heat and the monotony of his patrol, when a black speck moving on the beach a little over a mile away caught his attention. He stood up in his saddle, shading his eyes with his hand; the black speck continued moving, and kicking his horse into a canter Scott galloped forward until he realized that the tiny plodding figure was a man walking toward him. He relaxed the big gelding into a walk and watched the oncoming person with interest.

In a little while, the figure began to appear peculiar. It was moving with an odd, shambling gait and looked as though it had three legs. Suddenly Scott realized that the man was carrying a cane. A heavy, paralyzing inertia settled on him—he knew that it must be Tod, and that this was to be a climactic encounter. He felt no desire to turn his horse and avoid the man because this seemed to be a meeting that had been planned long ago by both of them, endlessly postponed first by one and then the other, until no further subterfuges remained.

Scott watched the steady approach of the tiny figure with a disembodied anger, wondering how long the other had known of his presence. Since Scott was on horseback, Tod had probably seen him coming before Scott had noticed him. And still he approached, picking his way along the sand without either lagging or hurrying, a man who expected to be precisely on time.

The distance between them diminished and Scott was able to hear the three distinct sounds that made up the rhythmic beat of Tod's passage: First, there was the sharp cough of the cane digging into the sand, and then the two high-pitched squeaks made by the leather soles crunching over the un-supporting sand. A cough and two squeaks, a cough and two squeaks, with the intervals slightly syncopated. It was far more regular than the horse's bored plod and the constant jingle and groan of the harness. The two sound patterns slowly converged and then both stopped, leaving only the water's exhausted whisper as the men halted a few feet apart.

Tod's face was lobster-red, and drops of sweat ran down his cheeks. Even the black glasses were wet as the big man raised his cane and held it in front of him, feeling about.

(Continued on page 42)

THE  
Heroes



## KING CHRISTIAN

V

DENMARK has no lack of martyrs, for men and women of the Viking breed have died by thousands in protest against German occupation, but it is King Christian X who will ever stand as a symbol of his nation's resistance to enslavement. From that black day in 1940 when the Reich's armed hordes streamed across the Danish border in violation of a solemn treaty, the gaunt old monarch has been the rock that broke the waves of German fury. It is from the deep wells of his own unconquerable spirit that a people have drawn courage and fortitude.

It was within his power to have made a face-saving bargain, for the whole world recognized the utter helplessness of a small, peace-loving country with a population of less than four million. How could Christian have been blamed for making a deal with the master race? Moreover, Hitler insisted that conquest was not his purpose, and offered a partnership that seemed to carry full respect for Danish sovereignty.

With German guns at his head and his life hanging by a hair, King Christian rejected vassalage and declared his faith in a God of justice. He made it clear that there could be no talk of alliance and no thought of friendly relations, as long as a German foot remained on Denmark's soil. They dared not kill him and they could not break him.

Day after day he rode the streets of Copenhagen on his great horse, losing no opportunity to show his implacable antagonism to the invaders and his confidence in their ultimate expulsion. Once when stopped by the red light at an intersection, the crowds bared their heads.

"Put on your hats," the king called out. "It may be some time before we get the green light."

Stopping before a public building that flew the swastika, he told the German guard that unless it was removed at once a Danish soldier would be sent to tear it down.

"Do so," snarled the Nazi, "and he will be shot."

"I will be that soldier," said the king, and the swastika was removed.

The flame of his spirit kindled fires of revolt throughout the nation. An underground was organized, and daily sabotage wrecked German troop trains, German power plants and German rule; and in every school the children were taught that there could be no compromise with evil. Patriots, dying in the homes that incendiary bombs burned over

their heads, breathed a last prayer for the preservation of king and country.

Ruthless General von Hanneken, sent by Hitler to "beat some sense into thick Danish skulls," swaggered into the Amalienborg Palace and spoke darkly of the fate that had befallen Dollfuss, Schuschnigg and others who had balked the Fuehrer's will. Bellowing that the king was entirely responsible for the sweep of disorder, he demanded that revolutionary activity be ended by royal decree.

"Only when you are gone," came the grim answer. "You and all that your kind represent."

Himmler, entering Denmark with an army of Gestapo agents, inaugurated a campaign of butchery. Pastors and civic leaders were assassinated, new concentration camps filled to overflowing, and torture chambers operated as in Poland. Now from Berlin came an order for the liquidation of all Jews. In every city and town Danes hid their Jewish fellow citizens until boats could be found, or else led them by secret paths to Sweden. Again General von Hanneken saw Christian X and demanded anti-Semitic laws.

"No," said the king. "Since we Danes have never considered ourselves inferior to the Jews, I recognize no Jewish problem. And if you force the Jews of Denmark to wear the yellow star of David, then I and my family will wear it also as a badge of honor." And a few days later, while the Germans cursed, he attended services in a synagogue.

In support of his pretense that Denmark had been invaded purely for the "protection" of the Danes, Hitler had permitted the functioning of a civil government. Outraged by wholesale arrests and blood massacres, the cabinet resigned in a body. Straightway, Christian was told to form a new government so that the fiction of a protectorate might be maintained.

"Your mask has been torn off," the king replied, "and mine will not be the hand to put it back on."

When he was taken away from Copenhagen and kept under guard for months, there was the fear that he had been done away with. Now, however, he is back in the Amalienborg Palace, more resolute than ever, nearing seventy-five but still pine-tree tall and strong. It may be that the Germans, hate-filled and raging, will kill him before they quit Denmark, but death can have no terrors for the indomitable old man who has faced murder daily for four long years.

Skoal to the Viking! . . . GEORGE CREEL

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY







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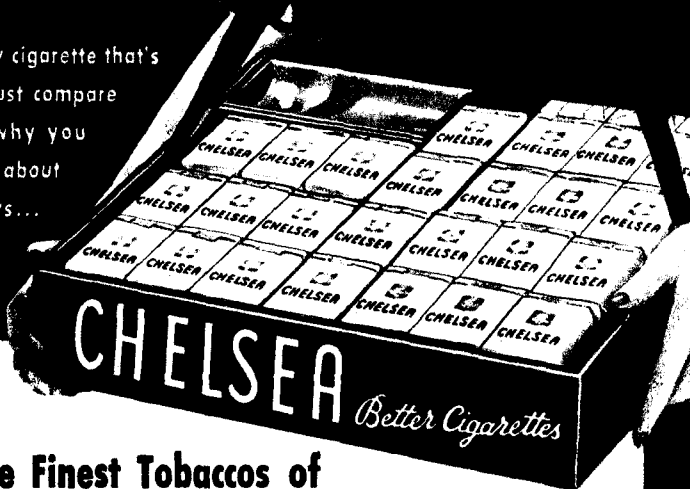
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## None so blind

Continued from page 39

Scott looked down at him for a moment. "Hello, Butler," he said. He watched the cane fall slowly, and saw a frown crease the red forehead, before he said: "I'm Scott Burnett. I wonder if you remember me."

There was a small, slow smile. "Of course I do," Tod said tonelessly. "We had a very pleasant time when you were with us that evening. I'm sorry you haven't been able to come again." The quiet voice floated past him, jabbing delicately. "We were speaking of you only the other day, and Mrs. Butler said she missed you."

"Did she?" Scott asked. The conventional lie was so brazen in the circumstances that it was a slap in the face. "Give her my regards."

"By the way, I've never asked her if she met you at the church supper that night. Did you enjoy it?"

"Very much," said Scott tightly. "By the way, how is O'Neill?"

"O'Neill?" Tod asked. "I wouldn't know. He hasn't been out to the house in almost a year."

HIS face was impassive, and his voice was almost as bland. Scott compressed his lips to hold back a sudden grinding anger. Why did the man have to lie? He knew that O'Neill had gone out there several times since Scott had been at the beach, because the physician usually stopped in to see Scott on the way home. What kind of ridiculous game was Tod playing with him?

But Tod was unruffled. He seemed to know exactly what he was doing at every minute. He was planning ahead with careful foresight.

"Let me walk back with you," Tod went on. "I think I've come far enough." He raised his hands in front of him, and walked very carefully toward the horse, reaching for the reins and then using his quick fingers to lead himself along the sweating flanks to the left stirrup strap. The knuckles of the man's hand were white from the tightness of his grip. Both Scott and the horse now belonged to him: he was the old man of the sea who had taken possession of Sindbad.

The horse started forward without any signal from Scott, and Tod paced along beside them, the cane hooked over his free arm. Before them lay the beach in frozen gleaming ripples, and in the blue and white emptiness that surrounded them there was nothing to stop what was coming.

"Scott," Tod said with the care of a man who has considered an analysis over a long

period of time. "It's been ever since supper that you haven't been to see us. Did you have some kind of argument with Peggy?"

"Of course not," Scott answered slowly, using an inflection to make the remark appear ridiculous. "Why should I argue with her?"

Tod shook his big head. Looking down at him from above, Scott wondered what kind of smile had given the slight twist to the man's cheeks. Then Tod turned so that he seemed to be staring across the saddle at the lazy sea.

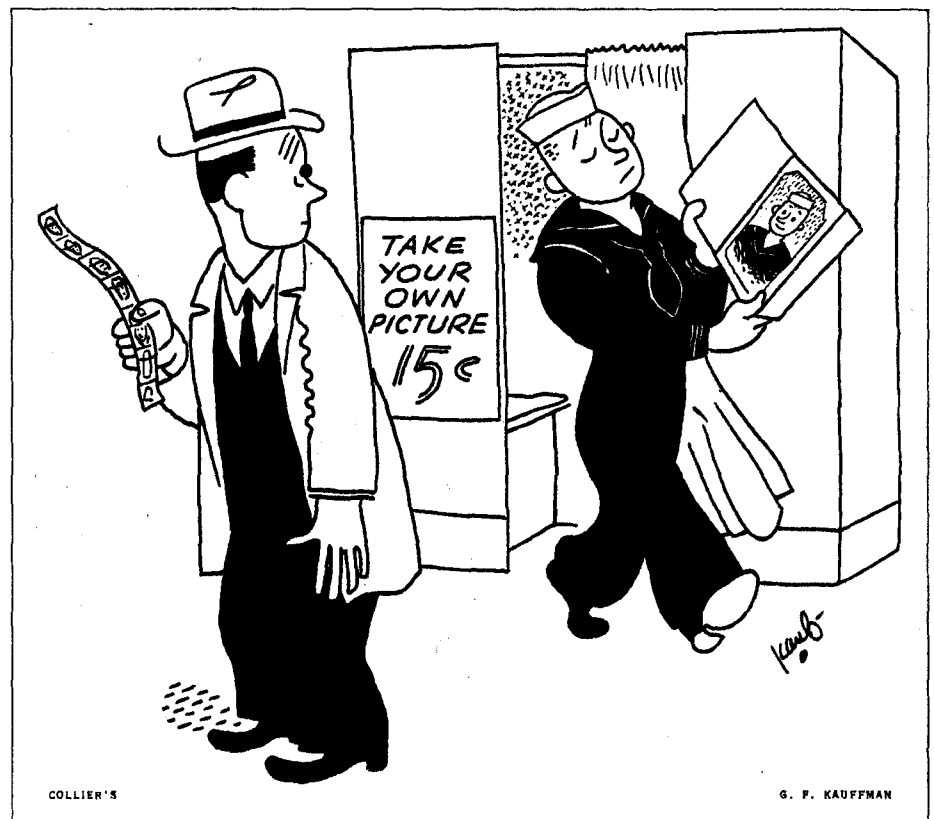
"You will take my advice and never allow yourself to be in a position where you can argue with Peggy," he said, speaking almost absently. But Scott knew there were no gratuitous gestures in this man; his hatred for his wife had burned him down to essentials. Scott's breath came very slowly as he realized that the talk had begun to crystallize into the form he had expected originally. He said nothing, allowing Tod to shape his own approach.

"That may sound odd coming from a husband," the heavy voice continued. "But I know my wife better than anyone else. Take it as a casual warning. You're very vulnerable, you know."

"Can you tell that just by looking at me?" Scott asked. The water seemed farther away from them now, and Scott realized that they weren't following a straight line. For some reason, he had been unconsciously guiding the horse at a slight angle to the water's edge so that they were heading toward the dunes. Then it occurred to him suddenly that it might be Tod who was doing the guiding, and a slight flutter of the deep fear he always felt in the man's presence passed across his chest at the idea. Why should Tod want to take him off the beach? He forgot the heat in his effort to hear what the man was saying, straining beyond the voice for the intentions.

"I haven't the faintest idea of what you look like," Tod remarked. He sounded bored. "But your voice is enough. It bulges with youth, intelligence and naiveté. If I could see you, I'd probably know less about you because your facial expressions would throw me off. Your voice is far plainer than the nose on your face."

Scott's eyes suddenly found a huge hulk of timber a few hundred yards ahead of them, and just to the left of their direct path. Long, rusted iron spikes jutted out of the weather-beaten mass, some more than a foot long. From this distance, the maze of iron looked like a thin cloud of wires jumbled above the wood, but Scott had passed the piece of wreckage many times before, and he knew what a cruel trap it was. He glanced down quickly at the man walking beside



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him. Tod had changed the subject and was now talking about the weather as though nothing consequential had been discussed between them. His huge shoulders swayed easily, and the shirt stuck to them with sweat, showing the rippling power that lay dormant within him. To Scott, he had the air of a man who had taken an annoying situation out of the hands of stupid bunglers and was setting it aright to suit himself.

Their path was curving more and more toward the dunes, and Scott wondered how Tod could think him so stupid as not to notice the change in course. The horse plodded along in the heat, kicking up a small puff of sand at each step. Suddenly Scott realized that there was a way to shatter Tod's composure and to force him into revealing the fraudulence of his blindness. The whole idea came to him full formed, and he was surprised at the very essence of its simplicity. He would take advantage of the change in the horse's course by increasing it still more until he was riding straight for the wreckage; if he guided the horse just to the right of the jagged mass, Tod would either have to walk straight into it and be cut to pieces, or somewhere along the way find an excuse to sidestep. Any gesture that Tod made to avoid it would be unmistakable and, once he had made it, Scott had him exactly where he wanted him; it was the solution he had hoped for all this time.

He was vaguely conscious that his uniform was clinging to his wet body, but the heat was no longer annoying; he was absorbed in this new, deliberate game. It was Tod's plan, whatever it was, against his. As deftly as he could, Scott manipulated the reins so that the gelding approached the mass in a shallow arc.

THE conversation passed from the weather to the war. Scott accepted the new topic casually, speaking only enough to keep it going. The distance decreased steadily, yet there was no change in Tod's grip on the stirrup strap. Perhaps the ruse wasn't clear to him yet. Scott laid the right rein on the horse's neck, applying the pressure with his fingers ever so gently. Tod followed along without a sign.

The course was unmistakable when they were fifty yards away. The horse would just clear it; Scott waited with patient grimace for his triumph.

He was forced to respect the man's stubborn courage as they went forward, and yet he knew that he hated him all the more for it. From here, the jagged spikes looked cruel. It was impossible to walk through them unharmed except with the greatest care. At ten yards, Scott had grown so tense with expectation that he had difficulty in answering a simple question, and he was on the point of turning his horse aside, when it came to him that Tod must be counting on just such a weakening. If Scott gave in, Tod's victory would be complete.

The distance decreased rapidly now, and Tod never faltered. Scott was positive that he'd invent some excuse at any moment, that he would stop to tie a shoelace, to ask for a cigarette, to wipe the sweat off his face. The tension was almost unbearable, and Scott suddenly knew that he would actually be grateful now if Tod were to give in; he'd overlook it and accept any way out. But Tod kept on as if he were leading the horse.

At six feet, only a few paces away, Scott tried to rein in, but he had no control. He was drenched with sweat and his arms refused to respond. The halt would have to come at the very last step. If he could only persist that long, Tod would give in. That was all he had to do, simply ride on to the very last step. He counted them off; they had four paces to go. The horse ambled along in the heat, then his head drew up even with the hulk, and passed it.

Scott's stirrup was jerked violently away from his foot, then dangled freely in the air while his swinging foot kicked the surprised animal into a trot. Before he could rein in or look back, he heard a prolonged shout of pain and when he glanced back over his shoulder he saw Tod falling with the helpless groping gestures of a blind man, inextricably involved by the curving spikes.

Scott leaped out of the saddle and ran

back to help him. When he tried to pick him up, Tod made futile grabbing motions looking to the empty air for support. Scott was nauseous with self-disgust. This man was blind, completely blind! Everyone had told him so, insisting that there was no possibility of sight, and he had refused to believe it. How could he explain this act of brutality to anyone? He could understand it himself only in terms of an obsession that was halfway to madness.

He finally got Tod to his feet, but the huge man was unable to stand erect. The shirt below the shoulders was red and plastered to his body. Scott took it off and dried the man's chest, but the blood was coming so fast from a number of wounds that he saw that any first aid beyond bandaging was useless. He did as much as possible from his kit, knowing that he would have to get Tod home as soon as possible.

He walked over to get his horse, but before hoisting Tod onto the animal, he shortwaved to the station by means of the lancetlike radio antenna which was attached to the back of the saddle, to tell them to send O'Neill out to Butler's house as soon as possible because there had been an accident, and then gave orders to have another man take over the patrol while he took Butler home. He managed to get the injured man

"But I haven't even sent for him yet. What's happened?"

"Then he ought to be along at any minute," Scott replied, ignoring her question. "I radioed in a message to the station to have him get here. Help me to get Tod inside."

Scott caught a glimpse of her confused horror as she took Tod's other arm. "But what happened?" she insisted.

"I fell," Tod said laconically. The early bewilderment in his voice was gone, leaving as residue only a slight scar of mockery. "For the first time in years . . . I tripped over some wreckage on the beach."

SCOTT raised his head at the changed note and, as he did so, he saw Peggy staring at him, demanding confirmation of what Tod had said.

"He wasn't using his cane," said Scott. "He was holding on to the stirrup and letting the horse lead him."

Peggy's face was dead white as she lapsed into silence. She laid Tod out on the sofa and deftly cleaned off his body.

Scott went into the kitchen and was filling a basin with clean water when Peggy came in to him. She seemed to be searching his burning face for an explanation of what she saw there.

"You tried to kill him, didn't you?" she

and his values couldn't have changed that much.

Peggy came back into the kitchen again, but she resolutely ignored him, and he was too crushed to have anything to say. He stood there, watching her quick, efficient movements, realizing that this was the same body he had held only too rarely in weeks of hunger and unhappiness. It was the same body, but now it was cold to him. In her denial, he saw that he had never possessed her, and he grew as lonely for her now as he had been at first. But there was no gesture he could make that would recall her.

O'Neill arrived shortly after and Scott watched him examine the blind man from across the room. O'Neill didn't waste time with questions. He removed one bandage after another, but Scott couldn't see anything more than the man's intent face and the quick movements of his hands.

"He's cut up pretty badly, but it won't be too serious," O'Neill said. "There are no punctures and no bones broken. A few stitches here and there will do the trick, and in a week or so he'll be all right."

The physician opened his bag and went to work, and Scott turned aside, remembering suddenly the moment when he had discovered the horse's movement away from the water. At the time, he had been sure that the change in course had been brought about by Tod's guidance, but looking back on it, Scott saw that this had not been so. It was he, himself, who had done it because the idea of testing Tod must have been in his mind long before he was aware of it; the plan had come too perfectly formed to be newborn.

A cold, clammy sweat broke out on his hot body as he realized that Peggy might be right after all. The sensation was sickening; it seemed to bubble slowly up into his chest, and then into his throat where he could no longer contain it. What's happening to me? he wondered, and an impulse made him run from the room to the terrace where he was wretchedly sick. In a few minutes, Peggy came out with a towel soaked in hot water for him to wash his face.

"O'Neill says it'll do you good," she said, looking at him with dispassionate pity. "I don't know what to say to you, Scott," she went on softly, returning herself to him merely by her inflection. He felt weak but so grateful to her for the slight change of tone, that he wanted to kiss her hands. "I suppose I once went through the same phase you are going through now, but I never had the courage to go so far."

"No," he said, standing abruptly, feeling a cloud of dizziness surround him. "It's not true, Peggy. I never . . . !"

O'NEILL came out then, interrupting. "Don't worry," the doctor said to Peggy. "Tod'll be all right. I've been warning him for some time to be more careful." He turned to Scott. "Can I give you a lift back?"

The horse had wandered off, back to the station, so Scott accepted. He was able to make only an impersonal farewell to Peggy and then he walked the few hundred feet to the highway where O'Neill had left his car. They drove for a few minutes in silence.

"When I was with Butler on the beach," Scott said slowly, "I happened to ask about you, and he said that he hadn't seen you in almost a year. Why should he lie about that?"

O'Neill shrugged. "It's symptomatic of his mental condition. When I said originally that he had made a fair adjustment, I might have made it sound too hopeful. He's what psychiatrists call, in their delicate fashion, a disturbed person."

"Well, then for heaven's sake," Scott burst out, "why does she go on . . . ?" Once again, he had to force himself to stop speaking by the physical act of deliberately clamping his mouth. His nerves were on edge again, and he sat in his corner trembling. For a moment, he fought the urge to have O'Neill stop the car so he could get out and walk the rest of the way, then he sat back and waited quietly for the ride to come to an end.

"That's the first time I ever saw a man who's been in action pass out at the sight of blood," O'Neill said, laughing. "Life on a destroyer must have kept you pretty well knocked out."

"It wasn't that," Scott replied soberly. "I



"Let's open the sealed orders and see where we were headed for in the first place"

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mounted, and placed the feet in the stirrups. Tod grasped the saddle horn with desperate intensity, and as Scott led the horse off, he saw in his face all the symptoms of physical terror. Suddenly he wondered why he felt no sympathy for the man. He had never had overt intention of harming Tod; the terrible thing that he had just done had been carried out simply because he had felt so strongly that Tod's surrender would never come unless force were threatened. And the very logic of the whole plan had made it imperative that the threat carry the actuality of real danger.

BACK in the dunes, the grass was motionless. The heat from the scorching sun lay over them like a blanket. Scott threaded his way among the valleys of sand, guiding the horse with care so that Tod might not lose his balance on the sharp rises and falls.

Peggy met them at the cottage door. Scott saw her head come up to stare at the gruesome procession, bewilderment written across her face. It took a few seconds of blankness for her to be of any assistance, and Scott was already helping Tod dismount.

"Has O'Neill come yet?" Scott asked. "O'Neill?" She was completely perplexed.

said. Her voice was cold, gravely insistent. "I should have known you might try something like this!"

He was exhausted and emotionally spent, but he found that the accusation didn't shock him; it came as such a complete surprise that it had no effect at all.

"I've seen it coming over you," Peggy went on bitterly. "Every time I said I could never marry you while Tod was alive, I've noticed a peculiar expression come into your eyes. At first I thought that it was disappointment . . . that you couldn't adjust yourself to the reality, but gradually it changed; it became—almost sly." She stopped abruptly, then snatched up the basin and left him standing alone.

She couldn't be talking about him; he felt no response to her accusation at first, but then, as the full implication of her statement began to take shape in his mind, a sense of shock began to develop, expanding slowly until it assumed an explosive momentum that was overpowering.

He surveyed himself with horror. What had the past few months done to him, he wondered. He was no murderer. . . . It was true that he had become familiar with violent death, but murder was something else again,





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suppose it was too much heat. It does peculiar things to a man."

"I suppose it does," O'Neill answered in ready agreement, then went on to mention several instances of erratic behavior that had occurred in his own practice. One story merged with the other, and the thread of continuity that led to the association was the fact that under apparently minor irritations, the most deep-seated repressions bubble to the surface in a violent release.

"It's simply a question of adjustment," O'Neill said. "When a series of minor conflicts cannot be adjusted to the circumstances, a steady aggravation gradually sets in which, if prolonged sufficiently, will cause man's deepest, most innate desires to emerge—often completely against his conscious will."

Scott listened to O'Neill's musing voice and wondered how all of this applied to himself. He knew that O'Neill was simply making variations on a simple theme for his own amusement; yet Scott could not help feeling that his remarks seemed to be personally applicable to his own situation. The tough masculine existence of destroyer life would have been in itself an unsettling influence even without the constant menace of violent action and death. And then, as quickly as he had been put into it, he had been taken out of active duty and placed in comparative solitude on a lonely strip of beach, where he had become almost simultaneously enmeshed in the most violent love affair of his life.

HE RETURNED his attention eagerly to the physician, but the topic had changed. Sometime during the reverie, another facet had occurred to O'Neill, and the word "murder" grated accusingly on Scott.

"You said something about murder?"

"Murder?" O'Neill frowned, and his mind groped for the broken thread of conversation. "Oh, yes. . . . I was saying that under such conditions, murder is fairly common; that is, what is legally defined as murder."

"You make it sound as though you disagreed with the definition!"

"I don't know," O'Neill said slowly. "Death is no novelty to me and, for my part, I refuse to sit in judgment on the human race. I say that it is fundamentally human for one man to want to kill another if he feels it will remove a source of unhappiness. To me, the question is: Will he kill a good man or a bad man? If he's going to kill a bad man, then I deny that the act is criminal. I've seen too many cases where my own patients have died and where I had every right to question the cause of death, but, ten times out of ten, the one who died deserved to die, simply to protect the sanity of the people around him." Scott looked up quickly, but the physician paid no attention to his startled expression of surprise.

"There are innumerable cases of that kind," he went on, his voice rich with feeling. "And every time I signed the death certificates with a clear conscience. The courts are wrong in their treatment of such deaths because they don't define 'self-protection' adequately. If a man is being driven insane he has as much right to resort to self-protection as a man threatened with a revolver. I believe that as firmly as I believe in liberty and freedom, and, by God, I've staked my reputation on it."

Scott was fascinated by O'Neill's opinions with a horrible intensity combining relief and repugnance, but he fought against the overwhelming plausibility.

"People are not like that," he insisted without conviction. "Murder isn't that easy. It can't be!"

"Look," O'Neill pointed out patiently. "I'm not saying this because I despise the human race. How can I? I'm part of it. I say this because I *do* like people, but I understand them as they are, and they can't be molded to fit a pattern laid down by bloodless jurists with logic instead of marrow in their bones. For one man to want to kill another to protect his happiness is perfectly human, and if you want to punish the human race for acting according to its basic drives then you might as well abolish all of us right now."

His voice had been loud and insistent, but as he drew up at the station, he smiled guiltily and looked at Scott out of the corners of his

friendly pale blue eyes. "I'm sorry if I shouted, but if there's one thing I can't stand, it's New England puritanism, and you've got a layer of it yards deep. I'm going to help you get rid of it."

Scott walked past the questioning faces of the men in the building and went straight to his office where he filled out a sketchy report. Then he dropped his pen on the desk and stared moodily at the paper in front of him.

Ever since he had evaluated his reaction to Peggy's accusation, he had been unable to shake off the horror he felt at his own behavior. He had always thought that it took a monster to commit a murder, or even to contemplate one, and he was no monster; he was a normal, everyday man who respected all the laws of society, and yet the only fact that upset him about the whole thing was that he seemed able to view the idea of Tod's death with equanimity.

Of course it would be convenient to have Tod out of the way. What a feeble word, *convenient*! It was what Scott had hoped for most devoutly. It would solve everything to have Tod disappear from the face of the earth at once. All this torture and indecision would end abruptly; it would be another, simpler world in which he could live free of this turmoil and unsatisfied longing.

Scott looked down this long tunnel of con-

trol of himself than he'd had in a long time. He was a little warm and flushed, he felt taut and highly sensitized to passing impressions, but no more.

There was a dim light in the rear of Eve's shop, long since closed for the day. It came from her apartment, and Scott knocked insistently on the door pane. In a few minutes he saw the rear door open with a warm surge of light and in another moment Eve unlocked the front door, peering up in surprise at his shadowed face.

THE moonlight made her seem fragile, and her eyes shone when she smiled in recognition. She raised her hand as though to touch him, then abruptly changed her gesture by bringing it up to her face and stroking an invisible strand of hair away from her cheek.

"Well, this is a surprise, Scott!" she said. "I couldn't imagine who it was." She was wearing a long house coat, tightly fitted about her slight waist.

"Aren't you going to ask me in?" Scott asked. "Or is it too late?"

The playful lightness she had shown on the trip to Norfolk no longer existed. Her face became serious and she stepped back silently out of the moonlight into the darkness of the store so that he might pass.

"Go straight ahead," she said. "Keep your

he realized why: This room, small and warm and completely furnished, exuded the same air of peace and stability he had always hoped eventually to find. It was characteristic of Eve and, as he watched her, he knew that if it hadn't been for Peggy, he would have fallen in love with Eve long ago. I had always been difficult to imagine himself living with Peggy in terms of everyday life the comings and goings, the small personal adjustments. With Eve, it was different; he could see himself sitting like this, across such a room from her, night after night for the rest of his life, with a grateful contentment and no regrets. The warmth of the alcohol spread slowly and as he sat there he felt as though he were watching it creep upon him.

"I'm glad you said that," Eve told him. Her voice was very even and balanced. "I'm glad you feel that way."

He hadn't known how emotionally tired he was until just now, when he realized suddenly that he had been in a constant state of crises ever since he had met Peggy. And it would go on that way. Scott wanted nothing more than to be able to look forward to the serenity he enjoyed at the moment, but Peggy would never give it to him. In the strange crystal lucidity that had come to him, he found himself wishing that Peggy were different. If she were calmer, if she had a sense of play, if she herself were less driven, if—and the train of thought continued smoothly—she were only like Eve.

The sense of control suddenly snapped. He knew exactly what he wanted now. He wanted to be rid of Peggy. Their relationship was too emotionally exhausting; it created a burden too great for him to cope with. He sat in the armchair, contemplating the incredibility of this enormous truth. Eve faced him silently, and looking across at her small, serene face Scott felt a warm surge of gratitude go out to her.

"I came all prepared to talk to you," Scott said. "But now I don't want to talk. I just want to sit here and say nothing."

"That's all right," she said quietly.

A WARM flush of friendliness made him rise and go toward her. Their eyes met, and his hands went out to her in a gesture of supplication for understanding.

She smiled a little, and her eyes were bright as he brought her to her feet. Acting on the impulse which had suddenly become deeper than gratitude, he took her into his arms, and they kissed. As he had discovered when he first danced with Eve, he realized once again how altogether different she was from Peggy. She was taller so that their embrace was a more mutual one; her body was more slender, her kiss softer and, as they stood close together, the sense of relaxation was completed for him. If he could go on from this as a beginning, he felt that he would have everything he wanted. He tightened his arms about Eve, and leaned his cheek against hers, looking over her shoulder and about the warm, peaceful room. His eyes fell on a picture on the small table near the armchair, and half unconsciously he realized that it must be a photograph of Bill Geddes.

Then, unaccountably, his sense of complete satisfaction was killed in a furious rush of frustration. Peggy's cold, beautiful face appeared vividly in his mind, and in his ears he could hear the flat-edged words of the accusation she had hurled at him that morning. He stepped abruptly away from Eve, knowing that he was only making matters worse. He wasn't rid of Peggy; he wasn't at all sure he ever would be. All that he would ever succeed in doing by coming here would be to intensify his misery by adding still another involvement. It wasn't fair to Eve or to Peggy; it was an insane procedure for his own state of mind.

He stared down at Eve, then abruptly away. Her face was soft with light, and her lips were still parted, but, before she could say anything, he crossed the room to where his cap lay beside the photograph.

"I owe you an apology," he said, speaking as rapidly as he could. "I'm afraid that I let you misunderstand this whole thing. I didn't mean to involve you in anything like this. . . . because, you see, I can't be in love with you. There can't be any feeling like that at all. . . ."

(To be continued next week)



jecture and saw the beckoning shadows that lay beyond in the unlit, silent places where a man finds the plans to make his most secret wishes come true. What made him hesitate to go deeper into the black shafts? he wondered. O'Neill's careless philosophizing ought to encourage him. If ever an act were done in self-protection, this would be it.

HE STOPPED his rationalization, aghast at the distance he had come and, rising angrily from the desk, crossed to the open windows, resolutely closing his thought to the dark conjectures. But he could not put himself into a quieter frame of mind and, even when night came, he found it was impossible for him to go to bed. Hoping to find a partial release in another atmosphere, he rode into town on the supply truck and went straight to the village bar. But four Scotches seemed to have no effect, and he soon departed, feeling cold sober and completely controlled.

It suddenly occurred to him in this crystal clearness that he ought to see Eve and apologize for his behavior the other evening. Then when at the same time he thought to himself that he would press her further about her brother and Peggy, he began to know that he was slightly drunk in a small part of his mind. It could be only a very small part though because he knew he had better con-

eyes on the light so that you won't trip over anything."

Scott went through the store and found himself in a small living room which had a simple individuality and warmth that was surprisingly relaxing. The light came from a reading lamp just behind a chintz-covered armchair, and a book lay opened on the rumpled seat. There were several armchairs and a couch around a large hooked rug. He sat down on the couch facing the chair in which Eve had been reading and enjoyed the sudden lift in his spirits. It was as though a pain had abruptly ceased and he was trying to remember the location of his agony.

Eve sat down in her chair, carefully arranging the folds of her skirt while she waited for him to speak. Her cheeks were flushed but her eyes retained their soberness.

"There's no point in looking at me that way," Scott said helplessly. "I don't know why I came except that I always come to you, I find."

Her eyes looked at him searchingly, and then glanced away as though something had caught her attention. The light from the lamp showed a pulse beat fluttering in her neck.

Scott had never been in her apartment before, yet he found a feeling of familiarity, as though he had come back to something he had missed for a long time. After a moment,



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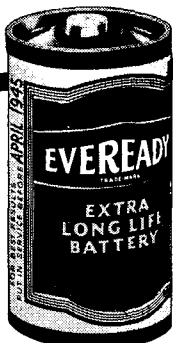


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## A Man's Castle

Continued from page 32

There was about him, from his wide and jovial face and his bright, strong teeth, an air of habitual good nature; and so they waited, ready to smile.

Madigan said, "I buried my mother this morning."

The women's breath came in through their teeth with surprise, pulling upon the silence. Then Mrs. Delehanty said, "Oh, the poor thing!"

Mary Ellen came to him and put her hand on his cheek. "Oh, James!" she said. "I'm so sorry, dear."

Mrs. Delehanty said, "When did the poor thing pass away, Mr. Madigan?"

"Last Wednesday," Madigan said. "She died last Wednesday."

"Oh, James," Mary Ellen said. "Poor James. Why didn't you let me know?"

"What for?" Madigan said. And before she could answer: "How about that strawberry festival at the Methodist church tonight?"

"Oh, no," Mary Ellen said. "What would people think? Besides, we're waiting for Pa." She looked at her mother. "Maybe that'll cheer James up, when Pa comes home."

"If there's anything we can do—" Mrs. Delehanty said, and went into the house.

MARY ELLEN moved a chair close. "Poor James," she said, and took his hand. It was not the hand of a gambling man, for it was broad and square, and the fingers were thick with power. "Poor James. It must have been a shock."

"No," he said. "I knew she was dyin'."

"I'll bet," Mary Ellen said, "that you've been drinking since Wednesday."

"No," he said. "No use; people won't fight with a man who's just buried his mother." He seemed to be laughing; for his eyes were always narrowed at the corners, and that gave them a small and merry look. "I only drink for fightin'."

"Why, James," she said, "fighting's so childish."

"Without a reason, it is," he said. "And a man my size can't always find a reason. But you can blame anything on whisky."

"That's disgraceful," Mary Ellen said. "Brawling like a lumberjack."

"A fight's good for a man," Madigan said. "It sweats out his troubles and loosens him up."

"Well, don't you get acting up in Crystal Falls," Mary Ellen said, and she shook her finger playfully, "or people will talk. If you want something to take up your mind, maybe you could go downtown after Pa comes home and get in a game."

"Wouldn't people talk?"

"They talk in a different way," she said, "when you make money out of something."

"I don't know exactly what I did come over here for," Madigan said, "but it wasn't for cards."

"All right," Mary Ellen said. "I'm just trying to help you."

"Yes," Madigan said, "I suppose you are."

For a little while they sat in silence, and then Madigan said, "Is that your father, down the street?"

"Where?" Mary Ellen said, and sat up. "That's Pa," she said. "And he's tipsy. He's more fun when he's tipsy."

Coming up the walk Tom Delehanty didn't look like his usual self. He had his shoulders back and he swung his arms. He took the porch steps in two springs. Then he stopped. "Who's that?" he said. "That Madigan?"

"Why, of course," Mary Ellen said. "Who else would it be?"

"Madigan," Delehanty said. "C'mon in, Madigan, an' I'll show you a man who's boss of his house."

"Pa!" Mary Ellen said. "Pa!" Delehanty ignored her. "Where's Paddy?" he said. "Where's my boy Paddy?"

"He's waiting for you," Mary Ellen said. "He's playing out in back."

"Call him," Delehanty said. "Call him into the kitchen." And he gave the screen door a heave and swaggered through.

Mrs. Delehanty sat at the scrubbed pine

table, waiting in the kitchen that was full of a bright and yellow light from the ceiling drop cord, and still full of a dry and burning heat from the supper fire. Outside, in the thickening dark, the bugs poked against the screens, fluttered against the windowpanes, trying to get in, too.

With great courtliness, Tom Delehanty said, "Good evening, Mrs. Delehanty, my dear." And he took her hand and bent over it.

"Tom!" Mrs. Delehanty said. "Mr. Madigan's here."

"To hell with Mr. Madigan!" Delehanty said, and he kissed her hand. "Now, Mrs. Delehanty, a glass of water, if you please. One of your best cut-glass goblets, if you please."

Feet slapped on the porch, and little Paddy stuck his frowzy head in the door. "Pa," he said, his little baby's mouth twisted with seriousness. "Pa, Jimmy an' Annie's scared to come in."

"That's the Nadeau children," Mary Ellen said. "Send them home, Paddy. It's too late for them to be out."

"You shut up," Delehanty said. "Kids need a man's company, too—more than a woman does, maybe."

"If you're talkin' about Belle Nadeau needing company," Mrs. Delehanty said, "don't go gettin' ideas—not at your age."

"Never a woman but thinks the worst of another," Delehanty said, "an' especially of a widow. As for ideas, Mrs. Delehanty, I got lots of 'em—an' wha'd'ye think of that, Mrs. Delehanty? Though Belle Nadeau ain't among 'em."

Mary Ellen looked up at Madigan where he leaned in the doorway; and she giggled to show it was all in fun.

Delehanty said, "Bring them kids in, Paddy."

Little Paddy put his face to the screen and said, "C'mon in, kids," coaxingly yet importantly.

Slowly, the two Nadeau children eased out of the dark and through the door and stood uneasily just inside. They were dark little kids, like their mother, a boy and a girl, a little older than Paddy, neat in apron and overalls, but shy and stiff with politeness.

DELEHANTY sat himself down at the table, pulled a bottle from his pocket, set that on the table and put his hands squarely on his knees. "Paddy," he said, and glared at his son. "Who's boss of this house tonight?"

Paddy said, grinning, "You, Pa."

"Who else, Paddy?"

"Me."

"Paddy," Delehanty said, "come kiss your father."

And obediently little Paddy, coming close, stretched upward and kissed him sloppily somewhere between the nose and the corner of the mouth.

"Now!" Delehanty said, and he hauled Paddy around to his side. "Now, Jimmy an' Annie, it's your turn."

But the kids just looked at him. They looked at each other—and they hung back from kissing him.

"All right," Delehanty said agreeably. "Then watch this, kids." Slowly, his eyes on them, he reached up and caught his front teeth between thumb and forefinger.

Little Paddy stood at his knee, important as a man with a trained dog. "Watch now," he said. "You watch now."

Dramatically, in three motions, Delehanty pulled out his upper plate. He set it in the goblet on the table. "There!" he said, and laughed, stretching his mouth wide. "There! That feels better, eh?"

"There!" little Paddy said triumphantly.

The kids started to laugh. They looked at each other and at the teeth grinning lopsidedly at them from Mrs. Delehanty's best cut-glass goblet, and they laughed harder. "Do it again," they said.

"Sure," Delehanty said, and he grabbed his lower plate. The kids came a step closer, watching goggle-eyed. "Do it over," they said. "Do it over, Mr. Delehanty."



"By golly," Delehanty said, "I like you. Here, take some money."

Grunting, he got his hand into his pocket and pulled out a handful of pennies and nickels.

"C'mon," little Paddy urged them, very proud and possessive.

"Pa," said Mary Ellen. "Don't be foolish."

"Take 'em," Delehanty said, and pushed the coins into the kids' pockets. "Now, come kiss me."

This time the kids stretched up and kissed him, one on either cheek. "God bless ye," said Delehanty, and he grabbed one in each arm. "Oh, God bless ye, ye little darlin's. Madigan! Take these darlin's on yer lap."

"You keep 'em," Madigan said. "You've had kids of your own to practice on."

"To a man of good heart," Delehanty said, "kids are kids, his own or another's. Sit yer-self down."

"Pa," Mary Ellen said, "James doesn't like children."

"When he's in my house," Delehanty said, "I'll tell him what he likes."

SO MADIGAN sat there with a child on either leg, holding them gingerly in the circle of his big arms while they watched and listened to Delehanty—who was quite a man when he'd floated his worries and put them in the cut-glass goblet along with his teeth. He could sing a little, dance a little, and wrestle little Paddy. And this he did, while Madigan and the two women watched.

For the Nadeau kids it was a circus, and a new thing in their lives. And little Paddy was big and important because the circus was his father, and he owned him and could roll him on the floor. Finally, the little Nadeau boy got down off Madigan's lap and joined the two on the floor; and then the little girl followed. But they treated Proprietor Paddy with respect, for they felt they were there on sufferance.

"Madigan," Delehanty said, "they're too much for me. Gimme help."

"James," Mary Ellen said. "Never mind. James. Ma, it's time those kids went home."

"Tom!" Mrs. Delehanty said.

"Be still," Delehanty told her. "You're not due to start bossing till tomorrow, along with the hang-over."

"Children," Mrs. Delehanty said, "you'd better go home now." And the Nadeau kids straightened and became polite and stiff again. They eased toward the door, wanting to go but not quite sure how to break away.

Madigan said, "I'll walk you home, kids."

Mary Ellen looked at him. "I'll get my hat," she said. "And then you can take me down to the ice-cream parlor. The fun's over here, anyway."

The Nadeaus lived in a little house beyond Schuyler's. On the gate was a sign: Dress-maker. From the front door, yellow light laid itself outward across the porch and along the planks of the yard walk; and sliding along that light was the hum of a sewing machine.

Up into the light the kids ran as though up a path, hollering, "Ma! Mr. Delehanty had a bottle, Ma. An' we got company, Ma."

The sewing machine stopped, and Belle Nadeau came to the door. "Ma!" the kids said. "Ma. . . ." But she kept her face and attention turned from them, only shushing them with a hand under each chin.

"Come in," she said over their heads, and pushed the screen door outward.

As Madigan caught the door's edge, she smiled at him with her eyes, but not directly, for they had not been introduced. She led the way into the parlor where, for greater coolness, the sewing machine was opened, close by the bulbous and fancily shaded kerosene lamp on the table.

"We can't sit down," Mary Ellen said. "Mrs. Nadeau, I'd like to present Mr. Madigan."

Quite formally, Belle Nadeau said, "How do you do, Mr. Madigan?"

"Mr. Madigan's mother," said Mary Ellen, "passed away last Wednesday."

Quickly, Belle Nadeau looked at Mary Ellen, and then her dark eyes turned to Madigan. She said simply, "God rest her!" Her eyes were clear and open, without the fuzziness of a conventional expression of sorrow. And Madigan nodded in what might have been an Amen or a "Thank you."

The kids said, "Lookit the money, Ma. Mr. Delehanty had a bottle party. And he kissed us, too, Ma."

The little boy jerked at his mother's full skirt until she stooped to his level. "Like this, Ma," he said. "Mr. Delehanty kissed us like this." And he plastered a kiss upon her, so loose and wet that the mark of it glistened, a high light on her cheek. He looked at Madigan. "He didn't kiss us, though."

"Yes, he did," the little girl said. "He kissed me, Ma." And she laughed. "Look, Ma. This's how he kisses, Ma. It's very funny." She puckered her face, screwing and tightening her lips like a parsimonious spinster. "There, Ma! That's how he kisses."

Belle Nadeau looked at Madigan, laugh-



"He says you can't talk that way around here!"

P.V.T. BANDEL LINN

**SILVER STANDARD**

So rich, so precious, so distinctive, Swank Sterling is jewelry of heirloom quality. Handsomely styled, in the best traditions of fine silversmithing. Gift packaged.

Key chain \$5, links \$3.50, tie clip \$2.50, collar holder \$1.





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Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is unavailable when you ask for him...ask again soon.



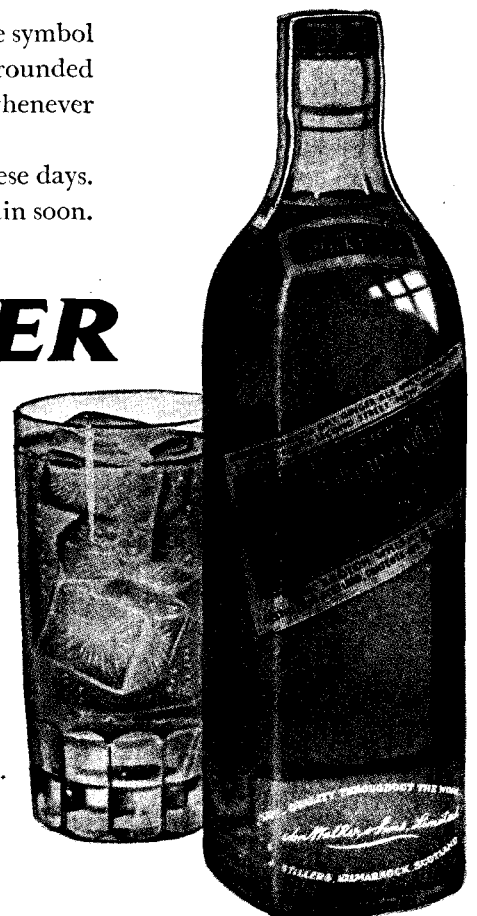
# **JOHNNIE WALKER**

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BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



ing. There was no glistening high light on the cheek Annie had kissed.

The boy said, "Well, he didn't give us any money, anyway."

"No," Madigan said. "It wasn't my show." The little girl said, "We don't care. We like you, anyway."

"We've got to go," Mary Ellen said, and turned away.

"You'll come again, won't you?" Belle Nadeau said.

They were halfway down the block before Mary Ellen spoke. "I didn't see you kiss her," she said.

"I sneaked it in," Madigan said, and chuckled.

"And now," said Mary Ellen, "I suppose you're thinking of sneaking back there? If anyone ever got an invitation, you did. And it wasn't from little Annie, either."

"Don't misread the cards," Madigan said. "You can't make an ace out of a deuce by holding a thumb over one pip."

"Don't think I'm jealous of her," Mary Ellen said, "for I'm not. But she's had her chance, and . . . James, are you listening?"

"No," Madigan said.

Over to the right, an engine whistled, soft and distant in the night.

"That's a switch engine," Madigan said. "They're tryin' the air on the Tobin transfer."

In those days, Main Street was dark of nights except for the subdued shine of light over the curtains of the saloons and the carbon-arc lights spaced at the intersections all down the hill, soft white cones of light marking off the peopled shadows.

Tonight there were men on the streets, and men only at this hour, moving thinly in the shadows between saloons, standing in globs before them. And as Madigan and Mary Ellen passed, they stepped aside, raising their hats in silence. They were proper and polite enough, yet the feel and the smell of whisky came from them, and a girl could feel their eyes and their thoughts upon her from the shadows, following her as she passed.

SHE and James walked down the sharp pitch at the railroad crossing, and had their ice cream at Pinterelli's Candy Store and Ice Cream Parlor. As they came out and started home, that engine whistled again, coming down the sidehill, close now so they could hear the squealing of wheels and brakes and the engine's breathy panting.

Before them, the headlight's beam shoved across the street, moving like a thickening bar sliding solidly into place. A lantern danced alongside the engine's black bulk, and a switchman walked into the light, bandanna around his neck, overalls bound tight at the ankle. He said, "Evenin', Jim," with the calm of a railroad man likely to meet friends anywhere; and he raised his hat, looking at Mary Ellen. He said, "I'll buy her from you."

"I'll think it over," Madigan said. "But she's not trained."

"Well!" Mary Ellen said.

The switchman swung his lantern, and the engine sighed gustily and slipped down over the crossing. Out of the passing cab, full of the dark smoky red and yellow gleam of the firebox, the engineer leaned, waving. The cars, humped with iron ore, went by with powerful, squealing noise, bulky and alive and angry in the night. The switchman on the hind car waved his lantern.

"Fresh things!" Mary Ellen said. "Railroad men are so conceited."

"They like their jobs," Madigan said. "They're proud of themselves."

"Poof!" Mary Ellen said. "Two dollars and ten cents a day."

"It's a man's work," Madigan said.

Mary Ellen said, "They're too fresh."

"That was Frank Gaudin," Madigan said. "He can't help bein' fresh." When they had reached the Delehanty gate, he said, "He'll give me an apology for you—he's used to apologizin'."

"Why, James," Mary Ellen said. "Never mind that. Come in."

"Thanks," Madigan said. "Not tonight."

"I suppose," Mary Ellen said, "that you noticed the light in Nadeau's."

"No; I figure on looking up Gaudin," Madigan said.

"Why, James," she said. "Never mind, James. I don't mind, really."

"I know you don't," Madigan said.

"Then," Mary Ellen said, "you're just going to look for a fight."

"I wouldn't fight with Gaudin," he said. He stood there with his hands on the gate, looking at her. "Quite a few times I've brought you home, Mary Ellen, and I've never kissed you."

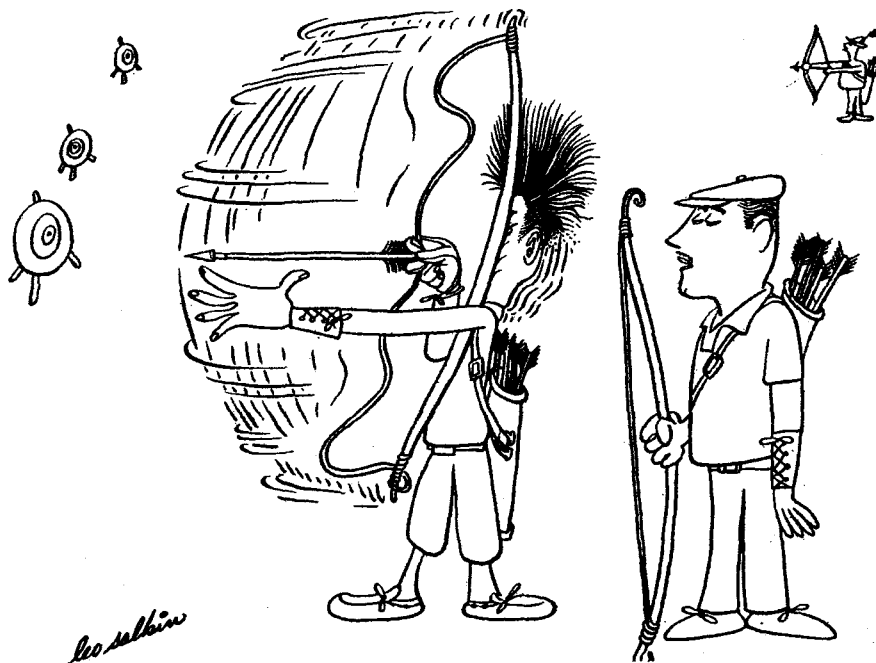
"It's not my fault," she said. "But don't get mushy now. The neighbors'll be looking."

"I wasn't going to," he said. "Good night."

She looked up at him through the dark, trying to see his face. "Good night, James," she said. "Meet me after Mass." She laid her hand on his arm, then, looking up into his face: "I want everyone to see you waiting for me."

SINCE first she'd known Madigan, and before, too, Mary Ellen had heard tales of his drinking and his brawling. But never had she got the details so fresh and hot as she got them that Sunday morning.

She came walking down toward the Schuyler's house, as every Sunday, pretty and fresh in her white dress, dainty of step and of hand, holding her skirt modestly up from her ankles when she came to a crossing.



COLLIER'S

"No, no! Hold on to the bow and release the string!"

LEO SALKIN

The two Schuyler girls were waiting, as usual, sitting very straight on their wicker chairs to keep from crushing their sashes, and when they saw Mary Ellen they came out hurriedly. "Oh, Mary Ellen," they said, "you poor thing. We just hate him for you."

"What did he do?" Mary Ellen asked.

"Why, he was fighting," the Schuyler girls said. "Why, he spent the night in jail. We think it's disgraceful that he could go from your house straight to that dirty old saloon. Everybody's talking and saying it's an insult to you, Mary Ellen."

"Oh, are they?" Mary Ellen said. "Now, are they?"

Madigan was waiting for her after Mass, cigar up-cocked in his teeth and his black hat under his arm. And the marks of the night were on him. She saw him as she came out the door with the crush of people, but she was very, very busy talking to the girls.

Then Mrs. Nadeau came out, her two children walking ahead of her, very stiff and pious in their Sunday clothes. They grinned at Madigan and came toward him. Annie said, "Good morning," and stood looking up at him, one hand flat on the crown of her wide straw hat, holding it on her head.

"Good morning," Madigan said, and took the cigar from his mouth.

"Nice weather we're having," the little girl said.

"Very nice," Madigan replied.

The little boy said, "What happened to your face?"

"I got in a fight," Madigan said.

"Your clothes are all wrinkled," the little girl said.

"I slept in jail," Madigan said.

"Did you lick him?" the little boy wanted to know.

"It was them," Madigan said. "I think it was the town's ball team."

"Gee!" the boy said. "Say, which way you goin'?"

"Up your way."

"All right," the boy said. "I'll walk with you."

Mary Ellen came close then, and Madigan, looking over the boy's head, said, "Good mornin', Mary Ellen."

Mary Ellen gave a start, a very obvious start of surprise. She looked at Madigan. She said, "Humph!" louder than necessary, and then: "I wonder that you dare speak to me, Mr. Madigan. Please don't speak to me."

"All right," Madigan said.

People heard Mary Ellen's words, as she intended, and saw the toss of her head as she turned away. Their attention concentrated on that spot, with little sidelong looks from under hatbrims. The children felt those looks. The little girl said, "You can walk with us, Mr. Madigan."

Madigan looked over at Belle Nadeau, standing a little distance off, and she smiled and nodded. So he walked with them. And

"Some," Madigan said. "But not much."

"Then come in," Delehanty said, "and get used to the woodshed, and let little Paddy comfort us both. There's comfort in children when a man has trouble. There's comfort in women, too," he added meditatively, "if a man ain't married to 'em."

Little Paddy squeezed past Madigan and sat down beside his father.

Delehanty said, "Paddy, what color horse you want when we go out West?"

"The same as you," Paddy said. "Then we'll be just like a team."

"God bless ye," Delehanty said, and he put his arm around the lad. "D'ye see what I mean about comfort, Madigan?"

"I see," Madigan said. "But I'll get my own comfort. Where's that bottle you had?"

"In the house," Delehanty said, "an' there it'll stay, for I don't dast go in. It cost me two feather boas an' two hats just for the mouthful of coffee I had for breakfast."

"I'll get it," Madigan said and walked away.

From the woodshed door, Delehanty watched him up the path.

As Madigan put foot to the back porch steps, Mary Ellen opened the door. "Well!" she said, as though the words had been waiting, "It's very gentlemanly of you to return just to let me finish talking."

"I came for your father's bottle," Madigan said, "though it's not entirely necessary."

"You can't have it!" she said. "Whisky! And I should think you'd be ashamed to go straight from me into that dirty old saloon!"

"I didn't," Madigan said. "I went to the depot first and got a job."

"At two dollars a day?" Mary Ellen demanded. "James! Come back here! Where do you think you're going?"

"Nadeau's," he said over his shoulder, and rounded the corner of the house.

AT HIS knock, Belle Nadeau came to the door. She hesitated when she saw him.

"I'm callin' on your children," Madigan said. "I've no false teeth, but I have some card tricks."

"I know you're just mad at Mary Ellen," she said through the screen. "But there's one thing. . . . I don't want you to misunderstand. . . ." She stood there, half smiling, trying to find words.

"I'm not mad at Mary Ellen," Madigan said. "And I know you're not the hungry widow that women suspect." He smiled, showing his bright strong teeth. "I'm gettin' a gravestone for my mother," he said. "It says: Gone But Not Forgotten. You're tryin' to tell me it's like that with your husband."

"That's it," she said, and she laughed with him. "Come in."

And then she stopped with the door half open and looked past him at Mary Ellen coming down the block, her arm held stiff at her side, crooked.

Mary Ellen's heels were sharp on the planks in the Sunday quiet; she came in the gate and stopped at the porch steps, looking up at them. She said suddenly, "Pa says this is the mark of a party," and she took the whisky bottle from under her arm where she'd carried it hidden. "Though I don't know what you're over here for, James."

His mouth was soft and laughing when he looked at her. "I've no children of my own," he said. "And kids are kids."

"I'd like to stay," Mary Ellen said. "I'll sit quiet, just like Ma always does."

He laughed aloud and he took her hand. "Just like your mother!" he said. "God knows the truth's in that! I can see your mind workin'—but I don't take kindly to woodsheds, Mary Ellen."

"I don't understand," she said.

"You understand, all right," he said, "but you don't believe me. You'll spend the rest of your life tryin' to put me in the woodshed." Still holding Mary Ellen's hand, he looked over his shoulder at Belle Nadeau. "Did you use this come-hither-go-thither-be-damned-to-you stuff on your husband?"

Belle Nadeau said, "Of course." And they laughed together, for with only friendliness between them, there was room for honesty.

Mary Ellen watched them with that sharpness in her eyes; but she said nothing, biding her time.

THE END

Collier's for November 25, 1944

51





"Turkey Nutritionist" Dr. J. N. Thompson grades and candles turkey eggs used for incubation purposes

These prolific and well-balanced Broad Breasted Bronze breeding toms have unusual style, carriage and symmetry

Oven-ready, this turkey hen weighs 19 3/4 pounds, having lost only 2 1/4 pounds of her live weight

## More White Meat, Please!

BY GURNEY WILLIAMS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

If you have no particular fondness for a gobbler's dark meat, the new Broad Breasted Bronze is the bird for you



ONCE upon a time, a turkey that weighed forty-five pounds and had practically all white meat except for the legs might have been gobbaloney or the pleasant nightmare of a G.I. on K-rations, but it is now an established fact at the Agricultural Experiment Station of Texas A. & M. College, where a lot of turkey improvement work is going on.

For nearly four years, "Turkey Nutritionist" Doctor J. N. Thompson has been developing a balanced and prolific type of Broad Breasted Bronze, a gobbler made up of about 70 per cent white meat, yet which is able to carry itself as well as the common turkey. Furthermore, it can reproduce, an ability other heavy-fleshed strains do not have.

When experiments for this utopian bird got under way in 1941, Doctor Thompson collected, from all over the country, the best eggs money could buy. He discarded about 90 per cent of the turkeys from sixty blood lines until he found individual birds that could contribute valuable body characteristics to this new type. The original strain had many common defects: There were turkeys that lurched drunkenly under the added weight at the wrong part of the body; those that had large bones too difficult to cover with flesh; those with legs attached too far to the rear of the body, and those that had bones too small to carry a desirable amount of meat.

The Broad Breasted Bronze developed at the Texas Agricultural Experiment Station is a magnificent creature in its bronze-tinted feathers, but it is even more terrific when dressed for the oven. The outstanding characteristic is its shape: very compact and more or less rectangular. You can't see the customary "keel"—that strip of bone Pop straddles with a carving fork as he hacks off the slices of white meat on Thanksgiving Day. So heavily fleshed are these gobblers that the breastbone is sunk between two great mounds of white meat—enough even for Willie, who, like all the other American Willies of the past 323 years, may not be so fond of the "drumstick" as he is supposed to be.

For the benefit of those who never see a turkey until it is surrounded by mashed potatoes, gravy and cranberry sauce, here are some of the facts of life. Mature turkeys won't mate or lay until they have had a few weeks of warm, bright, sunny weather, but artificially lighting turkeys confined in breeding houses with a few 25-watt bulbs provides enough stimulus for early winter reproduction purposes. Although toms aren't fertile during real hot weather, because of general sluggishness, Doctor Thompson believes air conditioning could make turkey raising an all-year-round job. As it is, raisers are busiest during March, April, May and June; the first two months for the Thanksgiving trade, the second two for the Christmas market.

On only seven and a half acres, at College

Station, Doctor Thompson and his full-time helpers take care of 1,000 growing gobblers. He has eight turkey matings for his special breeding program—16 hens and one tom to each mating. The poults (offspring) are kept confined during a ten-week starting period and are permitted to stuff themselves on a special diet. The food for mature breeding birds also is carefully controlled by the turkey nutritionist, who can tell just by looking at the texture of an eggshell whether there is a nutrition deficiency.

Besides a precise diet, Doctor Thompson insists upon range shelter protection for the growing turkeys over ten weeks old. The result was a mortality rate of only two out of 850 turkeys on the range last year, and this without the use of a medicine cabinet.

Doctor Thompson's gobblers are worth from nine to ten dollars each on the hoof for market purposes and the best grade of breeding toms sell for \$45 each. One egg sells for 30 cents to a dollar to turkey raisers. A 16- to 19-pound hen weighs from 13 to 16 pounds, dressed; toms run from 22 to 26 pounds, minus feathers and internal works. Larger year-old birds of this variety, such as that 45-pounder, are not uncommon, but they won't fit into any but a hotel or restaurant oven. However, they can be halved, quartered or cut into small pieces for the deep-freeze locker.

### There's Money in It

If you're interested in cultivating a few turkeys in your back yard, Doctor Thompson assures you that six of them, averaging 25 pounds of meat each, can be raised in a pen 14 feet square. However, the ground must be clean and previously unused by chickens. Getting down to financial details, the young turkey-research man cites the example of the Broad Breasted Bronze raiser who put \$2,500 into a turkey laying house and paid off the whole investment through the sale of hatching eggs before the season was two thirds over.

If, however, you want only to lug home one of these beautiful birds for next week's gastronomic orgy, you'll have to do some tall hunting, because this new strain has not yet been developed to the point of supplying a big market. This year, especially, you'll be lucky to get a turkey of any sort because our Armed Forces overseas got the pick—some 60,000,000 pounds—of the 1944 turkey crop. Like other postwar miracles, though, these finer turkeys are on the way also.

Meanwhile, another type of investigation at the Texas Experiment Station has shown that, by changing the nature of the feed, turkeys can be made to develop flesh that differs considerably in flavor. You can have them. We'll stick to turkeys that taste as nature intends them to taste. ★★★



# Proof of the pudding

*You've got the right idea, Son! The way to tell if anything's good is to try it. That's what we do—and here's how it has proved its worth.*

Plenty of new devices and products look good—on the blueprints.

But our engineers have always been just hard-boiled enough about our products to give them the final, conclusive check of actual field trials.

That's why, long ago, General Motors built the first automotive Proving Ground as a real aid in making more and better things for more people.

It's a 1245-acre outdoor laboratory—laced with miles of all kinds of roads and

crowded with driving hazards. Cobblestones, grades, curves, bumps—everything here to show up a weakness or to prove a strength. Millions of test miles were run every year to improve your car.

Then everything changed—literally with a bang! New war machines appeared, all in need of tests that might mean everything to our fighting men. And the Proving Ground was right there ready to try them out.

If you could visit the General Motors Proving Ground today, you would see tanks standing on their heads, half-tracks slewed around at impossible angles, strange vehicles of war speeding waist-high through flying

water. They are proving their good points, and showing up the bugs that might cause trouble to American fighters.

Here is a pressing wartime need met fully because of peacetime enterprise. It was possible because, in our country, men are justly rewarded for such enterprise.

This idea helped make America great, good to live in, good to bring up a family in. It proved its worth in war. And it will produce more and better things for more people as time goes on.

## GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC  
BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE • GMC TRUCK AND COACH

Every Sunday Afternoon  
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR  
NBC Network

**KEEP AMERICA STRONG**



**Buy More War Bonds**





# A Texan in King Michael's Court

Continued from page 17

little careless about nonmilitary objectives. I said to her, "This town is a military objective, and the flak is bad. When a plane gets hit, it can't always be as accurate as it wants to be, and then there's the artificial fog."

The queen nodded sadly and said, "Yes, I know; but that's something we can't help." She meant the Germans, and we let it go at that.

The Rumanians had a conviction that our bombers could hit a barrel at 25,000 feet, but I wasn't so sure, and I tell you we had some bad moments ourselves, we American prisoners, when our planes came over. We'd lie there in bed and look up and think, "Buddy, I hope you got your orders just right."

What really convinced the Ploesti people was a raid which did a great deal of damage to civilians. They found out that their shelters weren't much good and conceived the idea of going into a big sewer. That was all right, but somebody forgot to put the cover on the manhole, and one of our bombs hit right smack in it and about 150 people were killed. It wouldn't happen again in a million years, but after that, you couldn't make them believe that we couldn't hit a barrel at 25,000 feet.

I was getting along all right with the king because he could really talk when it came to guns and automobiles, and that was right down my alley. He certainly wasn't a slow Joe on machinery and we had a long talk on our planes. The Rumanians had captured one of our B-24s after a raid, and the king had flown it, and he thought it was a great ship.

On one of our raids they brought a kid named Jack Williams, of Pontiac, Ill., into the police station at Ploesti and pretty soon the king popped in to see him. Jack still had his .45 with him, and the king looked at it longingly and said, "I wonder if you would mind giving me your gun?" That's putting it pretty nice; he wondered if Jack would mind. It didn't make a damn' bit of difference whether Jack minded or not, but it was a nice gesture; Jack handed over the gun.

About this time I got to know a great deal about the Rumanian Maquis. They had the same name as the French because Rumania has always been closely allied with France in feeling, and Bucharest is sometimes called Little Paris.

## Royalty Receives Its Orders

After I'd had the eight visits from Queen Helen, a change came and I didn't see her again. This happened after Michael went into Bucharest one day from their summer home at Siniai and protested against the treatment of American prisoners at a hospital. He got a bad bawling-out from his uncle for fraternizing with Americans and was ordered to stay at Siniai unless given permission to leave. But the queen wrote me several notes and signed them "The Tudor Wench." I didn't know what that meant, so she sent me a book of that same name to make it clear to me. It was about Queen Elizabeth of England.

When she and Michael couldn't come to Ploesti, Doctor Petrescu went up to see them. For a long time there had been rumors of the Russian advance, and Doctor Petrescu told me the queen was afraid that if the Russians got close, the Germans might kill me or take me off to Germany. As a matter of fact, the queen was very much afraid of the Russians.

I want to get in something here about Doctor Petrescu because he was a great man. Our bombings damaged his hospital, destroyed his two homes, and he was hurt himself with a head wound, one hand fractured and the other burned. His old mother died of shock during one of the bombings, and I hurried around as best I could on my one leg to see him and tell him that the bombing was a mistake. I found him looking for me to tell me he understood that the Americans didn't mean to hurt civilians.

We were later moved to Timish which was like any other prison camp except that

it was near the border, and we were always afraid the Germans might decide to grab us. We knew all about the fifty Allied fliers who had been shot in Germany and we certainly sweated it out thinking about it. The Rumanians decided we'd be safer in Bucharest and moved us to the Queen Elizabeth Hospital there.

All this time I knew something was cooking but I couldn't be sure what it was until one night I heard the radio blaring in the next building and I heard the king's voice. I knew a little Rumanian by now but it was only when I heard Petrescu's name mentioned that I realized the king was announcing the armistice. It turned out to be not our Petrescu, but it certainly was the armistice, and then our troubles really started.

The very next morning the German planes came out and hovered over the city like vultures just as if they were looking at nice spots to hit. The king must have known they were going to smack us because he fled away in a hurry to a hiding place in the country.

As for us, the officers and badly wounded

been hit and two of these buildings were on fire.

I asked later how many had been killed in Bucharest, and nobody knew. I'd say, "Five thousand?" and they'd say, "Oh, more than that." It must have been around 15,000 but I don't suppose they'll ever know.

We'd lie down there in the cellar when the bombs hit and look up at the walls where the bricks were falling out and wonder whether this was the time the building was coming down on us. The dirty scutters really laid it on us, and we sweated it out as we never did before.

Finally, it was too much for us. The wounded guys were lying on nothing but mattresses, there were no doctors, their bandages weren't being changed, and the rats were threatening to eat us up. I went over to the building where the enlisted men had been before and found only one fellow there, Sergeant Culver, who had stayed behind to look after the things the men had left. He went over to the Adipost, asked for volunteers among our men, and a whole raft of them soon showed up. They carried the

the grassy part of the circle were slit trenches where the people had gone for safety. The buildings hadn't been touched but those trenches had been blasted out of the ground. How many had been killed there, I don't know, but it was plenty. Then we went out to the airport where our guys had got in their work. There may be better examples of precision bombing in the world, but I'll want to see it. From 25,000 feet our bombers had destroyed 95 per cent of everything inside a 1,000-foot area. It happened that that thousand feet held everything the Germans had. We wiped out about 400 trucks, a thousand vehicles, a lot of planes and killed practically all their personnel. There was a road going through the field, and our guys never once hit it. It was like making a line with a sharp knife. The bombs hit just what they wanted to hit and spared what they wanted to save.

## A Sight for the Homesick

Things were better after that, but all the kindness of the Rumanians couldn't make up for the fact that we wanted to get away. What really got us good and homesick was the Russians marching in. When you once get a look at them you understand why the Germans turn pale when you mention them; they certainly were a tough-looking bunch of hombres. But what really got us was the Russian equipment. It was all American—jeeps, tanks, trucks, half-tracks, and those babies looked as if they knew exactly how to use them.

Pretty soon after that, Lieutenant Colonel James A. Gunn, III, of Kelseyville, California, flew out to Bari with a Rumanian pilot and arranged for planes to take us out. He brought Colonel W. R. Lovelace of the Medical Corps back with him to look after our worst wounded and we got ready to leave Rumania. What we had were a bunch of B-17s, and the first day they took out the litter cases (that was September 30, 1944) and the next day the rest of us and the third day the stragglers who had been wandering around Bucharest dodging the German bombs.

When they found we were going, my old Maqui friends came around to make me a proposition. They would give us rifles and submachine guns, and we were to parade to the airport to show the people that the Americans were with them. I thought that over a minute and said no. The Air Force are the worst damn' marchers in the world and right now, in addition, they looked like scarecrows. I had the same uniform I was wounded in and when my leg got shot off, it kinda played hell with my pants, too. If the Rumanians had ever seen that mob marching down the street, they might have thrown themselves back on the Germans for self-protection. Anyhow, we went in busses and got in the B-17s and finally landed in Bari and later were taken to Naples and put on a boat and eventually got home.

I don't want anybody to think I was acting as an American ambassador over there or that I did more than some of the other fellows. It just happened I got in Doctor Petrescu's hospital, and the royal family could visit me there and they couldn't visit the camps for fear of being accused of fraternizing with Americans. They fraternized with me, all right, but I don't imagine they felt anything I could do would change American foreign policy. The point is that they were good and sick of the Germans and were glad of anybody's help to get rid of them.

Just one thing more: I met a Dutch doctor who had been in a German prison camp and he'd met Bader, the famous English ace, there. Bader is the man who flew with two artificial legs. What I'm trying to do is get a chance to fly with one. If you know of any way of putting pressure on the big shots so they'll get me a leg like Bader's and let me get flying again, I'll appreciate it very much. I used to work in my father's shoe store in El Paso but I find that I'm really a flier at heart. I'd like to get back to flying.

THE END



men were in one building and across the street were 600 enlisted men in another building. We called a meeting of the whole group to decide what to do and made every man speak his piece. It was wonderful hearing the good sense those guys had and we were all proud of them. They decided to stay.

It was agreed that the enlisted men should go to what was called the Adipost, a partly finished 13-story building that was to have been a railroad office. You'll never believe me when I tell you, but there were estimated to be at least 100,000 people taking shelter in that building. They were jammed everywhere, and our guys had a terrible time even trying to get in. The wounded had to stay at the hospital, and the only place for them was the cellar and it was awful.

It hadn't been cleaned for years and was overrun by rats as big as dogs; not cats, damn it, dogs. They had claws like a tiger's and walked all over you if you tried to sleep. I tried it and woke up to find one of them gnawing at my artificial leg. I got so mad I forgot all about the bombings—for a minute. It was the most terrible bombing I've ever known. They bombed for two solid days and there was a bomb dropping somewhere every minute.

Seven buildings of our hospital group had

wounded three blocks to the Adipost, with bombs falling all around.

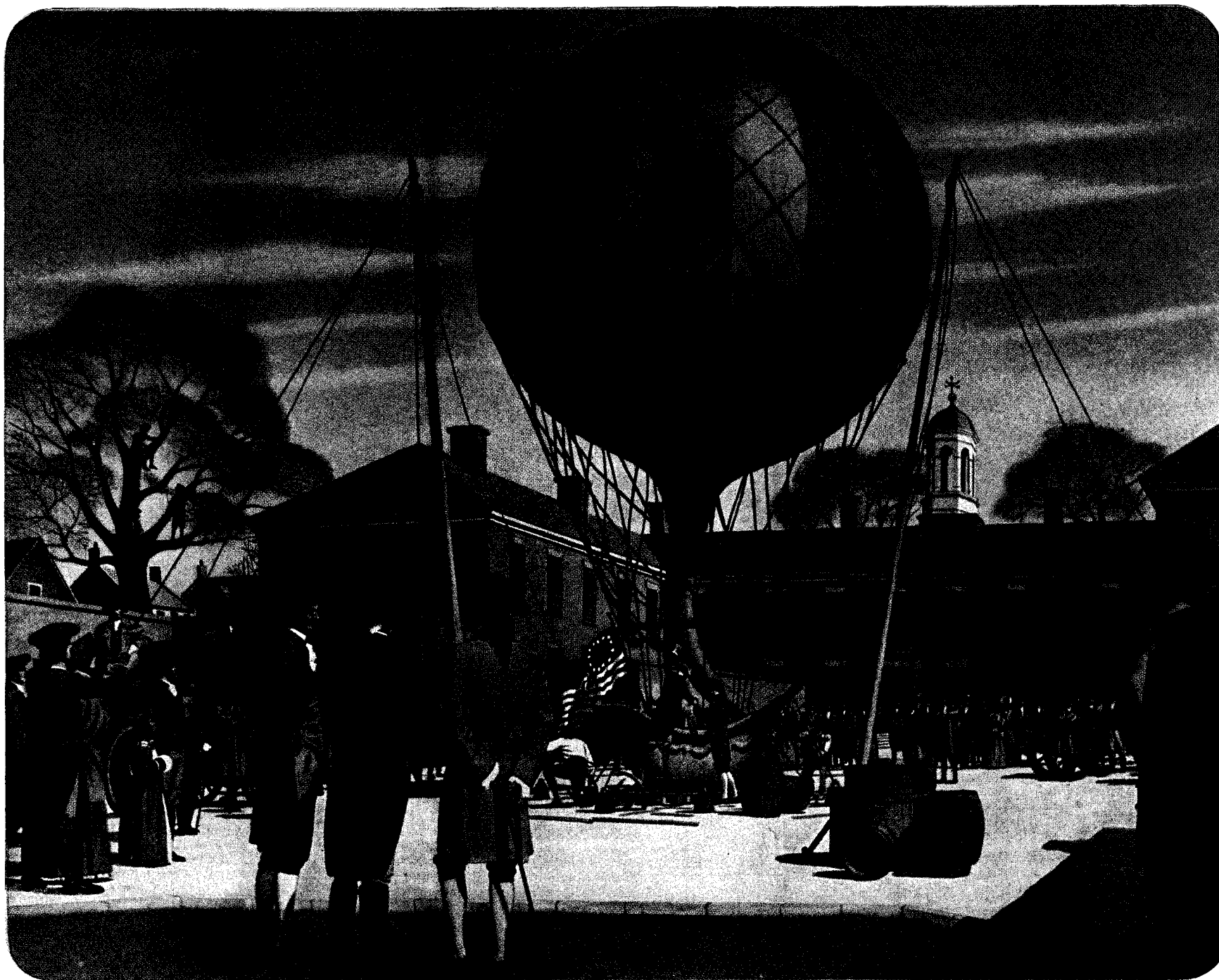
We only lost one man in the two days of bombing and it was a miracle. The Rumanians had cleared a space in a third-floor wing of the Adipost, and a Rumanian colonel insisted that I post sentries at the door so nobody could come in. He told me there had been four plots discovered to blow up the building, and that didn't surprise me a damned bit. The city water supply had been poisoned and we got our water by going back and forth to the hospital where they had their own wells.

## Targets for the Germans

On the third day, the Americans came over and murdered the Germans and that was the end of those scutters in Bucharest. Next day Major Emil Silvan came around in a Rumanian staff car to show me what had been done. The middle of the city was bombed out and the Royal Palace was a mess. What was even worse was the royal shelter, which the Germans knew all about and were determined to get. They got it all right but the king wasn't there.

The worst thing I saw was a circle in the residential district with a row of apartment houses running around the side. In





America's first successful air flight, Philadelphia, January 7, 1793 . . . based on old prints.\*

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WAR HEROES

SINCE 1823



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*Mainstreeter*

CHOICE OF MEN IN BUSINESS  
WHO GET THINGS DONE

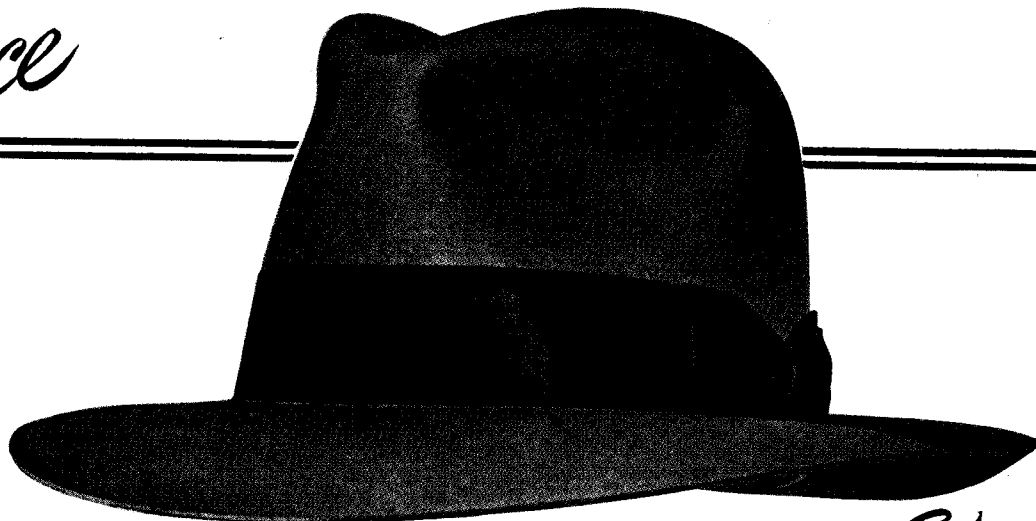
No "fair weather" friend, Mallory's new *Cravanette* processed *Mainstreeter* laughs with you at the weather. For *Cravanette*—an exclusive Mallory feature—means your hat will keep its smart lines, stay fresh and crisp.

It is the perfect hat for *men in business who get things done*. It's a style leader for leaders.

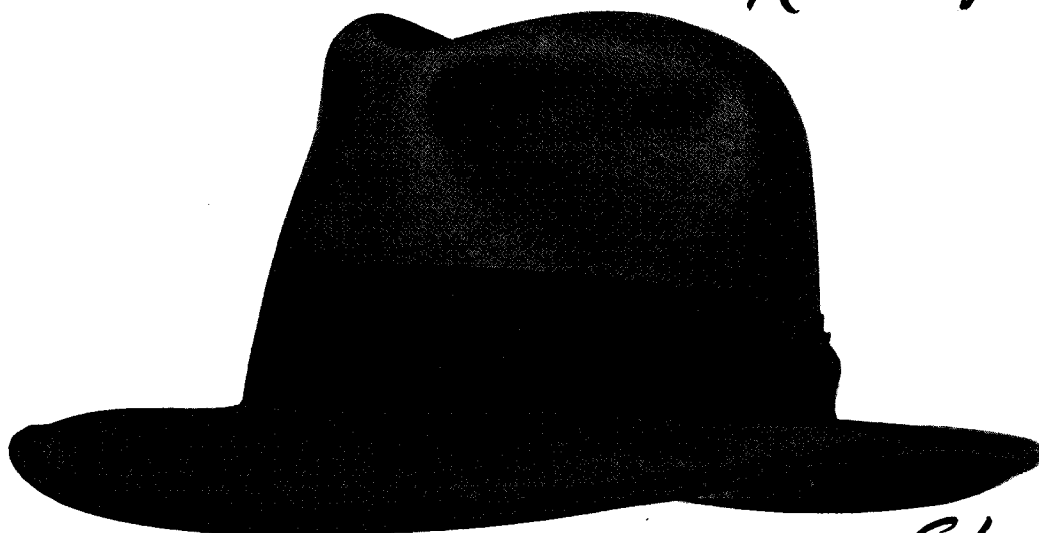
And a special feature of the *Mainstreeter*—for the first time, the hat you want in your choice of 3 brim edges—raw, welt or bound.

Soft, pliant, perfectly proportioned, notice when you try it on how it "fits like a glove". In new Mallory Fall colors . . . . . \$7.50.

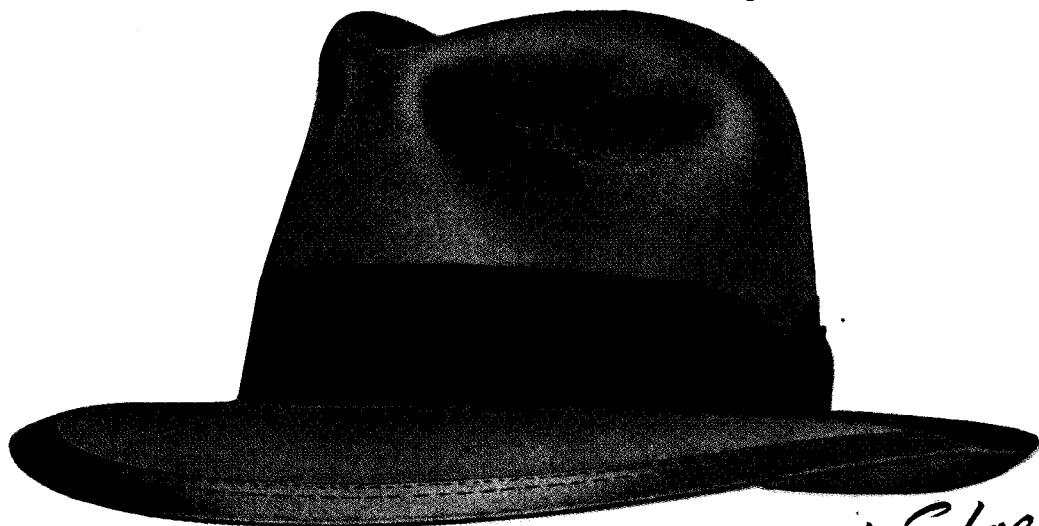
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Buy War Bonds and War  
Stamps to help keep this hat  
in its rightful place, on top!

MALLORY  
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## What We Will Do with Germany

Continued from page 19

all may be anti-Nazi, the overwhelming majority are still essentially Germanic, and Pan-German at that. They damn the Fuehrer, but in the same breath they argue against punitive measures of any kind, saying that the United Nations should adopt a "strategy of mercy," and put trust in the German people's "innate love of liberty."

"Exactly one hundred per cent moonshine," is Cordell Hull's answer to the bland suggestion that "an advisory committee of democratic German exiles" be asked to form a new government for the Reich. Until sound building material can be found and tested, the Secretary and his aides hold that it would be criminal idiocy to recognize or sponsor any German government. Municipal administrations, after thorough purging, can and will be permitted to function.

What else but military occupation can be a cure for German megalomania? The High Command utterly rejects the theory that the German people can be restored to sanity by a mere change in textbooks. The General Staff is a unit in believing that the only system of re-education that holds any promise of regeneration is to face the Germans with a set of hard, unyielding facts. The fact of defeat, the fact that they are *not* a Master Race, and the fact that their boasted in-

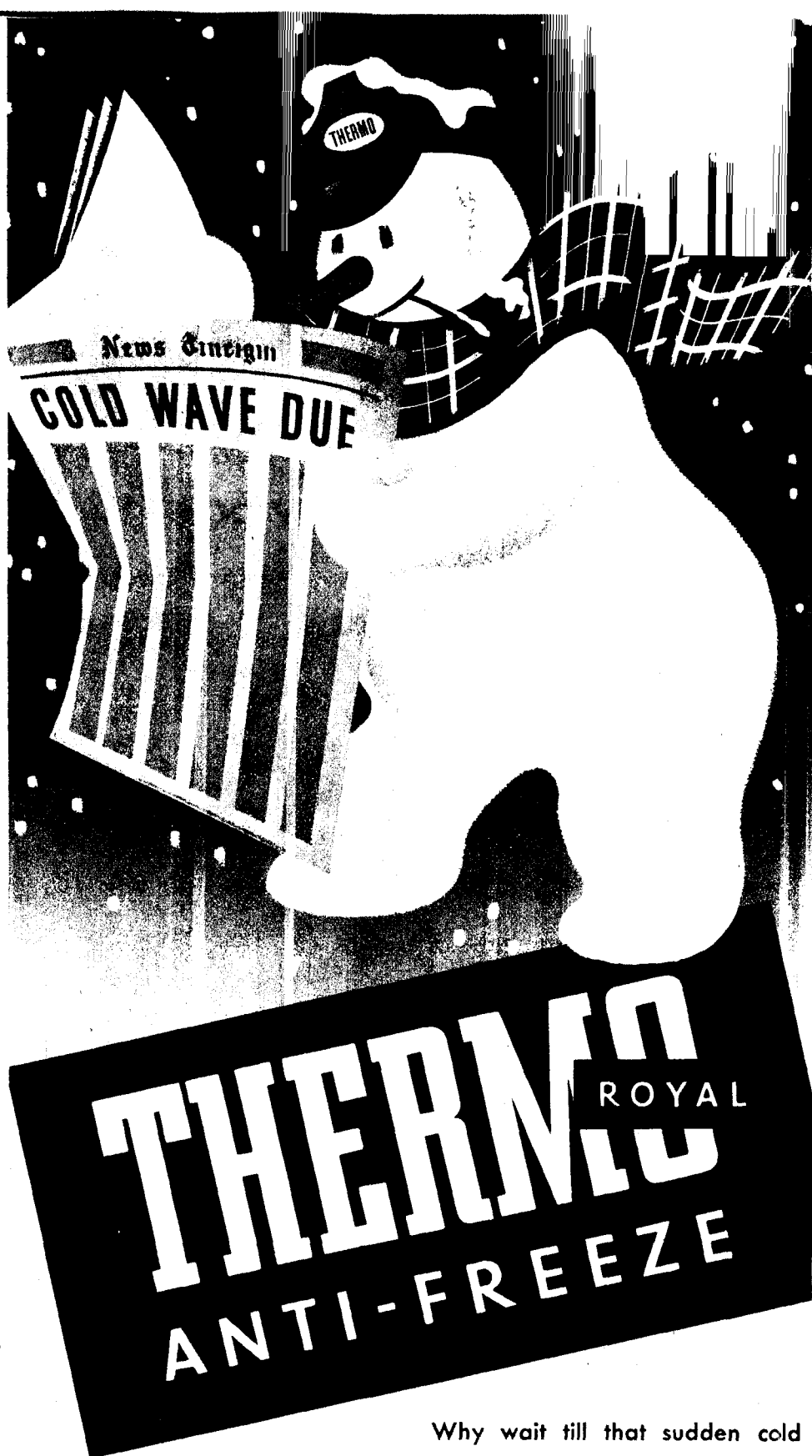
vincibility is a *lie*. Since might is all that they seem capable of understanding, then *show* them might. When Eisenhower announced that American troops entered Germany as "conquerors," the employment of that word was High Command strategy.

The Treaty of Versailles gave Germany the right to maintain an army of 100,000, to keep a certain number of ships and to continue her aviation industry. Before the ink was dry on the armistice, a million young men were training secretly, a navy began to build, armament plants were in secret operation, factories poured out fleets of commercial planes easily convertible to military use.

Secretary Stimson and General Marshall were soldiers who saw these things with their own eyes. They know, out of bitter experience, that the one hope of an enduring peace is a Germany *completely* disarmed and demilitarized. It is not only warships, tanks, planes, artillery and stock piles that must be confiscated, but even revolvers and shotguns. Dismantle war plants and either destroy the machinery or else send it to safe distances. Demobilize the army, scatter the German General Staff, and take care that no new force is recruited under the guise of wrestling bunds and singing societies.

Ban uniforms and veterans' organizations,

Not long after the last war posters such as this began to appear in the defeated Reich. It calls upon Germans to "protect your home," and was part of the plan by which the General Staff, limited to an army of 100,000 nevertheless managed to build a force of more than a million men, trained in all phases of warfare via a program of rotation of reserves



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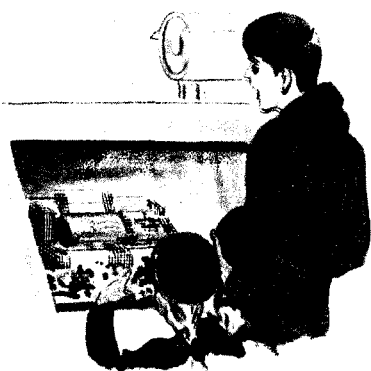
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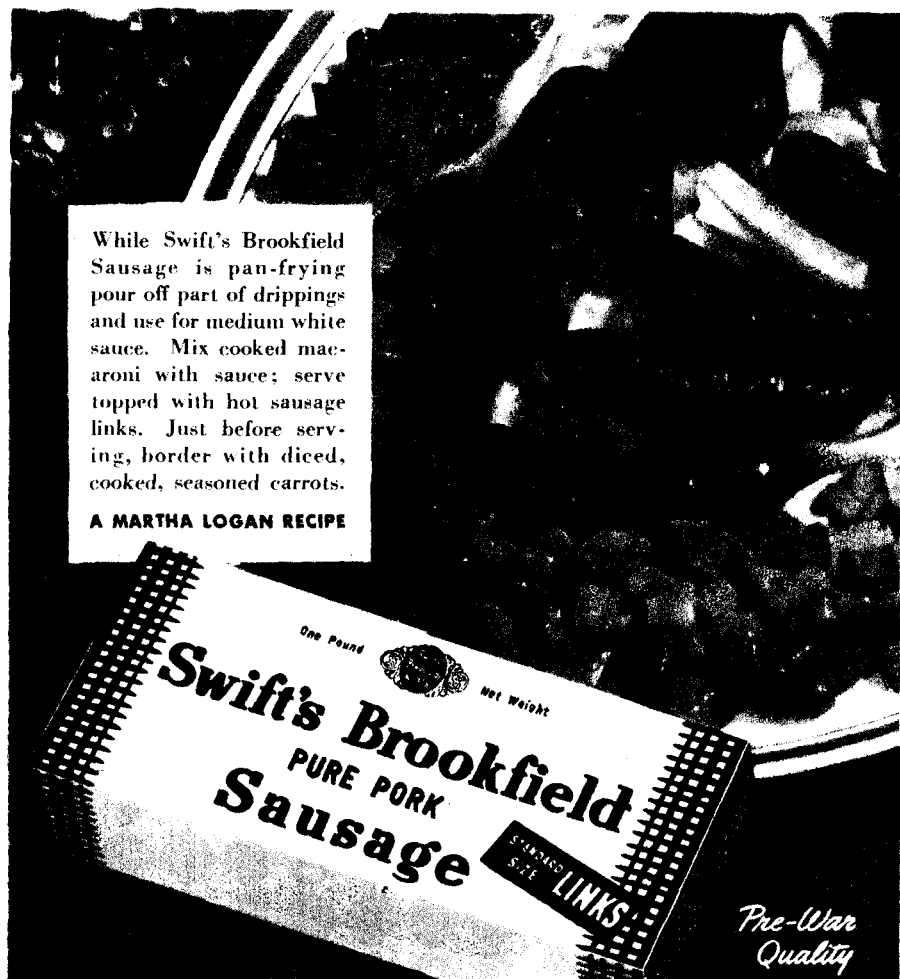
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While Swift's Brookfield Sausage is pan-frying pour off part of drippings and use for medium white sauce. Mix cooked macaroni with sauce; serve topped with hot sausage links. Just before serving, border with diced, cooked, seasoned carrots.

A MARTHA LOGAN RECIPE

## The sausage with the Just-right Seasoning!

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War Bonds spell **SECURITY**—hold on to yours!

and forbid national celebrations in honor of German victories or the birthdays of Germany's military heroes. Since they profess such a passion for music and literature, let Germans celebrate the natal days of Goethe and Beethoven. Prohibit commercial aviation, even the operation of private planes, and let Germany's air transport needs be served from the outside. In plain, the High Command wants to cut goose-stepping out of German life.

There is still another reason why the master minds of the Pentagon Building insist on military occupation. Even after capitulation, there will be "pockets of resistance," for Storm Troopers and Gestapo butchers, faced by the certainty of death sentences, will fight to the last. It is also the case that the Intelligence services of the Army have proof that the *Feme* is being revived for the murder of all Germans who attempt any form of collaboration with the victorious Allies. This ancient terrorist organization, returning to life in the twenties, assassinated 354 high officials in the first two years of the Weimar republic. Under such conditions administration is hardly a job for social workers.

The High Command sees no ground for the fear that military occupation will doom "our boys" to foreign service for an indefinite period. A force of 500,000 is deemed amply sufficient, and this will be recruited from the United Nations as a whole. With Poland, Belgium, France, Greece, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Norway and Denmark each supplying its quota, in addition to the Big Three, the call on the United States will be comparatively small, and can be met by professional soldiers. Aside from other considerations, the General Staff holds that the presence of uniformed troops from the occupied countries will be a salutary sight for the Master Race.

Neither the State Department nor the Army likes the proposed division of a defeated Germany into three military zones, with Russia administering the eastern third, Great Britain the northwestern third, and the United States the southwestern third. There was the same divided authority after the last war, when the Rhine bridgeheads were held by the British at Cologne, by the Americans at Coblenz, and by the French at Mainz. The arrangement resulted inevitably in wrangles and laxity and, as a result, the German General Staff secreted arms and vital machinery, and trained an army under the very eyes of the Allies.

What the United States wanted was a joint administration, empowered to establish uniform rules and regulations. Russia, however, opposed the plan, insisting that each power have a free hand in its own zone. With victory still to be won, our representatives did not dare to risk a rupture. Both the State Department and the Army, however, are still insistent on one unified military command, and there is the hope that the Russians will change their attitude when they see the conflicts and confusions inherent in three independent administrations.

### Justice Will Avert Reprisals

The decision to stand unchangeably for the punishment of war criminals has its base in the deep conviction of President Roosevelt, Secretary Hull and Secretary Stimson that only justice, quick and stern, can avert a horror of mass reprisals. What we propose is military tribunals, for the farcical sedition trials, now entering their eighth month in Washington, have shown the futility of civil procedure. Not drumhead courts-martial, but open, orderly arraignments, with the rights of the accused fully safeguarded.

Here again there is likely to be a sharp difference of opinion, for the Russians want no supreme tribunal to tell them what they may or may not do. In their opinion, punishment is the sole concern of the countries that have felt the force of German savagery. Moreover, the United States is thinking in terms of political and military individuals, while the Soviet also indicts economic groups, holding that "big business and financial magnates" are just as guilty as those whose hands drip blood. When the question comes up for decision, America's representatives will insist on their conception of justice.

With respect to a demand on Germany for reparation, there is absolute unanimity as to the wisdom and necessity of such a course. In the State Department there are figures offering plain proof that Germany suffered no loss from the "cruel and extortionate" terms of the Treaty of Versailles, but took a handsome profit. By 1931, when the Reich repudiated all external obligations, four and a half billion dollars had been paid out and six and a half billions taken in.

"Poor Germany" indeed! With every pump amply primed by shameless swindles, the Reich replenished inventories and gold and foreign reserves; built up a navy and a merchant marine; recruited and trained a great army; constructed a million and a half new homes and filled the land with costly public buildings, and had enough left over to spend billions on armament and preparations for conquest.

### German Industry Must Be Saved

This position does not argue approval of the "Morgenthau plan." At every point the State Department, the War Department and the Foreign Economic Administration have rejected the Secretary of the Treasury's program for the destruction of German industries, the closing of German mines and the compelled change of Germany to a purely agricultural state. All pointed out that it was no more than a policy of liquidation, for the thin and sandy soil of Germany could not possibly support half of the population, even allowing for the improvement and intensification of agricultural methods. And if 70,000,000 Germans are taken suddenly out of the export and import markets, what of the effect on the interlocked economy of Europe?

The occupied countries, looted and ravaged, wait to be rebuilt, and their naked, hungry millions cry to be clothed, fed and housed. Common justice, if nothing else, demands that this staggering cost be borne by the Germans. If they are turned into a nation of small farmers, how can they pay either in cash or kind?

Maximum production at the earliest possible moment is Europe's imperative need. Machinery must be provided for the revival of industry and agriculture, and normal trade cannot start up until empty shelves are filled. Germany alone, our experts insist, is fitted to do a quick job. The reindustrialization of France, Belgium and Holland is bound to be slow, and other European countries are without industrial experience. If Germany's factories are closed, and her manpower requisitioned, the result may well be a disastrous lag.

It is the American contention that German industries should be thrown into high gear to produce goods for the countries that Germans have laid waste. By no means is it contemplated that Germany is to retain her industrial supremacy, dominating the economy and the very existence of her neighbors. The speedy recovery of France, Belgium and Holland will be aided and protected, and every effort will be made to industrialize the backward areas of eastern and southeastern Europe by the initiation of power projects and the promotion of local manufactures.

In the meantime, what more sensible than to harness German industry to the European plow? For a full ten years the German people have shown an eager willingness to swap butter for guns. What more just than to make them continue on a nonbutter diet for the reconstruction and repair of the thousands of factories and homes turned into rubble by those guns? To have them work at reparation even as they worked at the manufacture of armament and munitions?

Whines will go up from the Germans, of course, and an anguished outcry is to be expected from those sentimentalists who cling to the myth of "good Germans." None of it will be heeded, for the records of the State Department and the Foreign Economic Administration prove conclusively that no unendurable hardship will be worked. Between 1933 and 1939, according to these figures, Germany spent between four and five billion dollars a year preparing for war, and when war came, the annual expenditure for military purposes was upped to twenty billions—



all this without any hurtful lowering of German living standards. There, by their own admission, is what the Germans can do in the way of reparation, and what they should be made to do.

The dangers are admitted, for official Washington has no doubt that Germany will attempt every kind of deceit and evasion. After the last war, a Black Reichswehr under General Fedor von Bock spirited machinery out of factories to safe hiding places and built up large stores of war materials. Not content with progress at home, the German General Staff engaged foreign plants for the manufacture of aircraft and artillery, and rented foreign fields for the testing of planes and tanks and the training of pilots.

Washington is confident that no European power will lend itself to any such game again, and counts on rigid supervision of German industry to guard against cheating. For example, the research staff of the Foreign Economic Administration points out that Germany's lack of raw materials greatly simplifies the Allied task of guarding against rearmament while Germany produces for ravaged lands. A full 60 per cent of oil, other than synthetic, comes from the outside, as does 80 per cent of the iron ore. The Reich also depends on imports for bauxite, copper, lead, manganese, mica and antimony, all absolutely essential for armament manufacture.

An efficient control system, therefore, can estimate Germany's requirements for normal peacetime production, plus the goods for devastated countries, and then shut down on the importation of surpluses. As for synthetic oil and rubber plants, if supervision proves ineffective they can be closed. The control of Germany's electric power, bringing it in from outside if necessary, will permit the regulation of Germany's industrial heartbeat, and Allied administration of German railroads is another means of tightening the watch.

In connection with this problem, there is no greater authority than Leo T. Crowley, the Foreign Economic Administrator. "Our studies in economic warfare," he stated recently, "have demonstrated the dependence

of Germany on certain key products. Control over the manufacture and import of these products would aid effectively in preventing the rearming of Germany."

There is still another American insistence that our postwar planners regard as vital, and that is the necessity of riding close herd on German finances. Between 1924 and 1930, according to State Department figures, Germany received more than five billion dollars in the form of international and private loans, and many more millions from the sale of German bonds. Every penny of this vast amount was poured into preparedness for war. *Not again.* If the United States has its way, all German borrowing, if and when permitted, will be put under a magnifying glass before authorization, and every precaution taken to guard against improper use.

#### A U.S. Program for the Reich

Summing up, these then are the determinations of the United States with respect to the treatment of a collapsed Reich and its conquered people: (1) military occupation to drive home the fact of defeat and to enforce permanent disarmament and permanent demilitarization, all until such time as the Germans prove a capacity for self-government; (2) the punishment of war criminals by military tribunals; (3) sweat and sacrifice by the German people until the ruin and ravages of German fury have been made good in full measure, the process safeguarded by Allied control of German industry and finances.

The United States, to be sure, is not the sole arbiter of Germany's fate. Great Britain and Russia have voices in the final settlement, and the European Advisory Commission, sitting in London, is a tripartite body that operates on the basis of unanimous agreement. A single dissent tips over the applecart. Even so, high officials feel that our arguments cannot fail to be persuasive, for while the three American fundamentals make sure that justice will be done, they are uncolored by hate or vengeance, and leave the way open for Germany's ultimate redemption, if redemption is the German will.

THE END

#### WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



*Gregory D'Alessio*

"Please, Kane, calm down—you're not a war correspondent any more! This is supposed to be a simple account of a local poolroom fight!"

COLLIER'S

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## Perhaps I'm one war older than you are!

*Believe me, after the last war I saw what happened. Will you let me give you some advice?*

•

If you've got a job today—for your own sake, fellow, be smart. Think twice before you fight for a wage increase that might force prices up and land you behind the eight-ball in the end.

Salt away as much as you can out of your present wages. Put money in the bank, pay up your debts, buy more life insurance. Above all, put every extra penny you can lay your hands on into Uncle Sam's War Bonds.

Nobody knows what's coming when the Germans and the Japs are licked. Perhaps we'll have good times. Okay. You'll be sitting pretty. Perhaps we'll have bad times. Then they're sure to hit hardest on the guy with nothing saved.

The best thing you can do for your country right now is not to buy a thing you can get along without. That helps keep prices down, heads off inflation, helps to insure good times after the war.

And the best thing you can do for your own sake, brother, if there *should* be a depression ahead, is to get your finances organized on a sound basis of paid-up

debts—and have a little money laid by to see you through!

### 4 THINGS TO DO to keep prices down and help avoid another depression

1. Buy only what you really need.
2. When you buy, pay no more than ceiling price. Pay your ration points in full.
3. Keep your *own* prices down. Don't take advantage of war conditions to ask for more—for your labor, your services, or the goods you sell.
4. *Save.* Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to help pay for the war and insure your future. Keep up your insurance.

**HELP  
US  
KEEP  
PRICES DOWN**

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.





Bill sat down on a bench beside her. "How long has my brother known you?" he said.

# Second Best

BY CHARLES ROE

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORREY

Violence could deaden his jealousy of his brother but, in the end, only a song could bring Corporal Slade closer to the one girl he loved.

THE bullet clipped a branch neatly above his head, and he watched a leaf butterfly downward. The next minute he was struck a mighty blow on the shoulder that half turned him, and he had sense enough to fall to the ground.

After a while he rose slowly, crouching and then upright. When the next bullet hit him, he decided that he would have to stay where he was until dark—or until something happened.

It was his first time on patrol, but he didn't feel frightened now; he only felt mad—plenty mad, because he was pretty sure he was going to faint and then he couldn't warn the men who would be coming up behind him. The sniper who had got him would get them and there they would all be, stacked in the bush. Like a gruesome game of sardines.

Then the pain started, and he realized that he was bleeding more than was good for him. But there wasn't much that he could do about it.

He must have gone to sleep or passed out because suddenly he realized that a lot of time had passed. "Sally," he said.

"Yes, Bill?"

His reactions were slow, but after a moment he

was thoroughly startled. That couldn't have been her voice. She wasn't here in the jungle. She was thousands of miles away.

It had happened twenty million years ago, or maybe five months. He was walking along Fifth Avenue feeling his khaki shirt cling moistly to him, thinking about the days when he hadn't had to spend the summers where the Army ordered him to spend them.

He turned down a side street in the east fifties and came to his brother's apartment house. Prescott was a city dweller—said the noises in the country bothered him—so he left his wife and two children out on Long Island and became one of New York's bachelor husbands, complete with penthouse.

THINKING of Joan, Prescott's wife, always made Bill wince inwardly. In an adolescent way he had been wild about Joan at seventeen, and he could still remember how she had reacted when he told her so.

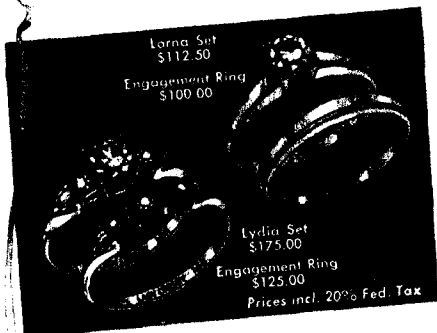
"Why, darling!" She had made no attempt to hide her smile. "You're nothing but a ba-bee! I'm engaged to your big brother!"

He had got over being in love with Joan years ago, of course; in fact, he felt nothing but pity for her, because being married to her had never kept Prescott from making love to any other girl he chose to make love to. He liked to use people as his chessmen. Joan served his purpose because she kept other women from trying to marry him, and





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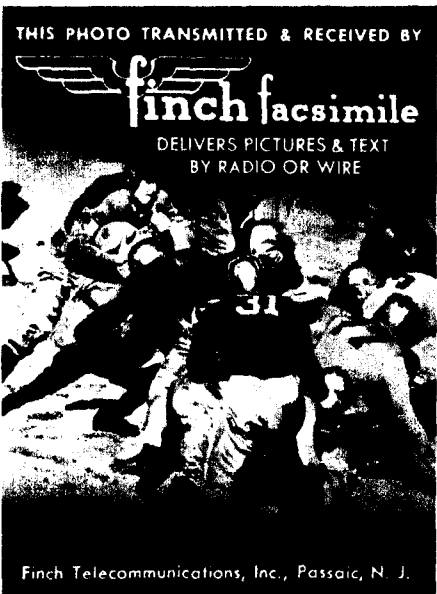
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Finch Telecommunications, Inc., Passaic, N. J.

Bill had served Prescott's purpose, too, until he had decided that serving his country was more important.

Riding up in the elevator, Bill wondered why he was going to see his brother. He certainly did not like him and his coterie of too-smart friends. But, he supposed, when a man knows he is going to be sent soon to a place where there is plenty of fighting, he feels he ought to say goodbye to his only relative.

Prescott was in swimming trunks when Bill came to the door, and outside on the terrace there was the splash of running water. He greeted Bill as though he'd been gone ten minutes instead of eighteen months: "Do you want to take a shower or would you rather have something cool inside first?"

"Let's have the last first," Bill answered. "Have you got company?"

"Just a girl," Prescott said carelessly. "Come on out and I'll introduce you."

Bill didn't particularly want to meet one of those girls, but undoubtedly it was cooler out there, so he followed his brother through the big living room and out into the white sunlight, thinking: Prescott may be bad inside but he's certainly well put together.

Tall and broad-shouldered and as tanned as Bill was after his desert training, Prescott looked young enough to have been drafted in spite of his thirty-nine years. He had their mother's deep blue eyes and their father's smooth black hair, and had inherited his fine teeth from both sides of the family.

Prescott said, "Sally, this is my brother Bill. He's a corporal in case you can't read stripes. Bill, this is Sally Foster."

The girl was sitting in a low beach chair, half shaded by a big blue-and-white striped umbrella. She was beautiful enough to be one of Prescott's girls; that is, she was and she wasn't. She somehow looked as though she might think a little bit beyond what the next bright remark was going to be.

She said, "Hello, Bill."

He said, "How do you do, Miss Foster," and felt as though somebody had taken a rope and had suddenly tied it very tightly around his waist. It wasn't that her eyes were hazel with flecks of sunlight in them, or that her hair was the color of old gold and was pinned high on her head with casual charm; it was her voice, pure and simple, that got him. The hackneyed expression, "out of this world," was the only way to describe it.

PRESCOTT went back inside the apartment, and Bill walked carefully over and sat down on a bench beside her. At the far end of the terrace, a fountain was playing, casting a solid jet of silver water into a small pool. Tall shrubs and a latticed fence completed the illusion.

"I think this is the Forest of Arden," he said. "How long has my brother known you?" Anything to make her speak again.

"Just three weeks," Her voice was low and extraordinarily clear. "He's wonderful, isn't he?"

"Sure, he's wonderful," Bill said, forcing himself to grin. "All the Slades are wonderful. I'm wonderful, too, although in a different way from Prescott."

"I'm sure you are," she said without smiling. "You look like him. And that's a compliment. It's funny he has never mentioned you."

"These radio men are absent-minded, I'm afraid," Bill said lightly. "Anyway, he wouldn't mention my name because he'd be scared I might take you away from him." He laughed because he knew his brother had never considered him any competition since the days he'd given him movie money to keep him out of the apartment when he had dates.

She smiled slowly, as though she didn't think his remark very funny. For the first time in his life Bill wished he could think of something clever to say.

She was wearing a two-piece white sun suit, and she half sat, half lay, in the big chair, hands clasped across her slender middle, legs stretched out, negligent, the long muscles relaxed. Her face was bent forward, partly in shadow, and her eyes which were watching him curiously were cool and remote.

This girl thinks, he decided, but she doesn't feel, or else she doesn't want to feel. He was suddenly certain that if Prescott didn't

come back soon, he would reach over and yank her to her feet and kiss her hard on the mouth.

But Prescott appeared then with a tray and tall glasses. "Try this for size, my frans," he said. "It's prewar and almost as good as prohibition gin. . . ." He paused, and his alert blue eyes darted from the girl to his brother and back again. "Sally, what have you and Bill been talking about?" he asked abruptly. "He looks sheerly shaken."

"You," Sally said coolly. "Does he always go to pieces when told he resembles you?"

The wariness slid out of Prescott's eyes with his laugh. The rope tightened around Bill's waist. He's in love with her, he thought unhappily. And she's in love with him. So that's that. The rope was spiked with sharp aching stabs of jealousy.

Prescott went over and started splashing himself in the pool, and the girl put out her hand to Bill. "Pull me up," she said, and he knew at once from her manner that she had already filed him neatly away in the kid-brother category. "I think I'll get some wet, too," she said.

He took her hand and decided at the first touch of it that he had better go now while the going was good. The impulse to pull her into his arms was too strong. But somehow he didn't. He merely held her hand and said quietly:

"May I call you up sometime?" It was a

table and allowed another five minutes to go by.

When he heard her voice—there was no mistaking it—he said a little too quickly, "Hi, Sal! This is Bill." And then even more quickly, "You know, the second Slade edition. How about dinner and a bit of dancing?"

She sucked in her breath and laughed. "I told you, Bill, I'm a hard-working girl. I don't go out evenings."

"Except with Prescott?"

"Except with Prescott."

He wanted to slap the phone back in its cradle but instead he counted to ten very fast and said, "Well, how about Sunday? That's tomorrow. Jones Beach. Fresh air. Sun and sand. The ocean. Hot dogs and chocolate ice-cream cones. Prescott will never take you there. He's afraid of starfish."

She smiled—at least he could have sworn that she did. "I think that would be lovely. You're perfectly right about your brother. But it isn't the starfish he's afraid of—it's the green flies."

THE car that he borrowed was a convertible and as soon as they had crossed the Triborough Bridge, and were approaching the place where the World's Fair had been, Bill stopped and put the top down.

"That's better," Sally said and pulled off her bright bandanna so that her spun-gold

## CRIME DOESN'T PAY

### THE LOCALE

Chicago

A man broke into a theatrical office and stole a typewriter which had all Hebrew characters.

Colorado Springs

A thief pushed a car four blocks before he discovered it had no motor.

Charlotte, N. C.

A man broke into a grocery and stole 10,000 ration stamps all of which had expired.

Troy, New York

Breaking into a salesman's car, a thief stole 45 dozen socks. Being samples, no two were alike.

Kansas City

Burglars entered a tavern and stole 84 quart beer bottles on display, but they contained only colored water.

Atlanta

A thief broke into a car and stole a heavy box. He dropped it near by when he found it contained live snakes.

Santa Monica

A burglar broke into the home of Gene Grante, professional boxer and wrestler. Police were called to remove the burglar to a hospital.

—W. E. Farbstein

stupid question to ask any girl of Prescott's, but for some reason he had to ask it.

She looked up at him appraisingly. The line from her chin to her breasts was a clean, smooth curve, and he knew that if she smiled, he would kiss her then and there.

She laughed and stepped backward. "It does show in your face, doesn't it? Better not. I'm working and serious about it."

"Better not what?" he said deliberately.

"Better not call me up," she said, and turned away from him.

THREE days later, after his mind had got tired of telling him he was a fool, he looked in the telephone book and the rope tightened still another notch when he saw her name. He sat back on the hotel bed and lighted a cigarette. Your furlough will be over in another week, maybe sooner, he said sternly to the telephone. So why start something you can't finish? Even if she should let you start it? Anyway, she belongs to the Great Slade so what chance have you got?

That was at four o'clock. At four-thirty he called the number and there was no answer. Something like panic made him call again in five minutes. At five-thirty, when he called for the third time, the line was busy. He put his watch on the glass-topped

hair could blow in the breeze. "The sun's hot, but I must confess I crave real oxygen after working in that air-conditioned place all day."

It was still fairly early in the morning, and the air was cool in the deep patches of shade under the arching trees, and hot and sweet in the open sunlight. Everything else seemed very far away and unimportant.

"You know," Bill said after they had driven along in silence a while, "this is the first time in my life that I have ever taken a girl to Jones Beach. Have you ever been there?"

"Yes," she replied. "And I had a perfectly ghastly time. I really don't know why I'm going again."

"You're frank if nothing else," he said sourly.

She smiled at him sidewise. "I meant the time with Prescott. He objected to but everything."

He took his eyes off the road for a moment to glance at her face. "No matter what we do or say, we never seem to get far away from him, do we? I guess he means a lot to you."

Still smiling, she said, "He does."

He glared back at the road. "Are you sorry you're going with me?"



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5¢ each

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"Not yet. Do you think I will be?" She laughed and he made a mental note to remember the sound of it, and, if he forgot, to make her laugh a thousand times more. They were drifting across the flat Long Island sand country, and the sky was immense and blue.

"Let me have one perfect day," he said aloud without realizing it, "and I won't mind leaving all this so much."

She sobered instantly. "Oh, you're going overseas. Soon?"

He nodded. "But don't feel you have to pamper me, please. They dish that stuff out at the USO. If you have fun today, I'll have fun. That's how it is."

NOW there was darkness followed by bright lights, brighter even than the sunlight on Jones Beach that day. Someone was holding his right arm, but it couldn't have been Sally because the grip was firm and strong. It became a tight constricting band. He felt the prick of a needle somewhere entering a vein and then there was nothing for a while until he was explaining to Sally:

"I guess I'm still jealous of Prescott. I thought I got all over it when I went into the Army. But you see, he never gave me a chance not to be. Our parents died when I was twelve. He was already the boy wonder of radio then, with women falling all over themselves about him. I worshiped him, too, and would probably still be sitting at his feet if I hadn't got away when I did. Every girl I ever met I met through him, and she was already his. Everything I ever wrote he changed here and there, and so it, too, became his." He shrugged. "He made me what I am today. I hope he's satisfied."

She drew her hand away from his sleeve and said gently, "Well, if we're going to have that fun today that you spoke about, you'd better stop being jealous. It's beginning to bore me."

In the damp coolness of the locker room, he put on his swimming trunks and then sat down to smoke a cigarette. "See here," his mind said, "this girl belongs to him. What if he is married? He's not working at it, and, anyway, this is 1944, not the Dark Ages."

"You're nuts," replied his heart. "She doesn't belong to anybody. Otherwise, she wouldn't spend a whole day with you."

"She feels sorry for you," his mind retorted. "She only came because she thinks you're a lonely little G.I. Joe."

An unsatisfactory dialogue, so he threw away his cigarette and went outside. She was wearing a pale blue sharkskin suit and was standing beside the candy counter. Without turning his head, he counted four men who were looking at her. Which pleased

his mind, but definitely did not please his heart.

She turned when she saw him coming toward her, and smiled, and in that moment he realized that he loved her and would never love anyone else. Hand in hand they walked out onto the broad terrace facing the ocean. The clean white sand stretched gently down to the curling waves.

"Never mind anything," his heart was singing, "she's yours for today, anyhow. You're going overseas soon, and may never come back. Let this one day be perfect."

And it was a perfect day, as far as it went. They tanned themselves on the hot sand, and he watched her small, deft hands build castles out of the satin grains. They raced down to the surf side by side and hit the high, green arch of the wave together. Then she started a clean, fast crawl and it took him some moments to catch up with her. And when he did, she disappeared again. Two slim legs struck straight up in the air as she dived under water and was gone so long he got worried. He went down after her and in the green, translucent world he saw her body streaking up.

"Gosh!" he said when he finally got his breath back. "How do you do it?"

She shook her wet hair back from her face, treading water. "I can hold my breath for two minutes," she said and then wondrously started singing He's My Bill.

Her eyes taunted him, but when he dog-paddled toward her, she swerved and rode a wave back to the shore.

THEY went up and had lunch in the big, open-air restaurant and afterward sat around in bathing suits, drinking iced coffee and talking.

She liked the country much better than she did the city, he found out. And her family lived in Connecticut. They were poor, she admitted, and so her job was pretty important.

"What is your job?" he asked.

She gazed at him gravely. "Why, I thought you knew."

He shook his head. "You never got around to telling me."

"Singing on the radio, of course," she said. "I'm pretty much of a nobody now, but Prescott says—" She stopped. "Oh, I forgot. We weren't going to talk about him, were we?"

He stared past her solemnly. If only he could warn her. Across the retina of his memory strolled a dozen little nobodys whom Prescott had promised to make into radio stars. So long as they had soft bodies and pretty faces, he was willing to promise them anything. But this girl had more than a body and a face. She had a voice and something else which he couldn't quite ana-



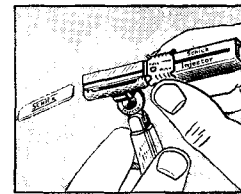
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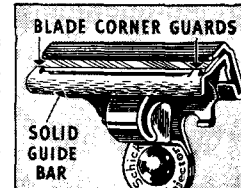
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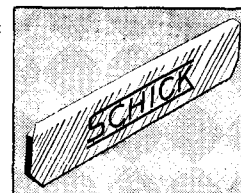
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lyze, and certainly she didn't need help from anybody.

But he couldn't tell her that without sounding jealous again, so he just sat there wondering how far the thing had gone. . . .

The cigarette tasted foul in his mouth, so he threw it away and sucked up a big gulp of coffee through the straw. But someone took it away and said softly:

"Not too much now. It'll make you sick."

He was terribly thirsty and so hot he wanted to go swimming more than anything else in the world. And then almost immediately he was cold, clammily cold. He was swimming in great waves of pain that rolled over and over him with such monotonous regularity that at last he fell asleep. . . .

On the way back from Jones Beach, the moon came up in the eastern sky and because that was behind them, Bill stopped the car so they could look at it. Before he knew it, his arm slid around Sally's shoulders, and before she knew it, he had kissed her.

For a split second, she kissed him back. Even when she stopped kissing him back, she did not turn her face away. It was almost as though she had let him kiss her as a sort of happy ending to a perfect day.

And that was the end of the perfect part of it, because when he did release her lips, she said softly, "We shouldn't have done that. Your big brother would be furious."

If she had simply let him kiss her, he would have left it like that, but because there was always a chance that she might have wanted him to kiss her, he decided to go and see Prescott as soon as he left her at her apartment.

If Prescott was getting a divorce so he could marry her, that was okay, too. But if he was just fooling around . . .

**T**HE Great Slade greeted him cheerfully and waved toward the bar where a whisky bottle and a siphon of soda glowed in the light from the lamp in the far corner of the large room.

Bill came right to the point. "I'm in love with Sally," he said. "How do you and she stand together?"

The smile on Prescott's lips twisted. For answer, he grabbed Bill's arm and propelled him into the bedroom. With his free hand he yanked open the closet door.

Hanging from a hook on the back of it was the white sun suit Sally had been wearing that day out on the terrace. Dangling with careless intimacy from the hook above it was Prescott's maroon silk pajamas.

"You see," Prescott was saying in a voice that seemed far away to Bill. "You're too late and you've got too little time."

In the sudden crashing stillness after that, Bill was aware that he had known this truth all along. And then his whole being flamed with rage. Not so much because Sally was having an affair, but because she was having it with a man who was rotten enough to tell another man about it.

Then the rage seethed into something like exultation as he realized that even Prescott wouldn't have done such a low thing if he hadn't been afraid that Bill might take the girl away from him. The old master must be slipping, or maybe he had always been a coward. There was one way to find out.

Bill wrenched himself free, wheeled and hit his brother on the jaw as hard as he could. It was hard enough to send him reeling backward but not hard enough to have kept him from returning the blow. He just took it, though, and Bill left him like that, half sprawled across the bed.

"You skunk," Bill said. "You dirty, lousy skunk."

**H**IS whole arm ached from that blow he had given Prescott. No, it didn't ache, it was simply numb. He tried to wiggle his fingers and couldn't. He tried to raise his arm, to bend it at the elbow, but he couldn't do a thing with it. It just lay there beside him on the bed, a useless thing. He knew that pretty soon he ought to open his eyes and see what had really happened to that arm, but right now it seemed better not to know.

Anyhow, the jealousy had gone for good at the moment Prescott had refused to fight back.

Bill had not seen either Sally or his brother

## Paper Comes First

**Do you know the designations that time and custom have placed upon the various wedding anniversaries? The items listed below are appropriate gifts for the various anniversaries from the first to the seventy-fifth. Score yourself 5 for each correct answer. 65 is passing, 70 fair, 80 good, 90 excellent. Answers on page 76.**

|            |         |          |
|------------|---------|----------|
| Paper      | Iron    | Sapphire |
| Books      | Pearl   | Tin,     |
| Copper,    | Ruby    | Aluminum |
| Brass      | Leather | Diamond  |
| Crystal    | Coral,  | China    |
| Cotton     | Jade    | Gold     |
| Electrical | Pottery | Silver   |
| Appliances | Emerald | Wood     |

—Bertram Robinson

again after that night. He hadn't wanted to, and, anyway, his furlough was cut short by the division's orders to a port of embarkation. During the long ride across the continent and the days and nights on the troop ship, he had not allowed himself to think beyond the fact that there was a job to do where he was going, and he would do it first and then think about Sally.

But almost the first V-mail letter he got was from Prescott.

"Bill," it began, "I am a louse. Sally left that sun suit there just the way she would have left a pair of gloves or a compact. She means utterly nothing to me beyond the fact that I've spent a lot of time and money getting her launched on the radio. I was afraid if she fell in love with you she might throw up her job and start following you around the country. But she has assured me that she wouldn't let me down. She wouldn't let anyone down, that kid. Why don't you drop her a line sometime? Yours, Prescott."

He did not answer the letter. Prescott was unimportant. But he did write Sally. Just a few short sentences because he still couldn't be sure how much that kiss had meant to her:

"Dear Sally: I loved you from the first minute I saw you. I will always love you. If it matters at all to you, will you let me know? Bill."

**B**UT that was four months ago, and he hadn't heard a word from her. So it hadn't really mattered whether that Jap sniper got him or not. Of course, Uncle Sam had spent a lot of time and money training him, so he couldn't just lie down and die. In fact, he supposed he had better open his eyes right now and find out just how much of him was left.

So he opened his eyes and saw that his right arm was in a fracture splint. The man in the next bunk had his leg tied up in another apparatus which descended from the ceiling.

He was in a hospital, with obviously nothing very much wrong with him—except that he had gone crazy. Because there was Sally's voice again, singing just the way she had that day out beyond the surf at Jones Beach—He's My Bill.

The man in the next bunk grinned at him. "You ought to listen to this program, buddy. She's good, Sally Foster. Opens every program with that song. It's her theme song."

Bill twisted his head a little to look at the little radio on the table between the two beds. Tucked under the radio on his side was a sheaf of V-mail letters, addressed to him in a very feminine hand.

The man in the next bunk said, "The nurse'll open those for you. She's been trying to for the past couple of days. But every time she came near you, you tried to poke her on the chin or else put your arm around her and kiss her."

"Don't need any nurse to open these," Bill said. His voice was muffled by the envelope in his mouth. "Not as long as I've got one good hand and a tooth in my head."

THE END



## The Ship That Wouldn't Sink

Continued from page 24

window to window peering into the inky darkness, the squall passed. With great relief Captain Robinson saw that his ship had accomplished the seemingly impossible. She had made it. She was now plunging through the heavier swells of the Indian Ocean.

About one o'clock that night, Walter Jarvis and Carpenter Billman were working below decks up forward, trying to get lights going, and making chalk marks on the bulkhead every ten minutes so that they would have some idea of the rate of flooding. Each time they looked back from their work the chalk mark was gone beneath the water.

Men inside the ship never knew when dawn came. There was too much work to do, although they were greatly helped by the fact that Johnson and Moran and the dozens who were on the job with them had finally got the big steam pump installed up forward and it was working. But to the men on deck, dawn was both relief and menace. At least they wouldn't sink in the night! Yet they were again open to attack by the Japanese planes.

Some time after the captain had finished his ten-o'clock coffee and cigarette, a messenger ran to the bridge with the message, just received, that a large flight of Japanese bombers was headed in his direction.

"Sound air defense," he said.

At the sound of the bugle blowing out the air-defense call, the utterly exhausted men set down their buckets, looked at one another, and started to the remaining magazines to bring up what undamaged ammunition was left. There wasn't much. They found that they could carry it in one trip.

The sunken-eyed doctors broke out life jackets and made ready to throw their patients over the side if the ship were hit. The ship could not absorb a hit and live.

A plane was sighted on the horizon. Fuses were set and shells rammed home in the guns. Then a strange thing happened. Lt. Commander J. J. Hourihan was bringing his destroyer, Paul Jones, along some miles astern of the Marblehead. She was a four-stacker and except for being smaller, looked, from a great altitude, very much like the Marblehead. And the Japanese now mistook the Paul Jones for the Marblehead and swarmed above her.

Now, as "Red" Hourihan stood on his bridge and fought his lunging, darting little ship, he gave a radio play-by-play account which came clearly over the Marblehead's T.B.S. system throughout the fury of the attack.

She survived the first run and then the second, while Hourihan kept the wiry little ship doing the dipsy-doodle at thirty-five knots. There were about forty bombers with nothing to do but ride above him and drop their bombs where it would hurt the most, knowing that if they could plant just one, it would be another nice, clean, no-survivor job.

At the end of an hour, the Paul Jones was, miraculously, still alive. Finally, over the T.B.S. came the decisive news:

"Planes gone. Seven runs. No hits. All errors."

### Things Only Money Can Buy

That afternoon Joe DeLude took the first respite that he'd had since the beginning of the attack. Now it had begun to look as if the ship had a chance to make port. That money which he'd saved and which now was gone meant a thousand things which Joe might have enjoyed yet had denied himself: liberties in dozens of ports where he might have gone with the rest of the fellows and whooped it up and had a little fun. Instead of that he'd stayed aboard ship making himself little speeches that weren't particularly convincing—speeches to the effect that when you'd seen one, you'd seen them all—this referring to ports and women and saloons.

Too, there had been his real feeling of responsibility to make some kind of provision for his sister's future. There were such a lot of things a young girl would need that only money could buy: a pretty dress now

and then and, well, damn it, a chance in life. The linens which he'd planned to give her, which he'd selected with such care and such a pleasant sense of being a qualified expert in such matters, were now somewhere in the bottom of the ship under water and either burned so badly or so thoroughly soaked in fuel oil that they'd never be of any use to anybody. He was completely miserable and dejected when "Red" Percifield came across the deck to him and said, "Hello. Joe."

Red stuck something in Joe's pocket. Joe sat looking at the sea flowing past the Marblehead's wrecked hull. Suddenly he gave a start. He reached in his pocket, pulled out the envelope and opened it. It was full of money.

A kind of spasm passed over Joe's body. He couldn't believe it. He looked first at the money, then at Red, took the bills out, started to count them, found himself unable to, and looked back at Red.

"Good God!" Joe said.

"Somebody had got to the safe ahead of me," Red said, "and carried the drawers up to the coding room. I found them on a table. And there was your money, safe and sound."

"Good God . . ." Joe mumbled.

### A Well-Deserved Tribute

At daylight the next morning, February 6th, the Marblehead, by now drawing a few feet less water, was met off Tjilatjap by the tugs that would bring her into port, where the Houston was already moored. The last the Houston had seen of the Marblehead, she was burning and sinking. The Houston's men knew what it must have cost in sweat and brains and guts to bring her in. And as the battered old Marblehead was towed past her, the Houston's men, who normally would have come to attention and saluted, broke into wild cheering.

Since the Japanese were moving, both by sea and land, ever closer, and moving fast, whatever repairs could be made would have to be made quickly unless the ship was to be either bombed to the bottom of the harbor or seized or scuttled in port.

The only drydock in Tjilatjap was a floating one which belonged to a Batavian engineering firm. But it was much too short for the Marblehead. It would be possible, the Dutch said, to sink the drydock beneath the Marblehead's bow. Then after slowly pumping out the drydock's tanks, perhaps the cruiser's bow could be lifted out of the water so that some kind of repairs could be effected. But there was a great probability that the overloaded little drydock might capsize. Such an outcome would certainly result in great loss of life. It was an extremely dangerous undertaking.

Captain Robinson said, "We'll try it."

Meanwhile, out on the topside of the ship, the new Executive Officer (Commander Goggin was among the wounded who had been sent ashore) was walking silently, almost blindly around the ship for the third time, speaking to nobody. Now that there was a moment's respite, the true desperation of the ship's circumstance had intruded on Van Bergen's consciousness for the first time. He could not help realizing that here they were in the middle of a war with a ship without a rudder. Soon she would be partially lifted out of the water, on a steep slant, and with a constant tendency to relaunch herself stern end to, with her stern flooding worse than ever. Worst of all, she was in bombing range of the Japanese, and if they dropped so much as a hand grenade on her while in this precarious drydock, she'd probably capsize and drown all her men.

A big crane had been brought out for lifting off the huge curl of steel that had once been the deck of the fantail. But when the crane arrived, it was learned that the only man who could operate it had left town. The whole mass of decking would have to be cut in pieces small enough for a man to carry.

"Send for the Bull," Mr. Drury said. A few minutes later, "Bull" Aschenbrenner came, grinning, carrying a 130-pound steel



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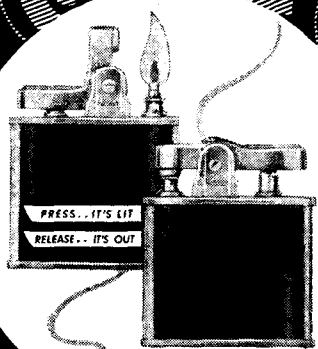
## CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

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FAR MORE PROTECTION**



# RONSON

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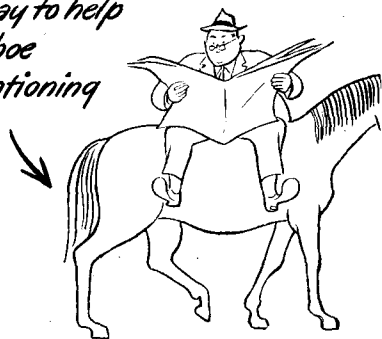
## DEPENDABLE ENDURING SERVICE ON ALL FRONTS

RONSONS made today are requisitioned by our Government for Armed Forces overseas. Individual orders cannot be filled. When huge military needs are met, there'll be RONSONS for all.

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Johnny Shoemaker sez:  
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flask of acetylene gas, his nelper bringing the tiny torch. He connected the torch, pulled his goggles down over his eyes and began cutting the deck into small pieces.

Frank Blasdel was over the side in a diver's rig plugging up holes in the bottom of her stern with wooden wedges where rivets had been blown out.

When the Marblehead had arrived, she had been met by a Dutch hospital train, which had already evacuated the Houston's wounded. The Marblehead's forty-five seriously wounded were taken ashore. As the hull rose out of the water, the bystanders saw a strange sight. The hull had been blown inward over an area twenty-seven feet square. In the center of this huge indentation, there was a hole three feet wide and nine feet long which had been blown squarely into the Group I magazines, from which belts of fifty-caliber ammunition hung out through the ship's bottom like seaweed. Apparently a bomb had missed the Marblehead's foredeck, falling about six feet to the left. The powder train inside the bomb had started burning the instant it struck the water. At the time, the ship had been describing tight circles to the left at high speed, so that, as soon as the bomb went into the water, the ship had begun to move over it. The explosion had occurred just as the turn of her hull passed over the bomb. The weight of the sea had remained constant and noncompressible. There had been nothing to give way but the Marblehead's thin hull.

### Under the Eye of the Enemy

There were no facilities whatever in Tjilatjap to restore the Marblehead's steering. All that could be hoped for was to slam some kind of patch over the hole in her bow and make a getaway before the Japanese came. Japanese reconnaissance planes were overhead every day observing the progress of the work.

The Marblehead remained in Tjilatjap a week. On the night of February 12th, Captain Robinson wrote, "We are as ready as we can be but that isn't saying much. This place is getting hot."

Water was still pouring into her from imperfect welds made in great haste. But enough pumps were going, so that, if she sustained no further damage, had reasonable luck with the weather, did not break in two (which two British officers were willing to bet would happen) and did not get caught by the enemy, she had a chance to make it to the next port.

As the Marblehead slipped out of port, the crew of a Dutch ship brought a phonograph up to the microphone of her public-address system, put on a record and turned the speaker horn toward the Marblehead. It was The Star-Spangled Banner.

Then abruptly this scene changed from one of deep fraternal emotion to one of danger. The date was Friday the 13th. Apparently the Marblehead's luck was gone. The line to the tug which was towing the warship suddenly parted and the rudderless Marblehead was adrift in the mine field outside Tjilatjap Harbor.

Captain Robinson was aghast, as was the Dutch pilot, who had seen those mines planted and who knew any one of them could blow the ship to kingdom come.

"All right now," the captain said, "Let's take it easy and try to hold her in the channel with her engines."

Meanwhile the tug was frantically making sternway in order to take another line. In his haste, the tug captain brought his boat up against the bow of the helpless cruiser. There was a collision. The only forward compartment that was still watertight was torn open.

By this time it was too late for the tug to take a line and be of any assistance. It was up to the captain and the pilot to steer her through with her own engines while the waves washed into this new rupture in her hull.

The Marblehead began to stagger 4,000 miles across the Indian Ocean to Ceylon, dragging herself as best she could toward an adequate drydock, the only kind of way station where she could be fully enough repaired to plow on... where? Almost no one

dared think of it. Home lay half around the earth. A mild typhoon or any sort of enemy vessel could make a drowning man realize what a fool he'd been to have tortured himself with thoughts of home. But since the mind travels irrepressibly, men found themselves entertaining faint but unkillable hopes of actually, by whatever magic, coaxing the old ship along, of patching, and of eventually reaching home.

On February 21st, the crew of the Marblehead managed to bring their battered vessel into Trincomalee, Ceylon. And there they found that the drydock which they'd been seeking, and so desperately needed, was not to be had. The Marblehead, after steaming almost 4,000 miles with her rudder locked amidships, must, without remedy to her still flooding hull, straggle on and seek another haven.

Just before the Marblehead left Trincomalee, Walter Jarvis started running to the bridge. For a week he had been confined in the steering engine room. He had worked there, eaten there, and slept there.

Captain Robinson turned to the out-of-breath warrant officer and said, "Yes, Jarvis?"

"I'd like to report, sir, that the rudder has just been tested and found ready for limited service."

"Wonderful!" the captain almost shouted. "Convey 'Well Done' to all the men who've been working on it." He turned to the officer of the deck: "Call all special sea details. We sail at once."

Half an hour later the Marblehead, with all hands now in high spirits, stood out to sea. The old cruiser crept across the Indian Ocean toward the Royal Dockyard at Simonstown, South Africa, just at the Cape. Luckily the weather held generally fair, and the fact that the rudder was working again to a limited extent cheered everyone enormously. On March 15th, the Marblehead steamed into Durban Harbor, 5,000 miles out of Trincomalee.

It was in Durban that the Bull, in all innocence, went back to war. He was in a bar one night and was still thirsty when the place closed. A taxi driver said he knew a place that stayed open all night, and the Bull climbed into the taxi and was taken to a very dark alley. The driver stopped the car, said, "Follow me," and they started up the alley.

But they had gone only a few steps when four men closed in behind them. By now the Bull was pretty sure it was a hijacking party. A moment later they drew up with him and demanded his money.

"Sure," the stocky Bull said, backing toward an alley wall. The Bull reached for his wallet with his left hand. His assailants were in close, and he hit the nearest one with his fist and pole-axed him, got another with a sledge-hammer blow of his elbow. Now that there were only three the Bull felt the pressure was off. But he was annoyed that these people should have, in this uncalled-for way, interfered with his evening's recreation. So he beat the remaining three into a coma, cut off each man's necktie as a souvenir and went on down the street to try to locate some relief for his now increased thirst.

### Misfortune Strikes Again

It was on the next leg of their voyage, after the Marblehead left Durban on March 17th, that, for the first time since the bombing, the ship's good luck really deserted her.

One evening near midnight, "Ski" Wardzinski went below to take a regular hourly sounding of the forward holds. There was no reason at all why Ski should have felt any special trepidation about this duty. Someone had done it each hour ever since she had been hit. It was simply a matter of going down into the bottom of the ship and measuring the accumulation of water there. There was also no reason to expect that it was any higher than usual. All pumps were working and, though on the preceding day the sea had been rough, it was reasonably calm tonight. And if there was ever a time when Ski's premonition of death should have been momentarily in abeyance, this was the night.

Another man was with him, but he waited topside while Ski began climbing down the

twenty-five feet to the bottom of the forward hold.

Overhead the stars shone brightly as he started down into the blacked-out ship. Once he'd passed below the possible vision of any near-by submarine, he turned on his flashlight so that he might see where he was going.

He had neither seen nor felt anything out of the ordinary until he reached the bottom of the ladder. As he took his first step forward, there was a slightly peculiar feeling in his chest which, with each succeeding breath, began to result in a somewhat pronounced inability to get enough air in his lungs. It smelled very much like mud flats when the tide had gone out. Every sort of debris had settled into the bilges: boxes of soap powder, lye, rope, fuel oil, food, paint, dozens of other things. The fact that the turbulence of the seas on the preceding day might have churned this rotting mixture to a point where it would exude lethal gases never entered Ski's mind until his respiratory difficulty had not only become acute but had been attended by a strange weakness in his legs.

### A Premonition Comes True

He was already falling when the realization came upon him that his old enemy had slipped up on him in a form that could not be seen, and was clutching him. He knew that at all costs he must scramble his way back to the ladder.

But the same fast-developing weakness that had come into his knees had also permeated his hips and thighs and shoulders. Wild desire and terror could no longer be served by his weakened members, his weakly heaving lungs. He was caught, and he knew he was caught, that he'd never get out alive. He tried to call, but a groan was all that he could tear out of his aching, gas-filled lungs. He lay helpless, face upward in the water of the bilge.

Up at the top of the ladder the man who had been on watch with Ski sat down on an up-ended bucket and wished he had a cigarette. Then his thoughts ranged on to the next port the ship would touch. He wondered whether he would have as good a time there as he had had in Durban.

Finally he yawned and looked at his watch. Ski had been below now for almost five minutes.

"Hey, Ski!" he yelled. "You gonna spend the night down there? Come on. Them other guys ought to be ready to take over by now."

No answer. All he heard was the echo of his own voice in the big empty compartment. "Look, Ski, this ain't no time for pranks. Come on up, and let's check out. I'm sleepy."

Still no answer. "Ski!"

Complete silence. Panic seized Ski's companion. He started running for help.

It was almost midnight. The Bull was going on watch. He had a bad cold, and he was drinking coffee in the galley and talking to a seaman.

"You know," he said, "I feel swell. Maybe we haven't got much sense, but we didn't let those dirty bastards get the old Ghost down. We just messed around and monkeyed around and slammed her back together."

"I guess we did all right," the seaman said. "If we'd stalled around much, she might have gone down."

"Sure she would," the Bull said. "We just got in a weaving way. This is a pretty good gang that the old Ghost has got, pretty salty Joes. Strictly China sailors."

The Bull took the last swallow of inky coffee, mashed out the now quarter-inch-long cigarette and started out.

The man who had been standing watch with Ski Wardzinski was running across the deck when the Bull got topside.

"What's up?" the Bull asked.

"Ski went below to sound the forward hold. Something's got him. I yelled down but he don't answer."

The seaman went on toward the bridge. The Bull started running toward the hatch. Perhaps Ski had only fallen and knocked himself out. But there was always the dread possibility of bilge gas. Something had to be done and done fast.





**"...and everyone's been swell to me, Boss!"**

"I was scared when you asked me to step into your shoes. Managing an insurance agency is a big job.

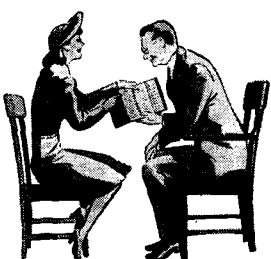
"But then I thought of the hundreds of other women pinch hitting for insurance men now in the service, and I decided to try.

"I'm glad I did, Boss.

"Because everyone's been swell to me! They're patient and understanding when I need a little extra time to solve their insurance problems. They don't expect me to have all the answers on the tip of my tongue like you used to have.

"Now I can see why you always said an insurance agent has the best job in the world! Your job will be here waiting when you get back, Boss."

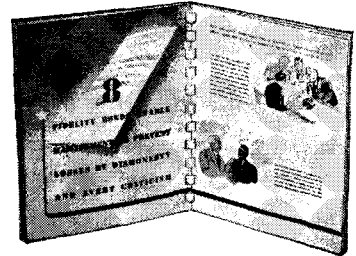
**P. S. Boss, she's doing a swell job!**



Not so long ago they were wives, assistants or secretaries. Now, and for the duration, they're Hartford Agents! In scores of communities they're doing their jobs well... in spite of the shortage of help, the increasing volume of work, the many changes and adjustments made necessary by wartime conditions. Their "bosses," the Hartford agents now in service, can be proud of 'em!

## Lots of crooks have honest looks

All your employees are trusted... until a shortage is discovered. This booklet explains in clear, non-technical language exactly how Hartford Fidelity Bonds provide "dishonesty insurance" for employers. You can't tell when and where a loss will occur, but blanket insurance can be arranged to cover *every* employee. Ask your Hartford agent to show you this booklet or write us for a copy.

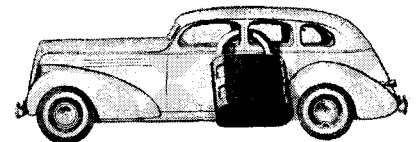


**"Everybody TALKS about the weather..."**

You'd be surprised, the number of good businessmen who *do* something about the weather. Any project that may suffer financial loss because of rain can be insured against rain. Fine for outdoor concerts, expositions, fairs, sporting events, etc.

## Are you risking your right to drive?

In any state having a financial responsibility law, you may lose your right to drive if you have an accident and can't pay a resulting damage award. Hartford Automobile Insurance safeguards your right to drive while also protecting you against financial loss. Having the use of your car is pretty important these days. Ask your Hartford agent or your insurance broker to explain the law in your state.



## Watch those "dangerous dollars"



Part of your income is earmarked for necessary living expenses. If some extra dollars are left, watch out! They can be mighty "dangerous dollars"—if you let them go on a wild buying spree. Spent that way, they'll invite inflation, raise the cost of everything you buy—including necessities. Put those extra dollars into good, non-inflationary investments. Money spent for War Bonds and insurance is *not* inflationary. And the cost of insurance in general is down, not up!

## Picture of a big bond buyer

The Hartford companies—symbolized by the familiar Hartford stag—have invested more than eighty millions of dollars in U. S. Government bonds. Not only is this money paying for planes, tanks and guns for America's protection... it's invested *safely* for the security of Hartford policyholders.



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Saturday evenings—  
see your local paper  
for station and time



When the Bull reached the hatch, he started, without a fraction of a second's hesitation, down the ladder. When his feet were on the deck, his flashlight found Wardzinski. The Bull took two steps toward Ski, then things began happening to him. He felt his eyes setting and something putting his legs out of commission. "Ski," he gasped. The air seemed peculiar and stinking and it was doing him no good. He seemed to require the most enormous breaths, yet the breaths made things worse instead of better. His head felt as if it were made of brass and somebody were beating it with a hammer. The Bull found to his surprise, that he was on his knees, then on his hands and knees, catching the edges of bilge frames in his fingers. Now he was simply pawing—blind, insensate, striving; then a quick winding transition, the last phase of the transition between consciousness and oceanic night.

The man who'd been standing watch with Wardzinski next reached the bridge. The officer of the deck, thinking immediately of the possibility of bilge gas, ordered a boatswain's mate to call away the Fire and Rescue party, which would rush the Rescue Breathing apparatus to the scene of the accident. Messengers were sent to the captain in his emergency cabin, and to Van Bergen, asleep in his cabin below. Half-dressed, Van Bergen started running.

When he got there some minutes later, neither Wardzinski nor the Bull had come out or answered when shouted at. The Fire and Rescue party were in action with Carpenter Billman trying to find a full flask of oxygen among the many that proved to be partially depleted. Realizing this might take some time and knowing that minutes counted, Van Bergen tied a rope around his waist and started below. He reached the bottom of the ladder, holding his breath as he went, and focused his light on the Bull slumped over near Wardzinski. Then Van Bergen's eyes began to set and he ceased to see, as his legs gave way beneath him.

By now, Billman had located rescue apparatus which, though not in prime shape, would, he felt, enable him to stay below a few minutes at a time—he hoped long enough. By the time he started down, the unconscious Van Bergen was being hauled up by the rope around his waist, and Billman knew that he, and the wise and careful use of his equipment, were the last hope the Bull and Wardzinski had. He put on his mask and started below.

### Effecting the Rescue

Once he'd climbed down the ladder, he hastily secured lines around the Bull and Wardzinski and signaled for the men above to pull them out.

When they came up, they were still unconscious, but did have some pulse. They and Van Bergen were rushed to the wardroom and laid out on tables as the doctors began working over them, doing everything that their own medical knowledge and ingenuity and the facilities of the ship would permit. There was almost no chance for Wardzinski, because of the length of time he had been below, but they hoped to be able to save Van Bergen and the Bull.

By now the whole ship had heard what had happened and was deeply alarmed. At one point it was reported that Van Bergen's pulse had stopped altogether. That report was true, but the condition was only temporary. In half an hour or so he came to with a start. "Ace" Evans was working over him, and Van Bergen tried to climb off the table. Ace held him.

"How are the other men?" Van Bergen asked, struggling.

Ace Evans looked him in the eye and told two lies. "They are fine," he said, "and the captain has ordered you to stay where you are."

The word immediately passed through the ship that Van Bergen was conscious, and everybody was encouraged.

Little groups of men were now standing around outside the wardroom. Fire Control Man Riches was telling about the time in Surabaya when Ski had refused to go to the fortuneteller because he had dreaded having the fortuneteller verify his own conviction

that very soon he would die. "And now poor Ski's in there dying," Riches said, "when that was the one thing that always seemed so terrible to him. He wasn't ever scared of nothing else."

A Medical Corps man came out.

Soft voices asked, "What's the dope?"

"It ain't good."

"You mean . . . they're gonna konk out?"

"They ought to have done come to by now, if they're coming to."

"But Mr. Van Bergen made it."

"He wasn't down there so long . . . Ski's just lying quiet. Looks like whatever keeps you going when you're unconscious had about been beat out of him."

"What about the Bull?"

"It breaks you up to watch the poor old Bull. He ain't conscious and he can't get no air. Looks like his lungs are messed up some way. He rears clear up on his elbows gasping, like if he could get a little higher, maybe he could get some air. He's fighting . . . hard. But he ain't winning."

Men moved away from the group to walk over and look at the sea. It had never occurred to any of them that anything could stop the Bull—that poison gas, even death, was big enough to encompass him.

"By God, I'm still willing to lay dough he makes it," one man said in response to nothing but his own thoughts. "Why, damn it all, there's a God, ain't there?"

They knew now that while the Bull had been putting that ship back together he'd

South Africa, the flag-draped coffins of the Bull and Ski were brought ashore. A company each of South African soldiers, blue-jackets, and marines from the Royal Navy marched up as a guard of honor. The Bull's and Ski's shipmates came down the gangway and formed on one side of the coffins. Then a slender man with four gold stripes on his blue coat sleeve came out of the captain's cabin and took his place at the head of the Marblehead's people. The Bull and Ski were carried by their closest friends and placed upon the waiting caissons. The rest of the men from their own division led the guard of honor. The funeral march began.

At the cemetery the bugler began the slow, deliberate, eternally uncompromising notes. The coffins began slowly to sink into the earth. Captain Robinson's face was now covered with tears as he saw these good men who had followed him so willingly and trustingly, yet with such dynamic fury when it was needed. Then, over the coffins, alien earth closed in.

### Into Drydock at Last

But life and the processes of life had to go on as the ship made one more lap of her homeward trek. And since the ship was to be deprived henceforth of the Bull's two powerful arms and never-sagging back, it was well that she was pulling into the Royal Dockyard at Simonstown where she could at last be made seaworthy. Here there would be

call number, the other ship signaled back. "Are you sure?" and went to General Quarters. They were convinced the Marblehead had long since been sunk and they refused to be taken in by this enemy ruse. But before they could open fire, Captain Robinson convinced them that this really was the Marblehead, so they let her come in without a fight.

Two days later, with her bunkers full of oil and some hastily improvised depth-charge racks added to her equipment through the foresight of her skipper, the Marblehead headed out to sea and northward.

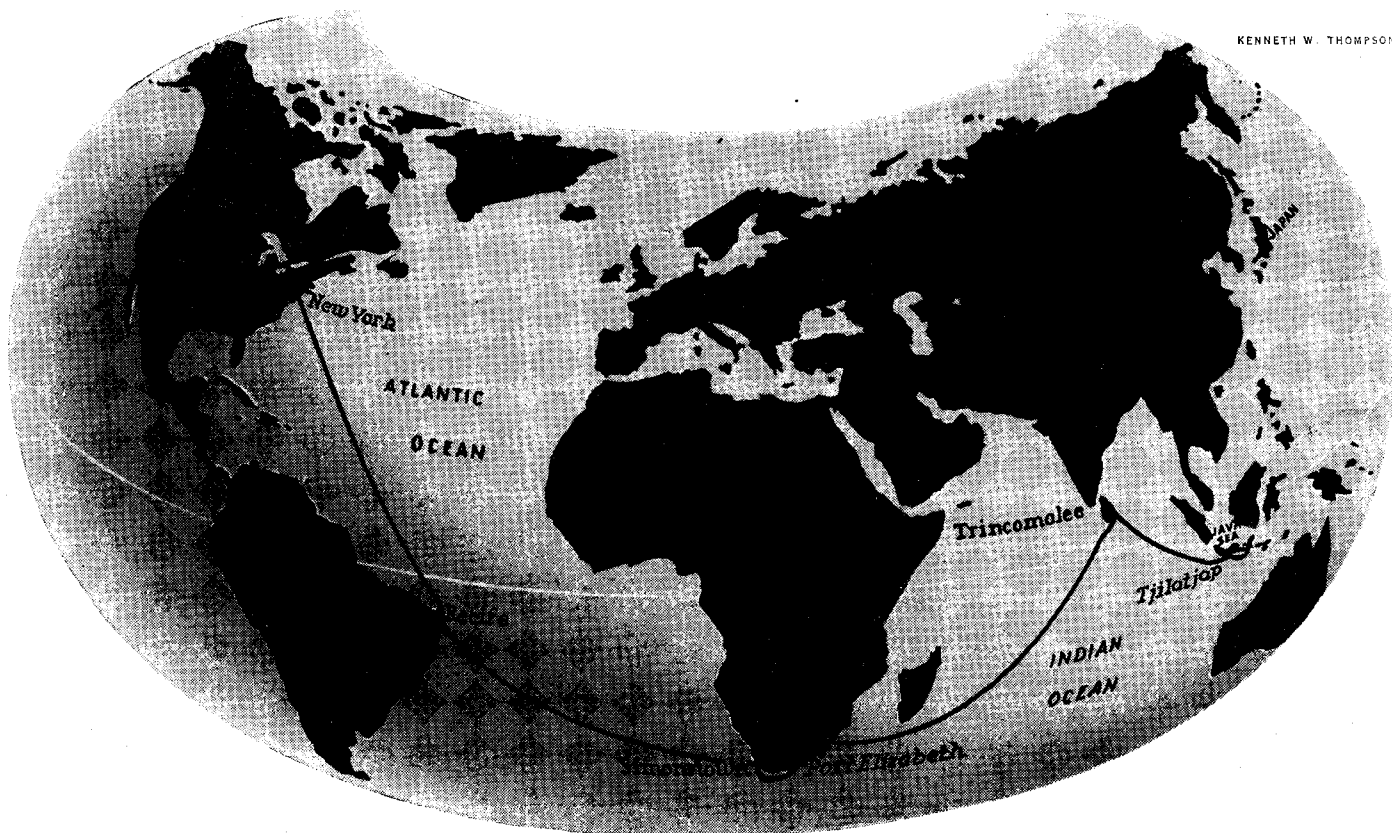
At this time the submarines were winning the Battle of the Atlantic hands down. The Marblehead had no escort whatever and no supersonic gear for detecting the approach of underwater craft. On Captain Robinson's chart were hundreds of pins, each pin representing the reported location of a German submarine.

One morning at about nine o'clock the lookouts began yelling and pointing, and the officer of the deck turned and saw a submarine dead ahead and riding on the surface.

A fast decision had to be made.

The submarine could crash dive before the Marblehead gun crews could get the range and open fire, and with the Marblehead closing the range, the by then submerged submarine should be able to torpedo her handily and with impunity.

"Sound the general alarm. Right full rudder," the officer of the deck said. "All engines ahead full."



welded himself into their hearts more deeply than they realized.

"Will you ever forget," one seaman said haltingly, as they waited outside the wardroom, "when the rest of us punks was having our girls' names tattooed on our chests in Shanghai? Not the Bull. He had his name tattooed on the floozie's leg."

"Just a few days ago," Red Percifield said, "the Bull and I were sitting on a couple of bitts back aft. He said he wanted to finish his education and try to get somewhere. But most of all he wanted to get a little leave and go see his grandma. He wasn't gonna tell her when he hit the States. But just go a-hellin' home and bust through the door and say, 'Hello, Ma' and hug her."

All over the ship, in officers' quarters and enlisted men's spaces, men talked about the monumental goodness and animal vitality and generosity of the Bull. If he had been wounded and if transfusions would have helped, his shipmates would have given a hundred gallons of blood.

Throughout the night the struggle went on. But the Bull had given too freely of himself too long. A little after dawn the last weak beating of his pulse ceased.

When the ship touched at Port Elizabeth,

facilities for sealing her leaking bottom and temporarily bracing her internal structure so that she might undertake her trip through the South and North Atlantic to an American Navy Yard to be rebuilt to fight World War II. She arrived at Simonstown on March 24th, and when she finally was brought into a perfectly adequate drydock, Captain Robinson and all his officers and men breathed their first real sigh of relief, got the first momentary respite in almost two months.

On April 15th, twenty-three days after arriving in Simonstown, Captain Robinson took his ship to sea again. As one lad said: "The old Galloping Ghost has thrown up her tail and she's a-heading for the barn."

There is a quality about an "Omaha" class cruiser that gives her many of the exciting attributes of a destroyer. She's got lots of go and seems to have a sort of randy ebullience. When she tucks her little stern down into the water and starts digging, at the same time lifting a bow wave that rises up and covers her forefoot, she not only is a thrilling sight, but is also getting somewhere.

On April 23d the Marblehead reached Recife, Brazil. An American man-of-war then in port challenged her. When the so-often-reported-sunk Marblehead gave her

He was going to show that submarine the Marblehead's slender little stern and just how fast she could get out of sight.

In fifteen minutes, during each second of which a well-placed torpedo could have overtaken her and blown her stern off, the crisis was past, and, once the horizon was between the Marblehead and the submarine, she turned back north and kept on digging toward home. . . .

John Wohlschlaeger was wondering if Joe DeLude's sister was the kind of girl that would want a big church wedding with a lot of fuss, or just Joe and somebody else for a witness in a justice of the peace's office. And then what about the honeymoon? It was too bad that there were so many aspects of all this wonderful business that it seemed just as well not to discuss with Joe.

Then night fell. That last night at sea. Sleep? On this sweet-running, genuinely trying ship? Then dawn, and finally . . . land. A vaguely dark shape on the horizon. A symbol for which 600 men, now speeding back to it, had stood almost all alone, and very, very far out in front, and taken it on the chin hard—and managed by what unbelievable miracle to get back.

Millions of people have come into New

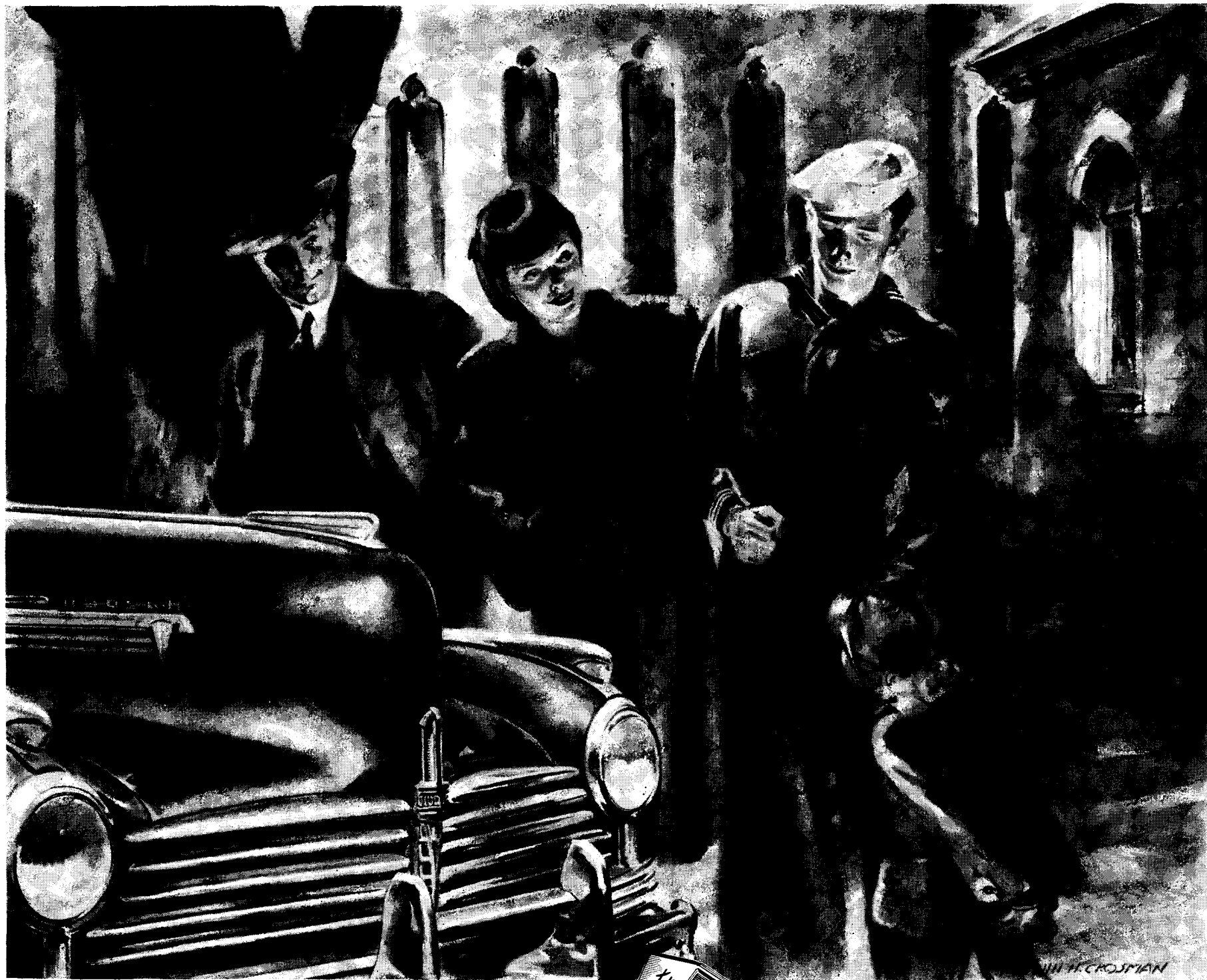


# *America's Most American Holiday*

AGAIN we celebrate Thanksgiving—most American of our holidays—symbolizing the most precious of all freedoms, freedom of worship.

When we count American blessings, let us remember another freedom, one that is often overlooked—freedom of movement. It, too, is peculiarly American. It was born with the motor car. It has linked farms with towns—towns with cities. It has helped immeasurably in the enjoyment of all our other freedoms.

If you talk with owners of Hudson cars, you will find them unanimous in their praise of unfailing performance, unusual endurance and low-cost operation during three war years. Because of this record, we believe that more and more motorists, when peace comes, will look to Hudson for products of exceptional workmanship, quality and style.



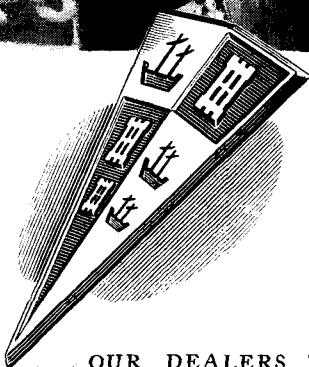
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**Crawford**

WATCH COMPANY NEW YORK, N. Y.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS

York Harbor: Kings. Millionaires. Immigrants coming to a strange and baffling land whose secret was supposed to be surcease from hundreds of fears and hungers. But the one most exciting way to come in is the way that the men on the Marblehead were coming. They had taken everything the enemy could hand out and against virtually impossible odds had made it home. As the Marblehead stood into the Harbor, there wasn't an unshined shoe or nonsinging heart. She was bringing home prideful men, who knew they'd pulled their weight in the boat.

It was necessary to anchor in Gravesend Bay to discharge the remaining ammunition. The delay was brutal and seemed endless.

#### And the Long Trek Over

Then, miracle of miracles, here was New York all around the ship—Brooklyn on one side, Manhattan on the other. Just below the Navy Yard the tugs came out, but when the heaving lines were thrown aboard the tug off the starboard bow, the deckhand didn't catch it. He couldn't because he had both hands raised and clasped above his head in waving welcome and congratulations.

The ship was brought alongside the dock, lines cast and doubled over the cleats and bollards on the dock.

On the bridge Commander Van Bergen was saying to himself over and over in quiet, thoughtful disbelief: "We made it."

Captain Robinson started down to his cabin.

By now the telephone lines were being rushed aboard.

"Don't say much, sailors," the officers said. "Tell 'em you're safe and give the next man a chance."

One of the phones was within earshot of the captain's cabin. On his desk there lay a letter awaiting his signature. It was a thing that haunted him, something with which he had struggled so long.

Outside a sailor was saying, "Hello, Mom! This is Eddie!"

Captain Robinson read:

"Dear Mrs. Aschenbrenner:

"Early last month it was necessary for me to request the Secretary of the Navy to advise you of the death of your grandson, Clarence Aschenbrenner, who died in line of duty. He was buried with a shipmate in Port Elizabeth, South Africa . . ."

He thought of the old lady out in New Ulm, Minnesota, who had, minute by minute, reared that brimming and warm and yet somehow cyclonic boy. The old lady for whom the telephone would not ring tonight or ever. How empty was this letter of the tenderness, of the healing balm he wanted it to have.

Outside at the phone Eddie was saying, "Gee, Mom, I just said it was me and I'm in the States and okay. What you crying about?"

Captain Robinson read on: "We had served together in this ship for many months. I as his captain deeply share your sorrow . . ."

Now the sailor outside was crying.

Captain Robinson caught his trembling lip in his teeth, "Oh, God!" he said and dropped his head down on his arms.

The Marblehead had come home.

THE END

### Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

made out of crashed airplane parts and discarded jeeps, by two more great guys named Lieutenant David D. Conrad of Memphis, Tennessee, and Sergeant Frederick Beecherd of New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Colonel Abbey served as physician, nurse and orderly to Lieutenant Wesselhoeft until they reached the Azores where they fortunately picked up Flight Nurse Lieutenant Mary E. Hoadley, who had attended Fred Snite, the "Boiler Kid," in days gone by.

But Colonel Abbey pretended he had conference business in Washington and that he just came along in the big four-engine transport for the ride. His stay in Washington, practically overnight, was not in keeping with the length of conferences usually held there.

Now forty, the colonel realizes that Americans know little about the China-Burma-India theater. He proved this by speaking freely of a place that sounded like "Michinaw." Finally I got around to asking him to spell it, and it came out Myitkyina, in Burma. Asked to tell what he and his flight surgeons do, he somehow got the idea over that his squadrons of Curtiss C-46 and Douglas C-47 transport planes, after carrying ammunition, provisions, medical supplies and even drinking water up to the front, bring back wounded and sick and have already evacuated 28,000 patients who doubtless would have died for want of proper attention at crowded field hospitals. He also has a couple of B-25 Mitchell medium bombers, used as rescue ships. They cruise the Hump country, looking for crashed American planes, and at the same time dodging Jap Zeros that lurk in the shadows of the Himalayas.

The colonel is proud as a new father over the exploits of his flight surgeons who, without training or preparation as paratroopers, and with just the ordinary emergency seat pack, have jumped out of B-25s right into the Hump hills to bring medical attention and relief to crashed American airmen.

He named these young doctors, missing from your neighborhood right now, as:

Major William Hugh Spruell, of Russellville, Alabama, 37 years old and graduate of the University of Tennessee School of Medicine.

Captain Gilbert Towle, Chicago Heights, Illinois, 30, graduate of Loyola University School of Medicine.

Captain Ormand C. Julian, 31, Chicago,

graduate of the University of Chicago School of Medicine.

Captain Owen John "Sandy" Morrissey, of Duluth, Minnesota, 24 years old, graduate of LaCrosse (Wis.) Teacher's College. Sandy is not an M.D. but is an M.A.C., meaning Medical Administrative Corps, a job not unlike a superintendent of a hospital who is not necessarily a medical man but who knows how to administer first aid.

These officers have dived right out into the Hump country several times and fought long battles with the elements to get their men back safely.

Colonel Abbey says they make one trip a week into China, over the Hump at 17,500 feet. And it is in behalf of the Hump pilots of the Air Transport Command who fly it every day that Colonel Abbey speaks:

"Combat pilots have told me they'd far rather fly and fight against Jap planes, because they can see their adversaries. Hump pilots, hour after hour on instruments, have a greater adversary in the unseen peaks of the mountains. Though they may believe they are on course, their drift in the overcast is unknown, and momentarily they may pile into the hills. This puts a terrific strain on their nerves.

"We make it a practice to fly with them and study their reactions. They have confidence in the flight surgeons. When we observe undue fatigue, we send them down into India for a holiday. Up in the Hump country, they have no social life, no relaxation. We know what to prescribe for them—a trip south to a big city—and they enthusiastically concur. They come back happy and fit, though short on sleep, which they soon make up. Our job is to keep them in the air and in the best physical and mental condition. They're our closest friends. We're sure we're theirs, too."

Likewise, the Navy combat pilot out in the Pacific now regards the flight surgeon as his best friend. When he comes in for a landing on the carrier with his plane shot up, he knows the doctor is crouching in the dangerous catwalk by the first barrier. Should he crash-land, the flight surgeon will be first at his side. If he lands safely but is exhausted from the combat mission, the flight surgeon will slip him a sedative or maybe a shot of brandy and tell him to hit the sack.

THE END

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## Parlay to Glory

Continued from page 14

and he looked up quickly. "Now, Amy. Amy, please don't cry."

Amy put a hand to her flushed forehead. "I'm not crying; I'm worrying. We've run our whole life on your terms. Every year we get in deeper. Now I'll tell you my terms, Elmo Lundgren: Your luck has been shiny at the elbows for a long time now. The slush fund took a long time to collect. If anything happens to it in California, I'll not be here when you get back, Deacon. Promise me you'll not touch that money."

The Deacon muffled her querulous chatter against his chest. "Sure, sure, old girl. Anything you say." This, after all, was why he had married her, to have her around, complaining or bright. And the Deacon knew he could not fail. With Amy, he was immune to disaster. You had to believe in some things, like Amy and a farm. You set up your combination and stuck to it. That was the way of a gambler.

But the Deacon reasoned he hadn't actually made a promise. It was a sort of mutual-assistance pact with Amy. The slush fund was their way out of the valley, their lantern in hand. . . .

THE Deacon dropped his knees from the desk and frowned at the rising argument in the corridor. Torben stuck his head inside the door again.

"When you're running a place with class," began Torben exhaustively, "you've got to expect some guys will get bored with the tables and want a game with a personal touch."

"No games with the house!" shouted the Deacon, glaring at Torben's mottled face.

"This is a difficult character," said Torben weakly.

"Tell him he can return to the tables if he wants, but the house rule stands," said the Deacon.

"I don't think he'll go with me," said Torben.

"I don't give a damn what you think," snapped the Deacon.

"I'm thinkin', just the same," retorted Torben. "I'm thinkin' maybe you ain't got the old self-confidence, Deacon. Maybe you've lost your girlish laughter."

The Deacon started up out of his chair then sat back as the door closed. An odd smile cracked across his face. Of course he'd lost it. So had Amy. They weren't kids any longer. Amy knew. The Deacon had never been a success story for that matter. He was a modest gambler who played square and paid off. With less integrity, he might have been great, for in many ways—hunches and long shots especially—he was almost a genius. But nothing really magnificent had ever happened to the Deacon until Amy came along. He met her on a hot August week end in 1927, at the white show place on Long Island rented by the head of the Deacon's gambling syndicate. The Deacon had foregathered on Saturday night with the rest of the boys to get his assignment. . . .

He had risen the next morning, feeling like a mud gargoyle in the region of his head. He ignored breakfast because there were too many statuesque emotional show girls having it at the same time, and the Scandinavian in the Deacon preferred grim silence in the morning. He had stood on the terrace, looking out over the pruned landscape and wondering if the kitchen in the old Lundgren farm in North Dakota still bore the yeasty smell of a buckwheat crock.

"Have you a cigarette?" asked a small voice beside him, less petulant than the other feminine voices floating through the house.

The Deacon put a hand in his pocket. "Sorry. You'll find some inside."

"We could also find a drink inside, in case you're interested this early in the morning."

"I'm not," the Deacon said and kept his eyes on the dazzling acre of lawn.

"No bad habits?" asked the voice. "You must have some vice. All men do."

"I gamble," contributed the Deacon simply.

"Oh," said the small voice, obviously disappointed. "I was hoping you were a millionaire. Everybody but me seems able to meet millionaires."

The Deacon turned his shaggy head and stared down at her. She was as tiny as her voice, and her brown eyes were merry rather than frivolous. Her ash-blond hair was shingled close to her head, and her mouth was too generous for illusion. But she had the self-amused expression of Scotch-Irish stock, which is always able to laugh at itself in the tight spots. The Deacon was fascinated with the latter quality, because the Deacon believed only in disaster.

"You're too young to be mixed up with bad habits and millionaires," he said stiffly.

"I am not, either," she insisted. "I've been on Broadway two years. I may even be glorified next season."

The Deacon turned away sourly. They were all the same, after all.

She propped herself against the balustrade beside him and folded her sturdy tanned arms across the front of her yellow tennis dress. "How did you get to be a gambler?"

"I cleaned up on a nag named Fruitcake on New Year's Day," said the Deacon tersely.

"What were you thinking about so seriously when I came up?" she asked.

"About farms," remarked the Deacon, with disinterest.

"That's funny," she said. "I was, too. I come from Kansas, and Sundays like this are pretty unnatural to me. I keep remembering how kind of sacred they were back home."

"I'm going back and sit on a farm some day," brooded the Deacon. "Not work, just sit."

"That's a strange thing for a gambler to say," she remarked.

He looked down at the soft swirl on the top of her head, and he wanted to bury his face in it suddenly and belong to someone. The Deacon was lonely. The Deacon wanted to protect someone from his own fears. It could have been the homing instinct, but the Deacon, like his dour and stubborn forebears, was definitely ripe for love, and incidentally—comfort.

"Do you want to spend the rest of your life in this?" he asked huskily.

"Heavens, no!" she answered in a common-sense tone, staring off at someone across the terrace. "I'm like you. I want my stake, to clear out and do what I want."

"What's your name?"

"Amy."

The Deacon reflected. "Gamblin's a hard game."

Amy sighed a brisk sigh of resignation. "Isn't it the truth?"

"A tough one," insisted the Deacon dolefully.

"The devil's own," agreed Amy humorously. "I wouldn't be caught dead in it."

THE Deacon wasn't listening. He was staring distractedly at the swirl on the top of Amy's head and thinking how good it would be to hear her chatter after a long evening at the tables, without having particularly to listen to it. She was different from the rest, and she understood the sham they were both living.

"You'd only be trading one skin game for another, I know," said the Deacon to the top of Amy's head. "But at least I'm building up a slush fund against the future. I'd like to count you in." The Deacon was hoarse with his own audacity.

"Are you asking me to marry you?"

The Deacon scratched his head. "I guess that's it."

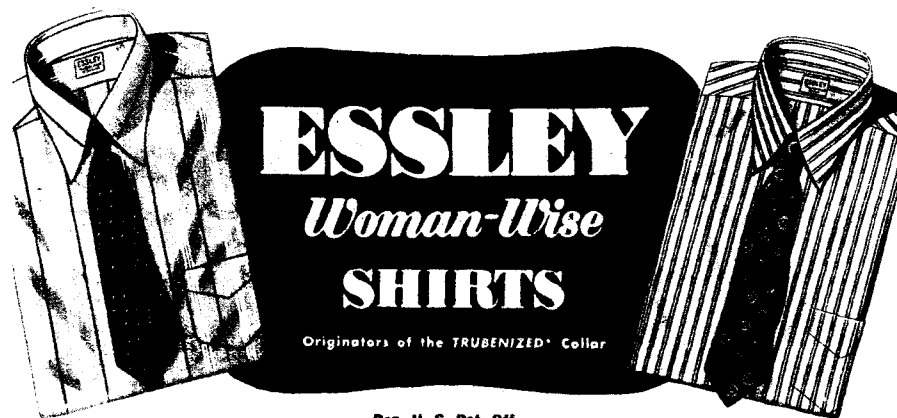
Amy looked up frankly and evaluated the Deacon. "When?" she asked, thereby being caught very much alive in the profession she had scorned.

That's the way it had happened. There was nothing easy about the years between, for the Deacon had his bad stretches, the slush fund vacillated, and Amy's rings were



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frequently on hands other than her own; but those are the things you expect.

The Club Midas was the Deacon's last whack at fortune, and he knew it. You could stall a girl like Amy for so long and not a split second longer. In ten weeks it was the pastoral life for good, or else.

He heard Torben pop in again and, without turning, the Deacon asked, "What does a guy do all day with nothing to lay a bet on, Torben?"

"Maybe he works for a living, mister."

The Deacon swung around. It wasn't Torben at all, but a young Marine corporal lounging deliberately against the wall. The Deacon sized him up rapidly—a lean Gaelic face with sleepy eyes, a practical mouth, and a pipe gripped stubbornly between the kid's teeth. It was the tanned face of both dreamer and fighter, and the Deacon had seen but few of them strewn from coast to coast. He wondered irritably how the kid had got there, and then the kid pushed his cap back from a black brush of hair and surveyed the Deacon insolently.

"You the head man?" asked the corporal.

THE Deacon was keen to human defenses. The kid was fighting mad underneath, and ushering him out would be an undignified process. "I am," he said respectfully.

"Where do we go for the game?" asked the corporal.

"We don't," said the Deacon firmly. "The Club Midas is out of bounds for the military."

The slumbrous Gaelic eyes hardened to a flat glitter. "Look, mister. Do I have to tell you what I told the guy in the hall? There's a lot of gold braid out there in the big room, all of them losing money up to their military hips. Some of them look about ready to mortgage their souls. You can set me on the curb, but the kind of squall I could let loose wouldn't do you or those officers any good. Do we have a game or don't we?"

The Deacon was a realist. If a game for peanuts could avoid a moral storm, it was worth it. He put a hand on the lapel of his coat. "How much and how long?"

"Limit, twelve thousand." The corporal glanced at his watch. "It's eleven now. Say till two o'clock."

The Deacon winced inwardly. It wasn't peanuts, but the Deacon carried on. "Name your game," he suggested.

"Blackjack."

The Deacon almost smiled. "Twelve thousand is a round sum, and I like to see the color of a customer's money."

The kid flushed and straightened up from the wall. "If I'm caught, you can put me under wraps for good. So if I didn't have the money somewhere, would I bid up the stakes? Let's go."

The Deacon's hesitation was brief as the blue haze on a buzz saw about to strike wood. He snapped on the hanging light over the table in the office and steadied the green shade. Then the Deacon removed his coat and pulled his sleeves above Amy's old chorus garters. The kid could be really smart or merely putting on an act. The Deacon wasn't sure yet. Living in the light of the tables year after year left you cold to bluff and doubtful of sincerity.

The Deacon sat down slowly, laid his long knotty hands on the table and flexed them inconspicuously, as if he were preparing for a series of difficult arpeggios. There was nothing diabolic in it. It was the gesture of an artist.

The kid dug into his tunic and laid two unbroken packs of cards on the table between them. He caught the cold tolerance in the Deacon's eyes.

"Might as well use mine," mumbled the kid, rubbing his palm over his mouth and glancing obliquely at the Deacon.

The Deacon solemnly snapped off the cellophane wrappings.

"Just as soon use yours," said the kid. "Makes no difference."

"It should make a difference," said the Deacon. "Maybe I don't run a square house." He noticed that the kid's upper lip was short as a child's, and he was slightly shocked. They had seemed older to him in the last war. And suddenly the Deacon felt ancient, no better than a shabby track dope-

ster, and not part of the world about him at all. "Where you from?" he asked the kid briskly.

"Middle of the country," said the corporal evasively.

"Folks there?"

"Dead," said the kid quietly, watching the Deacon's competent hands.

"Then you've got no home really," said the Deacon.

"I've got a home," said the corporal defiantly. "My folks left me one."

The Deacon glanced at the campaign ribbons on the corporal's tunic. "Been out there?" asked the Deacon.

"Two years," said the corporal.

"What's it like?" asked the Deacon.

"Gooney birds and sea turtles," said the corporal.

"I was in all the tough spots in the last one," commented the Deacon.

"Sure," said the kid dully, signifying they had nothing in common. "This is another war. Let's play."

The Deacon felt even more like a pile of bleached bones kicking around some beach. The kid had pity for him, and the Deacon couldn't stand pity.

"This is child's play," said the Deacon angrily. "Let's cut for the twelve thousand. Like men."

The corporal leaned forward. "Look," he said, "if I'm going to lose twelve thousand, I want to watch it go—slow and easy."

The Deacon shrugged and dealt. "You'll have a long time to remember this, son."

The corporal looked at the Deacon over the flame of his match. "No remarks, mister. I'm shipping out for the last show. I'll have more time than you think."

The Deacon smiled what was intended to be a cryptic smile and felt like an old fool. They played quietly for an hour and a half, the game swinging back and forth grimly. The Deacon began to feel the pulse of the play, and he felt a little sorry for the kid. He played straight, as always, but the Deacon had an instinct for the silent dialectic of the game.

Slowly he was cleaning the kid out, just as surely as if he were dusting him over the doorsill of the Club Midas. In another hour it would be over, and the Deacon would be twelve thousand to the good if the kid wasn't lying. He could give Amy a bingle on the phone and go to bed then. The Deacon was tired and acid with male loneliness inside. Maybe he would be happy on a farm, come to think of it.

TORBEN came in for a cigarette and laid the table receipts at the Deacon's elbow. The take at the tables had been lousy—he knew it from Torben's peaked expression. It was one o'clock. The Deacon laid down twenty-one.

The corporal coughed an unnecessary cough and refilled his pipe. "How much am I out now?" he asked.

"Six thousand in the hole," said the Deacon.

"Let's get on," said the corporal.

The Deacon laid the corporal's two fresh decks in the middle of the table. "I'm letting you out now, kid. You're six thousand gone. You've got half left. Take my advice. Get out."

The corporal grinned. "When I was five weeks in the Marines, they had a guy come around to the camp to show us what to look for in a card game with guys like you. You don't have to feel sorry for me. I'm watching, mister, and I say let's play. What's six thousand with stakes like ours?"

"A great deal without the stakes."

The corporal tilted back on the legs of his chair. "I've got the stakes."

"I'm not interested in any piece of government insurance creeping in at fifty bucks a month," said the Deacon.

"I've got the stakes," repeated the corporal, white patches of indignation spreading around his eyes.

"I'm asking to see your money," said the Deacon calmly.

"You can't see it, but, damn it, you can listen!" said the corporal, looking around for a telephone.

Torben swung the instrument from the desk to the corporal's elbow. The Deacon



lighted a cigar, plucked his sleeves farther up his arms and watched shrewdly while the corporal put in a long-distance call to some flyspeck in the center of the country. Torben thumbed abstractedly through I-owe-yous.

The corporal got his call through. "Anne? . . . Sure, it's me! . . . Yeah, same here. . . . Sure, I'm all right. What? . . . Yeah, pretty soon, I guess. . . . Sure, sure, you told me all that last week. . . . What's a guy supposed to do—walk up to the CO in the middle of a pitched battle and say, 'Look, old fellow, my wife says I gotta take care of myself?'"

The Deacon watched the kid with amusement, but spiritually he was running dry fast. He wished to hell Amy was here to see it from his angle. It somehow clogged up inside the Deacon—the idea of these two kids who'd never even had the chance which he and Amy had run through so blithely. The Deacon wanted to reach out and put his hand on the kid's shoulder and say, "Take it easy, son." But the Deacon wasn't built that way, and the Deacon had never been a father. He could only sit and watch the helpless misery grow in the kid's eyes as he talked to his wife:

"Oh, for gosh sakes, Anne, now don't. . . . You shoulda told me you had weeping jags two weeks ago when I married you. . . . Sure, I know how it is, sticking it out in a little town. . . . Anne, remember that ranch we ran into up the canyon on our trip? Yeah, the one we want—with the stream tumbling down it. The one they're asking twenty grand for. . . . Right! Well, you just keep remembering it, because I'm going to get it for us. Now don't ask questions, but just do as I say.

"Last week Old Man Bodington offered me twelve thousand cold for the house and land Pop left. He's got a city prospect. . . . All right now, you got my insurance in case anything happens to me, and you never liked the house anyway. . . . Now, stop it, Anne, and listen hard! *If I don't come back—Anne, are you listening? If I don't come back, you take Mr. Bodington's cash and mail it to—just a minute.*"

The corporal clamped his hand over the mouthpiece and turned to the Deacon. The Gaelic eyes were hard with manhood, but the Deacon could detect a swimming luster about the corners, and inside the Deacon's frigid Viking hull, something crumbled forever.

"What's your name and address, mister?"

The Deacon gave him his name and the West End address of the New York apartment. The corporal repeated it distinctly two times over the phone, waited a moment, then slipped the receiver onto the hook in a kind of agony, because the murmur at the other end of the wire was anything but the sound

of a happy woman. "Okay. You know where you stand now. Let's get on," said the corporal.

The Deacon fanned out the deck. Over at the corner basin, Torben washed up neatly to return to the tables; he took a drink of water, and every swallow was audible. When he went out of the door he cast a starched and helpless glance at the Deacon.

"How come you want this ranch so bad, kid?" asked the Deacon. "You'll come back from this a veteran, and the world's pie for veterans."

"You think so?" observed the corporal. "Three hundred and a clap on the shoulder from posterity. That's all we'll get. Do you think I want to wind up your kind of stumblebum? I never had a chance to get started before they pitched this fracas. I never had a business of my own, or even a profession, and when I get out of this, I'll be almost middle-aged. So I'm going to have me a ranch. Not just a farm, but a ranch."

The Deacon was slightly hurt. No one had ever called him a stumblebum before. He had always had a sort of dignity. "What if you lose and come back, too?" he asked. "Where's my twelve thousand then?"

The corporal didn't answer for a moment. Instead, he got up restlessly, pushed open the window and stared out toward the vast swell of the sea. "I have a feeling it can't happen that way for me. If I win, it's a cinch I'll be back and we'll have the ranch. If I don't win here tonight, well, then . . . it's just a matter of time." He faced around toward the Deacon. "A guy's got just so many chances, and most of 'em are against him. But if you're playing a parlay all the way through, they haven't yet made a law in this war which says a fellow can't decide whether or not he comes back."

THE night air swung the green-shaded lamp over the table. The Deacon watched the fallow ripple of light over the backs of his hands. The corporal closed the window and sat down again.

They played—the kind of game the Deacon had never played before. For there are some tricks known only to their creators, and they can't teach the Deacon's kind of card genius in camps. Moreover, the Deacon knew how to make his losing seem natural—give a little, take a little, but always a little more giving than taking. And a winner has no time for suspicion, not while he's winning. The corporal was no exception.

At two o'clock, on the dot, it was all over. The Deacon was exhausted. His finger tips felt like roots pulled ruthlessly from the ground. He had played the game to lose. He



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had defied the gods. He had squandered his luck for all time. And the Deacon realized it. He didn't know quite why he had done it, but it was done. And because it was done, one more lad with Gaelic eyes might inhabit the world a little longer.

The Deacon rang for Torben, had his twelve thousand brought in from the safe, and sent the exuberant corporal off. Torben hung around, dazed, until the Deacon barked him out of the room.

Toward dawn, the Club Midas was quiet as a stale glass of soda, the tables were cleared, and the crew was gone. The Deacon sat on alone. There was no point in telephoning Amy now; it could never be told as it had happened, and, oddly enough, the Deacon did not feel apologetic.

AT FIVE o'clock, he sent a night letter to Amy: "My luck has come through at the elbows. Don't leave the apartment. I'll manage for you somehow." There was no sense in making Amy suffer. He could always scrape together enough for her. And maybe with time she'd forget about the farm and the slush fund and not hate him so much.

The Deacon left the Club Midas in the hands of Torben, and from Long Beach drifted back to Belmont, where the syndicate gave him a job behind the pari-mutuel wicket. It was a kind of political sinecure, but without Amy, the Deacon had no heart for the fray. He got his courage back suddenly in July, however, when he came out of the gate at Aqueduct in the late afternoon and found Amy waiting in last year's oatmeal tweed.

"Hello, Deacon," said Amy.

"Amy—" breathed the Deacon in a sand-papered voice.

"I thought a man ought to have his mail, even if he couldn't remember where he left his wife," said Amy, handing him a letter.

The Deacon took it and watched her hungrily. His bleak features warmed when he found the same old humorous affection in her eyes. Amy did not hate him!

He opened the letter slowly and almost lost the two slips which fluttered out. One was a note: "Dear Sir—I am enclosing a draft on the San Francisco bank where you will find twelve thousand dollars deposited in your name. According to some arrangement between my husband and yourself, which I

never understood, I was to sell his father's farm and send the money to you in the event anything happened to him. It will be obvious to you from this letter that something did happen to my husband. He was caught in the cross fire in a beachhead landing, and his last letters to me went down with his ship. In some ways, I am glad to be rid of the house and land, especially since I have come to the Coast to be away from all we knew together. You must not feel that I shall be in want, for strange as it seems, when my husband was found he had twelve thousand in cash in the zipper pocket of his jungle jacket. Dennis knew a great deal about life, for a young man, and I am satisfied not to question what he knew. Sincerely, Anne McCarthy."

The Deacon turned over the envelope and examined it gravely. No address.

Amy put her hand gently over his. "Come on, Deacon," she said softly. "We can make the six-o'clock bus back to the apartment if we hurry."

"Amy," the Deacon said, "there's a farm somewhere we ought to get. A particular farm, I mean."

"Of course," said Amy soothingly. "But only if we've got enough to lay a little side bet now and then, Deacon. Something to keep a hand in."

The Deacon soared along behind Amy toward the bus. Amy understood everything. And Dennis McCarthy, wherever he was, must certainly understand that he was no longer an orphan. For the Deacon was suddenly something more important than a guy with a gambling habit. He was a kind of parent.

EVERY now and then these days, when the boys get together at Saratoga or Hialeah, they recall a bit enviously the legend of the Deacon, who cast his bread upon the water for the sake of a kid he'd never seen before, and got it back on the next tide.

Only Elbie Morris, the eternal skeptic, is still a little confused.

"Think on it, boys," Elbie will say in tooth-sucking reverie. "The postwar coming up when a stake ain't so easy to multiply, and the Deacon and his missus sitting on a farm in some Midwest burg nobody ever heard of. I ask you: Is it progress?"

THE END

## Repatriate

Continued from page 28

of the bitter months of humiliation and despair and discomfort. He was sickest to death of Warren. Warren's quiet, cheerful stupidity somehow bit way down into him.

A gong beat along the deck. Lunch time.

"Tiffin! Wow!" cried Warren joyfully. He yelped like that before every meal, though he must long ago have forgotten the hunger of Shanghai. One cannot remember the true sharpness of hunger when it is gone.

"Lunch, to you," said Johnny, forcing himself through clenched teeth to be jovial. "You're on the way home, remember, where tiffin is lunch. Nobody'll understand you."

"And we'll be out of date on our language," assented Warren. "What's this thing this State Department guy's always saying, something about the beam? Sounds like a damned roof climber." They started down to the dining saloon. "Boy, oh boy, am I ever getting my pot back," he chuckled.

He himself must be really sick, Johnny decided, mentally feeling his pulse. It wasn't right or sensible, suffering that way about anybody. He knew from experience that there was only one road to relief, and he followed it now. He turned off his listening capacity, walled up his ears, and thought about his wife. Immediately the shivering sickness left him and he gave himself up to anticipation.

It was nearly over, the whole silly monotonous nightmare; soon he would be off this ship, a man again instead of an object of curiosity, something to pity, a recipient of charity from the Red Cross. . . .

He could take part again in the world, like a human. He could look squarely at the war,

constructively, from the right side. Mary would be with him and that was all he needed. That, at least, was all right, or would be very soon. Mary was waiting for him.

NOW I am a free man at last, he said to himself; a free man in New York. But he could not feel it. He felt only that he was still crowded in spite of having come home. Warren was in the taxi, too, along with four other men Johnny knew so well that he could have told you all about their dental fillings.

Warren's hip was jammed against his in the taxi and Warren's arm lay along the back of the seat behind Johnny's shoulders, and Warren's voice went on and on. Johnny's legs were cramped for space and he didn't know where else he could put his feet, though they were evidently in the place Warren's feet wanted to go.

I'm a free man, said Johnny to himself doggedly. It's only a short ride and then I can say goodbye to all of them. Now, at last, we will all go off in separate directions. We can disentangle our roots. At last we can shake hands and go off alone and find our own places in the sun and breathe our own air. We are free men. He moved a little, uneasily, for Warren's elbow was pressing against his ribs.

His hotel was first. The taxi slowed up at the curb, and Johnny braced himself to say goodbye to the others, pretending that it was merely a casual, temporary parting instead of what it really was, a cataclysm. They all pretended. Honesty would have been impossible. They shook hands and said, "Be seein' you." As Johnny stepped out to the pave-



ment he saw clearly how Warren moved his shoulders and spread out in the extra space now left for him.

And then he was really free and he stood alone. Until now Warren had cheated him, simply by being there, even of anticipation. He spared one more precious second to curse Warren for that.

There was the revolving door, and beyond it was Mary, running toward him across the lobby; Mary, unfamiliar in funny-looking clothes. But that was Mary; those were Mary's arms around his neck. Mary, with her swift, immaculate vitality that always came to him like a fresh miracle. It was his own wife, her body against his. The moment he had dreamed of and then had not dared to hope for—this was it. There were no words for it.

Throughout the hotel lobby, people turned to look at the reunion and smiled sympathetically. They saw a tall, shabby man with graying hair and a bitter mouth, smiling now at the young woman in his arms before he looked up, over her shoulder, and glared at them so fiercely that everyone averted his eyes and felt surprised and hurt. Most people in wartime did not spare the time to be so resentful, so aware of onlookers.

"It's crowded here, isn't it?" said Johnny.

ALL the way through the next hour he concentrated on acting natural. He registered at the hotel desk, conscious of every action that had once been so familiar, and reminding himself with grave attention to tip the bellboy who brought up their baggage. They descended again to the hotel bar and had a drink, sitting in a booth in the corner. It would be easier, perhaps, to talk after they had had that drink. He ordered a Martini for himself, and took a deep breath when it was set down in front of him. He raised it, smiling over it at Mary, and she smiled back.

"Happy days!"

She reached over and squeezed his hand, suddenly, desperately.

"I've had weeks of knowing about it," she admitted, "but it still doesn't seem real."

"No, it doesn't," agreed Johnny. He stared down at the amber cocktail and he frowned in a worried way. "None of this seems real," he admitted. "But after a little while, probably, it will." He drank the Martini. "And now we'll have dinner," he said. "We'll have beefsteak and something with plenty of cream in it, in a place with music."

He put his hand on her shoulder as they moved to the door. They were together again; that should be reality enough for anybody.

"I'll be all right tomorrow," he told himself.

In the meantime, even the street under his shoes did not seem to be there, somehow. He struck flatly with his feet, trying it out. Then he took Mary's hand in his and they walked along like that.

The newsreel was thrown in extra; they hadn't noticed when they came in to the

theater after dinner that they would see anything but the new feature picture that Mary didn't want to miss. Johnny had already seen movies on the Gripsholm; the synthetic wars on the screen had failed to move him. But the newsreel was different because it was true. It was made right there, on the spot, on some South Pacific island. With the photographer you went up in a bomber, zoomed along, swerving slightly, and then watched a bomb drop. One after another they fell away beneath your feet, their courses slanting as they dropped. One by one, in a necklace of smoke puffs, they exploded 'way down there on the ground, blowing up Japanese installations and here and there, one supposed, a Jap soldier.

"Why, say," said Johnny aloud, "that's great! That's swell!"

"Yes, dear," said Mary calmly, but she gave him a swift glance of sympathy.

A moment later the screen showed a group of Jap soldiers lying dead in a large crater. "The result of our flame throwers," said the narrator. Two of the bodies were charred beyond recognition, but the face of one, lying backward as the screen presented it, was indubitably Japanese. The closed eyes, the thick bar of eyebrow, the protruding teeth—Johnny was amazed at the flow of satisfaction in his veins. He didn't attempt to control it.

"Wonderful!" he said aloud. It was purely involuntary.

Mary was shocked, and said, "Shhhh."

Other people in front of them turned around to look at him, and he could feel their disgust.

"I don't care," he said to himself. "It was wonderful. I didn't know, myself, how swell it would be to see a dead Jap." Remnants of old training recurred to him; he knew he ought to be ashamed, but he wasn't. There were too many other memories inside him.

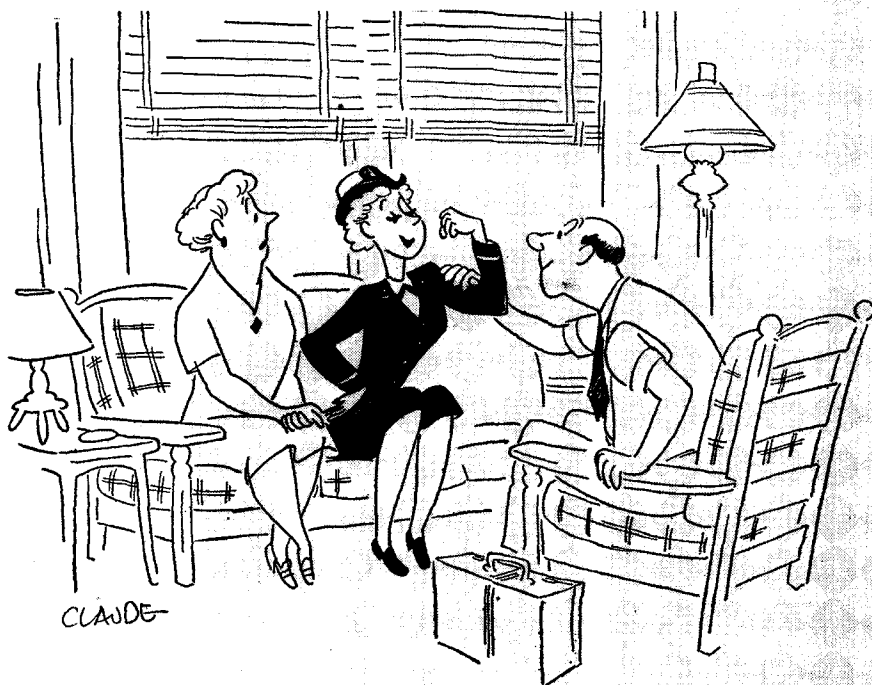
THE lights in the living room were nicely shaded, so that everyone there was bathed in soft orange color. You could have read a newspaper if you wanted to, up close to one of the standing lamps, but nobody wanted to. It was a party. Mary had introduced him to a few new people, but lots of the others were old friends who came up and hailed him. They looked amazingly the same. Nobody seemed to have changed at all. Johnny sat in a corner, one of the places you couldn't have read a newspaper at all, and drank his fourth highball.

It was nice there. The music from the cabinet radio was just right; it sounded warm and happy. The women looked lovely, though oddly soft and unlined after the sunburned faces he had known in the concentration camp. He was used to them now, though, to the different coiffures and the sharp New York voices which he had forgotten. It took a lot of Scotch, but he had achieved something for the first time in twenty-four hours; he was one of the boys, living in the world.

"For the first time in twenty-four hours,"



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CLAUDE

Collier's for November 25, 1944

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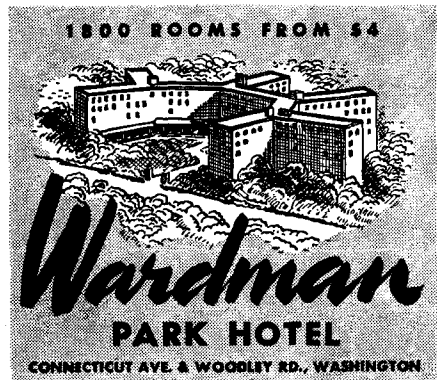
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he told himself, with a solemnity characteristic of Scotch. "Let's face it; the first time."

Because last night—the night in the hotel with his wife—hadn't worked the miracle he had expected. She was his own Mary and it was wonderful. It was very nearly, for a while, just what he had dreamed about so many times in camp, until he had reached a point where he hadn't wanted to dream about her any more because it bothered him too much. She was perfect. It wasn't her fault that she hadn't worked the miracle, that he had waked in the morning with that same conviction that he didn't exist, that he was lost. He frowned again, as he was always frowning these days.

"Leave Mary out of this," he told himself severely. "It's something the matter with me, not her."

Johnny finished his drink and stood up abruptly. He had done it again, spoiled a mood that had brought him, for a few moments, back to normal. Yet he felt a little reconciled, somewhat comforted here at this party. Back in the camp when they talked things over they had supposed that America would be different, changed forever from the place they had come from. There would be fewer parties now, they had agreed, because of the war—and the rationing.

The Japanese had kept telling them, in the papers, about the rationing in America. Everyone was pulling in his belt back home, they were told; people were hungry for meat and chocolate, and nobody had enough to wear. You could snort with rage and contempt for a few months under that barrage of information, but sooner or later it trickled into your belief. You couldn't keep it out forever if there was nothing else to listen to. In Shanghai camp, surrounded by hungry, shabby people, hungry and shabby yourself, it was easier to believe it. In the end, you accepted it for truth. The whole world, even at home, had gone gray and poor from the war.

Thank God, Johnny thought, that it wasn't true after all. Thank God for New York, for the parties that were still going on, for the pretty, soft, smooth faces of the girls. Thank God for food and drink and bellboys and elevators and Fifth Avenue shops. Speed the day when everyone else could enjoy them, when he could forget the faces of the people he had left behind in Shanghai. But never mind that part of it, not tonight. Johnny went into the bar and got himself another drink.

A MAN was standing next to him, waiting for a brandy. He was a small, fat man, one of the strangers. His face was normally jolly, but when he realized that he was standing next to Johnny, the Gripsholm repatriate, he pulled down the corners of his mouth.

"Got everything you want?" he asked solicitously. His voice dropped a little. "I been watching you," he said.

"Oh, have you?" Johnny didn't know if he liked that or not.

"Yes, trying to put myself in your place, you know. You must think all this"—he waved contemptuous fingers at the party—"is pretty bad. A rotten business. Coming from all that, as you do."

Johnny gaped at the face so painfully held in sorrowful check. "What's the matter with it?" he asked. "It looks like a good party to me."

The little fat man patted his arm. "You don't need to be polite to me," he said. "I understand. It must be hell. You must think we're a lot of—" Whatever word he used was lost as he walked off with his brandy. A moment later he was laughing again, as nature had intended him to do.

Johnny carried his glass carefully back to the corner of happy memory. He set about recapturing the rapture, but a fat lady interrupted. "Now don't get up, please," she implored him, and settled down comfortably in the chair when he rose to his feet. "I just couldn't go away without asking you something. You know, my husband and I visited Japan back in nineteen thirty, and I don't care if I do say it, we had the nicest time. I just can't believe they've changed as much as all that. The Japanese at the hotel at Miyanoshita couldn't have been nicer to us. They were lovely. One of the waitresses

## ANSWERS TO PAPER COMES FIRST (Page 64)

|                    |               |
|--------------------|---------------|
| 1st Paper          | 15th Crystal  |
| 2nd Cotton         | 20th China    |
| 3rd Leather        | 25th Silver   |
| 4th Books          | 30th Pearl    |
| 5th Wood           | 35th Coral,   |
| 6th Iron           | Jade          |
| 7th Copper, Brass  | 40th Ruby     |
| 8th Electrical     | 45th Sapphire |
| Appliances         | 50th Gold     |
| 9th Pottery        | 55th Emerald  |
| 10th Tin, Aluminum | 75th Diamond  |

couldn't do enough for us. And the manager—do tell me, isn't it all propaganda?"

Johnny counted five, carefully. "I guess that manager is still in Miyanoshita, Madam," he said. "I didn't meet him in China." He studied her doleful countenance a moment and then, on an impulse, as if he were patting a worried dog on the head, he added, "I will say one thing: I never saw a Jap hit a kid."

SHE brightened immediately. Johnny drifted off, looking for another dark corner, but a pretty girl caught him before he had gone very far.

"Mary's been telling me," she said, "what you must have gone through! Was it perfectly dreadful? Or do you mind talking about it?"

"I don't mind," said Johnny. "What do you want to know?"

The pretty girl didn't like to say. She fished around. "Is it true, about the atrocities?" she finally asked. "Did you see any?"

Johnny had already learned what they wanted. They wanted loot and rape and murder—mostly rape. The stories in the newspapers had moved them to a satisfying rage, and they wanted more of it, at first-hand. He settled back, resting on his heels and studied the pretty girl.

"We were hungry," he said at last. "We were awfully hungry. The first meal they gave us, after a couple of days, was thick pigskin with hairs on it. . . ." He continued discussing the dietary difficulties of the camp until the pretty girl had had enough. It didn't take long.

"You look pretty well," she said resentfully. Watching her slender back as she moved off, he felt a stab of compunction. "I could have given her a little," he thought remorsefully. "She rated one atrocity, just one tiny atrocity."

He was almost overcome by a strange desire to spit or to shout or to do something else that was violent. It wasn't that he didn't like these people. He just didn't believe they existed. He wanted them to prove it somehow. He was talking to them through thick mists. Everything in the place was muffled. Carefully, walking softly as if he were afraid of breaking himself, he went to look for Mary, so that they could go home.

Back in the hotel room, everything became beautifully simple. He hadn't thought of what he would do, but the minute the door closed, he went to the phone. He could see that Mary was a little surprised at his calling anyone at this late hour, but he couldn't stop to explain. There was nothing to explain, anyway; he was acting on instinct. He dialed a number and waited; he knew there would be an answer.

"Warren?" he said. "Hiya, pal? . . . Yep, this is me. How you doing? . . . Me, too. . . . Ain't it the truth? . . . Well, how about tomorrow? We'll have that beefsteak we used to dream up. . . . Okay, one o'clock. Be seeing you, boy."

He hung up the receiver and smiled at Mary, full of the old gratification that this should be his. The smile made him look younger. His cheeks were flushed with simple pleasure. He wanted to purr with relief. Everything would be normal soon, when he'd got in touch with the gang again.

"I'll get used to it," he told Mary. "Just give me time."

THE END



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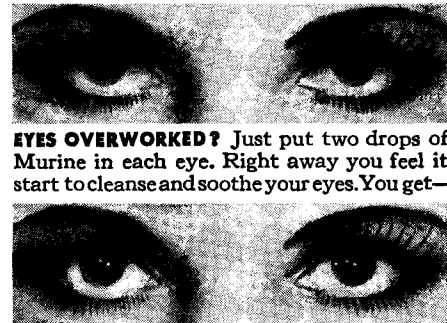


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# The Week's Work



Emily Hahn

EMILY "MICKEY" HAHN, author of *Repatriate*, p. 28, is a repatriate herself. After nine years in China, she and her infant daughter returned to this country on the Gripsholm in 1943.

This event, however, was by no means the high point of drama in her life. Since adolescence, Miss Hahn has contrived to get herself involved in unorthodox situations, here and abroad.

Her first unorthodox move was to enroll in a course in mining engineering at the University of Wisconsin. She had intended to study geology, but when she was refused admission to a certain chemistry course on the ground that it was open to engineering students only, she switched to engineering. It irritated the professor a good deal, but she took her degree.

One year in an oil company in St. Louis destroyed her illusions as to the romance of science—at least, applied science.

She quit, and frittered away two happy years in Santa Fe, New Mexico, working as a "courier" to tourists. She wore slacks, red shirt, cowboy hat, and drove around showing the visiting dudes real live Indians and reciting the history of the country. "It always irritated us couriers that we weren't allowed to accept tips. We learned to say 'Oh, no, we can't take money' in such a way that the customers understood that a gift of a dozen pairs of hose would be very welcome."

Mickey was tempted to New York with promises of another bout at pure science at Columbia University. She studied petrology, taught geology at Hunter College, worked at lots of jobs and, in the early spring, burst into tears and tried to pull the telephone out of the wall by the roots. Diagnosis: overwork. So she stopped working and started to write. She wrote three short little pieces about three women she disliked, and the New Yorker magazine bought them all, complimenting her on her talent for cattiness.

She now went to Italy, to do research for historical books, and there wrote her first and very successful book, a handbook of seduction entitled *Seductio ad Absurdum*.

"I headed for Africa, intending to spend the couple of thousand the book had earned. But the money was sent to me by way of England . . . England went off the gold standard, and the money melted away."

Emily was one of the few women ever to cross Africa alone, hitchhiking most of the way. She produced a novel out of the trip—*With Naked Foot*—which she considers her best.

She came back to a depression-ridden America and a period of poverty which ended when Hollywood started paying her \$350 a week. "My advisers tell me I shouldn't ad-

mit I was so poorly paid. I didn't consider it bad at the time."

Her next sojourn was in Shanghai.

"I'd had trouble with hives for years, and this Chinese doctor cured me. Helped sell me on China, maybe. American doctors had told me the source of the trouble was mental. The Chinese doctor hypnotized me and told me, 'You will have no more hives,' and that was that. I didn't have them any more."

Miss Hahn was coeditor of a bilingual anti-Japanese newspaper. She became good friends with Madame Chiang Kai-shek and her sisters, and wrote her most successful book about them—*The Soong Sisters*.

She was living in Hong Kong when the Japanese took it. She had a time finding milk to feed her six-weeks-old daughter, Carola, after the Japs took away all the cows.

The resilient Miss Hahn is now established in an attractive Manhattan house, profitably engaged in writing. A new book, *China To Me*, partly autobiographical, was published this week. Little Carola, who spoke nothing but Chinese when she arrived in New York, now speaks English nicely, and presided with poise at her third birthday party, where the guests were distinguished grownups.

UNDERSECRETARY of War Robert P. Patterson, in his article on page 11, warns the country against complacency concerning the war in the Pacific. Patterson, who made a distinguished record in the last war as commander of an infantry company, has kept his knowledge of front-line fighting up to date by visiting both major theaters. He witnessed the invasion of southern France this summer, and last fall he toured zones of action in the Pacific, getting as close a view of jungle fighting as the generals would permit. He believes that the soldiers of the Pacific share his concern lest the country get the mistaken notion that when the war is over in Europe the whole war will be as good as won.

WRITING is a secret vice for Charles Roe, author of *Second Best*, p. 61. In the first place, his name is not Charles Roe, and in the second place, his business, so far as his public knows, is not writing. By day, he is an expert on financial matters, an investment adviser, a student of stocks and bonds. But at night, after everyone else has left his office, he frequently stays late, concocting love stories. He feels that, for the peace of mind of everybody concerned, it is better to keep his two careers separate and secret from each other.

His wife knows about his split personality and encourages him in both directions. She agrees with him that the one activity refreshes his mind for the other. . . . A. P.



"Whew! That was close. Nearly hit my Sir Walter Raleigh!"

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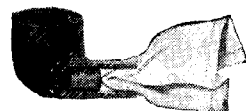
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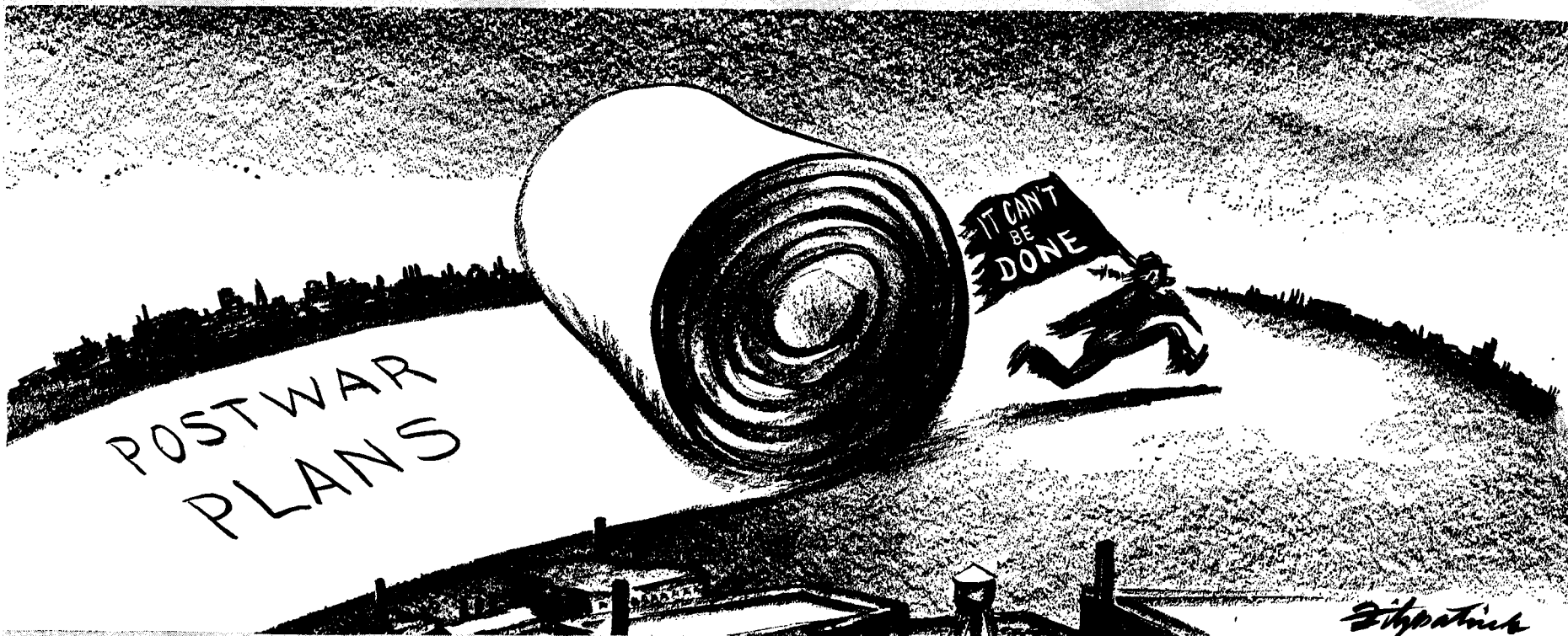
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We will emerge from the war with the greatest opportunities any people ever had. A postwar depression is not inevitable. Handled with competence, our adjustment after the war is won should be an adventure in prosperity.

THE quotation is from Bernard M. Baruch's and John Hancock's report on reconversion, filed last February and still so bristling with valuable advice for tomorrow and next year that Collier's got George Creel to restate it in detail a few issues ago. Messrs. Baruch and Hancock have furnished the blueprints for reconversion to a peacetime economy. We'd like to file a sort of P.S. to the Baruch-Hancock report—a P.S. that is implicit, to be sure, in the original report, but which seems to call for specific statement. Here it is.

It has to do with our national state of mind in the postwar era. How about a revival of the old adventurous American spirit—the spirit which animated innumerable pioneers and builders who used to stand

around yelling that this is the finest damn' country in the world?

Sinclair Lewis and his imitators poked a lot of hearty fun at such people. That was okay, and no doubt buffed off some unnecessarily raw edges. But, intensified by the panic that hit us in 1929, it went too far. Large numbers of us became infected with a national inferiority complex; took to thinking that this country has passed its peak and that thenceforth we must just sit cowering on what little wealth we had and divide up the poverty as best we might.

The "We're finished" talk never was true, as anybody could see by examining a few basic statistics on our resources and population, or by merely taking a quick trip around the country. How false it was has now been demonstrated by the colossal American achievement in all phases of World War II—military, industrial, agricultural, scientific, etc., etc. As Mr. Stalin has again taken occasion to say, the Allies could not have won the war without our help.

It is now plain that we are indeed the most productive country in the world today. We can say that as simple statement of fact, without the least vestige of braggadocio.

Well, why not live up to that fact from here on. Why not scrap the "We're through" malarkey and the national inferiority complex along with the rest of the wreckage of the 1930s? Let's buy wholesale an informed and grateful sort of self-confidence and pride in our own country, our own achievements, our own capacities and potentialities. Let's take to dreaming again the American dream of a promised land.

If we do that, we can probably make this a finer country than ever. If we sink back into timidity and hopelessness, we can't help shortening our vision and shrinking our prospects. A hypochondriac is never well; a pessimist is seldom prosperous; and a man who thinks in his heart that he is not as good as the next man will find plenty of people to agree with him, heartily.

## MORE SOCIAL SECURITY, PLEASE

BOTH Presidential candidates in the recent campaign butted many praiseworthy sentiments in favor of broadening the Social Security Act; so now let's do something about it at Congress' earliest convenience.

It's a good law as far as it goes, though it has some bugs in it. The bugs ought to be fumigated out; but beyond that, the law itself ought to be enlarged. At present, it covers only about half of our working population. Out in the cold ("exempt" is the polite word for it) are self-employers, farm hands, domestic servants,

sailors, and employees of charitable or religious institutions.

Let's bring them in under the Social Security roof—and let's make the bookkeeping in their cases as simple as possible, to begin with. And let's get the whole show operating like a well-run insurance business, which obviously it ought to be, instead of like a government contraption which can always fall back on the general taxpayer to pull it out of a deficit. Congress up to now has acted as if it intended to let the taxpayers worry

along about 1965-70, when pension and other payments under this law will be running around 4 billions a year.

That is unbusinesslike and unfair. It can pile up plenty of trouble for us, financial and otherwise. Public opinion, we think, will approve any steps necessary to enlarge and improve the Social Security Act to fit the American people's needs, without going overboard for foolish trimmings. The nation is in the Social Security business now, for better or for worse—probably for better. So why not do a complete job of it?

## EGGS FOR MR. SINATRA

OUR hearts, being masculine, tell us that Alexander Ivanovich Dorogokupetz, 18, is a hero and a young man who already has deserved well of the Republic. Mr. Dorogokupetz is the dauntless bucko who recently stood up in a New York theater, amid thousands of squealing and swooning bobby-sox girls at a Frank Sinatra croon debauch, and fired three eggs at The Voice. Two of them registered, one between Sinatra's sacred eyes, the other on his sainted bosom.

Our heads, however, tell us that once was enough; that it doesn't need to become a national custom for outraged males to tote eggs, tomatoes, cabbages, etc.,

to Sinatra shows and serve them off the elbow to the Sultan of Swoon. For one thing, Sinatra is said to be a nice young fellow in private life; and ain't this a free country where everybody gets a chance?

For another and more important thing, we can't see that Sinatra and his teen-age idolatresses are the menace to sanity and morals that some alarmed persons think they are. Teen-age girls—and boys, for that matter—never were noted for stability, poise and similar virtues which come later—sometimes in largest measure—to persons who were prize idiots in their youth.

Nor is the Sinatra swoon epidemic any new phe-

nomenon. Any lady now worried about her daughter's hysterical worship of this crooner should ask herself soberly whether she was or was not as crazy as a May fly on the subject of Rudolph Valentino twenty years ago. If she wasn't, okay; if she was, she'd better keep her pretty little trap shut about Frankie.

The Valentino generation made out very well in this wild and wicked world, and is currently contributing magnificent wads of courage, brains, self-sacrifice and so on to the fiercest brace of wars this nation has yet fought. We'd be willing to place a little bet on the Sinatra generation coming out as well—or better.





## *For Pleasant Moments*

At cocktail time, things have a way of pointing to PM. Pleasing Moods. Pretty Melodies. The orchestra may even play, "O Promise Me". Follow the trend adroitly, delightfully, by offering a Particularly Mellow, Positively Marvelous PM Manhattan, Highball or Old-Fashioned. PM's the Perfect Match for Pleasant Moments!

**IF IT ISN'T PM...IT ISN'T AN EVENING**

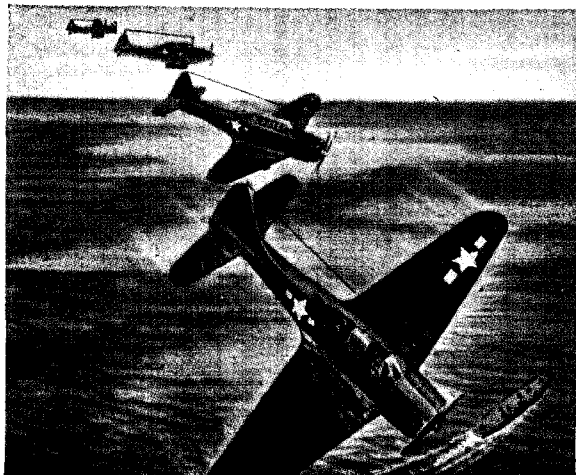
Copr. 1944. National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 51% Straight Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral Spirits.



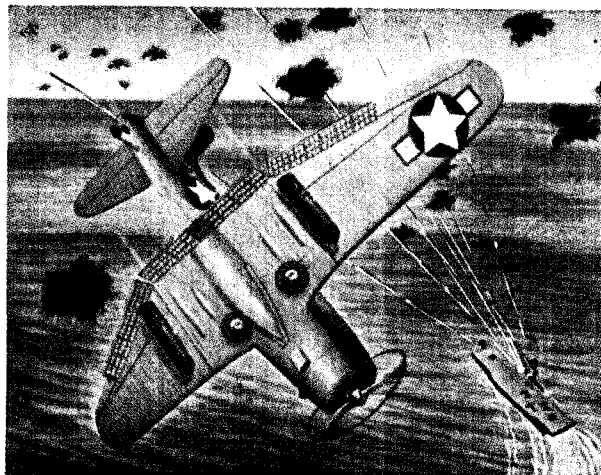


# Pair of Aces... *back to back*

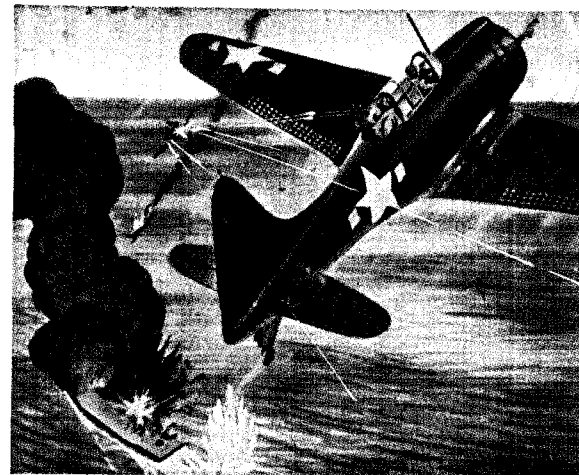
**Typical Navy Action in South Pacific—  
how pilot and rear gunner of a dive bomber team up for attack**



**1** Only fifteen minutes before that Jap carrier was sighted, we stubbed out our cigarettes (yeah, Camels) and ambled into the back-to-back cockpits of the Dauntless. Did I say ambled? Scrambled! Soon, target sighted. Then came the peel-off and the dive.



**2** Down... Down... Down! The Nip planes couldn't get a shot in... yet. But wait! They have their innings. Wow, that ack-ack! Filthy stuff. Greasy-black, deadly. Shrapnel and tracers tear the sky apart. But—luck holds. No vital spot touched. And... bombs away!



**3** The pull-out... and the climb. Our rear guns start talking—and, brother, don't think those twin-thirties aren't eloquent! Swivel 'em around. Slug it out. Hot lead is the only weapon at a time like that when you're practically down on the enemy's deck. That takes shootin'. And... well, we don't want to brag, but just take a good look at the Navy's record!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



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TO A **T**



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